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Vol. X. No. 55. OCTOBER, 1903.

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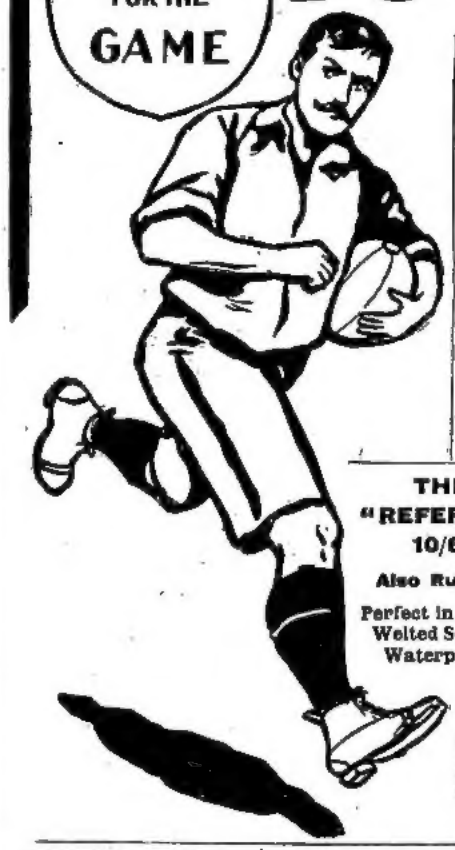

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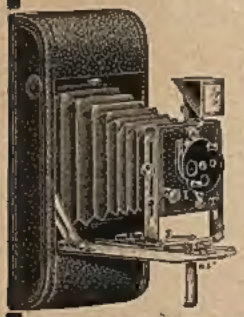

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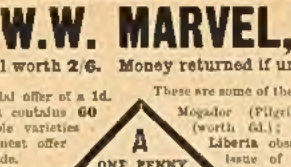

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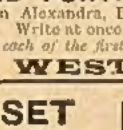

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from all Parts of the World, but specially contains a number of beautifully engraved Stamps as follows: Borneo (Stag's Head), Nyassa (Giraffe), Bolivia (Mountain), New Zealand (Mountains), Brazil (Sea Coast), Jamaica (Waterfall), New South Wales (Kangaroo), Travancore (Snail), Guatemala (Bird), Cape (Sea and Mountains), United States (Farming), Mexico (Eagle), San Salvador (Natives), Columbia (Eagle), Western Australia (Swan), Guiana (Ship), Peru (Llamas), and other good Stamps. Post free, **4d.**

5s. worth of Stamps for 4½d.

Contains 100 Stamps, including following:—Bolivia (very scarce and catalogued 1s.), Ecuador (rare, catalogued 9d.), Shanghai, Labuan (Stag's Head), Cuba, Porto Rico, Philippines, Hayti (scarce), Columbia, Honduras (high value), Roumania, Peru, Bulgaria, Greece, United States (Buffalo Exhibition Stamp), Brazil (very old), Guatemala, Nyassa (giraffe), Sweden (long official), &c., &c. Post free, **4½d.**

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The Cheapest in the World. 500 all different, price **3s. 9d.** 250 all different, price **1s. 6d.** 1,000 all different, price, post free, **12s. 6d.** 2,000 all different, price **2 guineas.** 100 British Colonials all different, and including many scarce, post free, **2s. 9d.**

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Also books of stamps for advanced collectors.

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All Postage Extra. 9 North Borneo, 1896, "Arms" 4-10c. complete, **10d.**; 6 North Borneo, 1897, 1-8c., **8d.**; 20 Canada, all different, **8d.**; 6 Greece, 1901, **3d.**; 5 Guatemala, 1898, complete set, **3d.**; 6 Labuan, 1897, 1-8c., **9d.**; 6 Paraguay, all different, **6d.**; 9 Peru, 1896-98, **7d.**

APPROVAL SHEETS

6d. in 1/- Discount. Every Collector should send for a selection of our Popular Approval Sheets which contain a very large variety of Stamps all in **PERFECT** condition.

Every applicant who mentions The Captain will receive a set of Stamps FREE.

Wanted to purchase and exchange small and large quantities of Stamps.

J. W. SPOWART & CO., Nevill St., Southport.

1,000 different stamps from all parts of the world. No fiscals, telegraphs, or reprints. Many new issues. Nearly 30 unused.

Price 12s. 6d. Post Free.

500 different, **3/7**; 100 different Colonial and Foreign (no European), **1/1**. List of sets and packets free.

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Half actual size.

THE "MARVEL" MONOGRAM BOX

Any 2-letter Monogram, mounted in enamelled metal pocket box, self-inking, style as shown. Agents wanted for this and other novelties. Dept. G, 89, **Aldersgate St. London.**

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Foreign Stamps from elsewhere, write for our Approval Sheets and Books of "British Colonials" and "Officials." Unrivalled for variety, extent, and cheapness. State references and class desired. Stamps bought or sold in all parts of the world.

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QUEEN'S HEADS. Uganda provisionals, ½, 2½ annas, used, unused, **10d.** pair. 1 Rupee B.E.A. large head, 1/10. Unused set B.E.A. ½ to 8 annas, 3/10, used, 4/9. Uganda unused, ½ to 8 annas, 2/10; Niger Coast, 1/-; 1893, 6d.; 2½ green, 6d.; 2½ carmine, 1d.; ½d. and 1d. duties, 9d. each, used or unused. Special packets, 20 good Africans, **6d.** each. Selections on approval priced moderately. Reale's Royal Stamp Album, 7/6 each. Up-to-date. Grand value. Best mounts, 6d. per 1,000. Postage extra.

CYRIL COLE, Kourlander, COLCHESTER.

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For short time only. Cash with order.

THE POPULAR PICTURE POSTCARDS A SPECIALITY.

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WESTMINSTER STAMP & COIN MART,
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HIGH VALUES OF
USED BRITISH COLONIALS
Are now rapidly becoming Scarce and Valuable.

For several years I have been buying large quantities of **High Values British Colonials**, and I can now supply them at a price which defies Competition.

10 OCTOBER Packet 30 Varieties, including **13 High Values British Colonials** and many other **Rare stamps. PRICE 6d. Postage 1d. extra. The Cheapest Packet ever offered. DON'T MISS THIS SPLENDID BARGAIN.**

Contents of October Packet.

New South Wales	One Shilling.	Kangaroo.
Queensland.	One Shilling.	Queen's Head.
Cape Colony.	One Shilling.	
Jamaica.	One Shilling.	Queen's Head.
Great Britain.	One Shilling.	Civil Service.
Great Britain.	Half-a-crown.	Civil Service.
Queensland.	Sixpence.	
Victoria	Sixpence.	
Cape Colony.	Sixpence.	
South Australia.	Sixpence.	Obsolete and Rare.
New Zealand.	Sixpence.	Rare Old Issue.
India.	Two Rupees.	Large Issue.

Straits Settlements, One Dollar; Lagos, Gold Coast, Leeward Islands, Canada. Also a very fine Set of 8 **Hong Kong**, all obsolete.

Price 6d., Postage 1d. extra.

Stamps bought. Collections Specially Wanted. Selections of **British Colonials** sent on Approval.

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BARGAIN

PACKET OF COLONIAL AND FOREIGN STAMPS, including Tunis, French Morocco, Columbia, Senegal, Mayotte, Reunion, Guadeloupe, Ecuador Jubilee, Trinidad, Mauritius, King's Head Transvaal, Dahomey, Comoro, Peru, rare used Nicaragua, Canada Jubilee, rare surcharged Ceylon, Travancore, Jamaica Official, Five New Zealand Views, and other rare stamps. In all 100 different for **6d.**, post free **7d.** Send at once to secure. Approval sheets upon application. Low prices, 50 per cent. discount. Lists, Colonials, Packets, Sets, &c., &c., free. Recent Testimonials such as are being continually received:—

"Your stamps are very good and very cheap, the cheapest I have known."

F. W. FRANKLIN, Exchange Buildings, Birmingham.

ESTABLISHED SAME ADDRESS, 1893.

SET of NORTH BORNEO FREE!!

Messrs. KING BROS are now offering, as an advertisement, to all readers of the "Captain" sending their name and address, and enclosing ½d. stamp to cover cost of postage, a PACKET of 100 FOREIGN STAMPS, including Jamaica, India, SENEGAL, U.S.A., Omaha, U.S.A., Buffalo, Pictorial NEW ZEALAND, BRITISH GUIANA, obsolete, etc., etc., and a grand SET OF THREE NORTH BORNEO. As this Packet is given away only one can be supplied to each person. Send at once to

KING BROS., Stamp Importers, BILSTON.

Try our Stamp Mounts, 1,000 5d., post free.

ABSOLUTELY FREE.

For a short time only, I will GIVE AWAY **3 SHANGHAI**, including an entire unused wrapper and correspondence card; **5 U.S.A. IRONCLAD SERIES**, including the RARE 8c Figure of Justice; **10 ROUMANIA**: a very fine set including new and obsolete issues catalogued at 10d. The above will be given away only on condition that you ask to see my approval sheets, enclose a 1d. stamp for postage, and show this advertisement to at least two other stamp collectors.

H. C. WATKINS,
86 Lordship Lane (3510), Wood Green, N.

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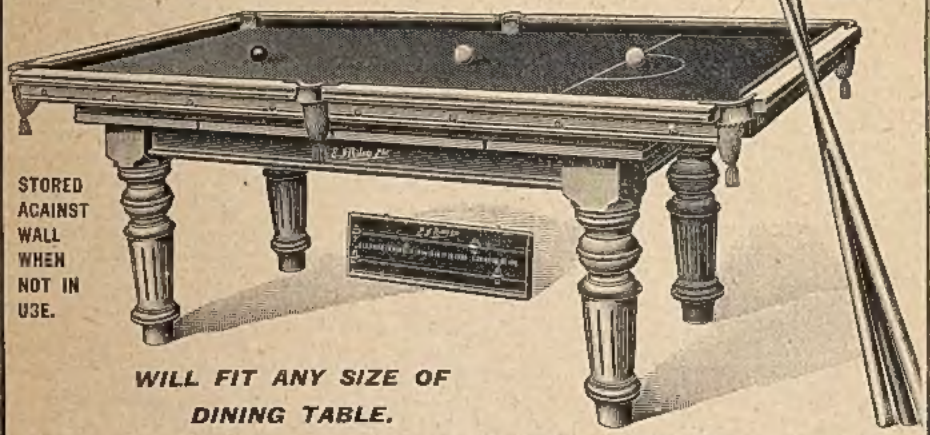
BILLIARDS AT HOME.

A Billiard Table ready to place on any Dining Table, and instantly removable.

CASH or EASY PAYMENTS.

BILLIARD TABLE WHEN RESTING ON DINING TABLE.



STORED AGAINST WALL WHEN NOT IN USE.

WILL FIT ANY SIZE OF DINING TABLE.

Size.	Cash Price.	Or in 12 Monthly Payments of
4ft. 4in. by 2ft. 4 in.	£3 17 6	6/6 per month.
5ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in.	5 2 6	9/- per month.
6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in.	6 0 0	10/6 per month.
7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in.	8 0 0	14/6 per month.

Special Quality (very superior).

Size.	Cash Price.	Or in 12 Monthly Payments of
5ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in.	£5 15 0	10/- per month.
6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in.	7 0 0	12/6 per month.
7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in.	9 5 0	16/6 per month.

Delivered Carriage Paid at Our Risk.

RILEY'S BILLIARD AND DINING TABLES COMBINED (Patented).

VARIOUS DESIGNS IN LEGS, SQUARE, ART, &c.

The easiest to manipulate of any yet invented. It is so arranged that the Billiard Table can be raised instantly and automatically to the right height required when playing Billiards, and can be converted back to Dining Table in a few seconds. The Table is adjustable, and a perfect level is assured. A Loose Dining Table Top is supplied which entirely covers up the Billiard Table when used as a Dining Table.

SPECIFICATION.

Combined Billiard and Dining Table, Solid Thick Mahogany Legs, Solid Mahogany Low Billiard Cushions fitted with Frost-Proof Rubber, best Slate Bed covered with Superior Billiard Cloth, 6 Strong Netted Pockets, Invisible Brass Pocket Plates, Brass Adjustments for levelling, Mahogany Marking Board with Ebonite Pointers, Set of Ivory Balls, 3 Cues, 1 Rest, Spirit Level, Tips, Cement, &c. Prices include Panelled Mahogany Dining Table Top, and all woodwork is handsomely French Polished and Table warranted.

Size of Billiard Table—	5ft. 4in.,	6 ft. 4in.,	7ft. 4in.,	8ft. 4in.
Size of Dining Table—	3ft. 8in.,	4ft. 8in.,	5ft. 8in.,	6ft. 8in.
Cash Prices	£13 10.	£15.	£18 10.	£24 10.
Or in 12 Monthly Payments of	24/-	26/6	32/6	43/-

Delivered Carriage Paid at our Risk.

CHAMPIONSHIP Championship

SOUVENIR, with Photographs of C. Dawson and H. W. Stevenson and Illustration of Table built by E. J. Riley, Ltd., along with Press opinions, sent post free.

FREE. *Full detailed Catalogue with Illustrations of all kinds of Home Billiards, Billiard and Dining Tables, Combined Couch, Billiard and Dining Table, all kinds small and full size Tables and Sundries.*

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ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO WORKS, ACCRINGTON.

REPAIRS.

Old Tables converted and fitted with the New Championship Cushions as used in 1903 Championship—

STEVENSON v. DAWSON.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Billiard Table Builders. ACCRINGTON.

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In order to greatly increase my business, I have decided to allow 25 per cent. discount off the marked prices in my well-known "Onkaparinga" approval books, on condition that not less than **half-a-crown's worth (2/6)** be purchased at one time. Collectors can make welcome additions to their collections by selling stamps from these approval books—the prices have **not** been raised in order to allow the discount. Send 1d. stamp for return postage. **Exchange wanted** in British Colonies.

L. S. CHARLICK.
55-56 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.

Sets of Stamps Free. 30 well assorted stamps, including the following unused:—Guatemala (1902), American (Ironclad), Hayti (1899), Denmark (1902), Canada (1898), China (1898), Sirmoor (1886), Venezuela (1887), Denmark (Official), Bermuda (Surcharged), Crete (Unpaid), Nyassa, &c., &c. **Price 7d. post free. Free Gift.** To every purchaser of above packet who remits by Postal Order and who applies for a selection of stamps on approval, will be presented, absolutely free, with either of the following sets of stamps: No. 1, 10 English, 1d. to £1; No 2, 10 different Colonials; No. 3, 6 official English (*please say which set is required*). Only one packet supplied to each purchaser. Send at once as number is limited. Letters answered in rotation and per return if possible.
FLOYD TURNER, 1, Crescent Road, S. Woodford, London, N.E.
Wanted to buy rare stamps. Exchange desired abroad.

W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE & Co. NORTHAMPTON.

WORKING MODELS

Our new Catalogue is now in the Printers' hands, and will be ready by the end of October.

It will be issued in Two Sections.

SECTION A.—Locomotives of all Railways and Gauges, Coaches, Rails, Points, Signals, Electric and Clockwork Locomotives.
PRICE **3d.** *POST FREE.*

SECTION B.—Gun Metal Engine and Boiler Fittings, Injectors, Cylinders, Bolts and Nuts, Brass and Copper Tubing, Rivets, Tools, and every description of Sundries for Model Engineers, &c.
PRICE **3d.** *POST FREE.*

Our latest production is a 5/8ths Scale Model
MIDLAND RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVE, No. 2631.
Full Particulars of this on receipt of Penny Stamp.

. . . BUILT ENTIRELY OF CASTINGS . . .
CASTINGS AND DRAWINGS SUPPLIED IF DESIRED.

Catalogue of Racing Yachts, Ships, &c., post free **1d.**

TWO BOOKS FOR BOYS.

FOR A BOY WHO LOVES A DOG.
THE CALL OF THE WILD.
By **JACK LONDON.** With Illustrations in Colour. Price **6s.**

ACADEMY.—"Mr. London has achieved a rare thing—he has written a book about a dog which is neither weak nor sentimental, a book which any reader who has ever known dogs intimately will feel at once to be essentially and artistically true."

A BOOK ABOUT A PUBLIC SCHOOL.
GODFREY MARTEN, SCHOOLBOY.
By **CHARLES TURLEY.** With 8 Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. New Edition, cloth, gilt top, **5s.**

SPECTATOR.—"The hero and his two chums are a delightful trio. The book is extremely good reading from end to end; it abounds in exciting episodes, is wholly void of sentimentality, and it enforces in the most unmistakable and wholesome way the duty of straight and manly conduct."

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Post free **3/6** each.

Complete with pocket battery, silk-covered wire, and push.

POCKET ELECTRIC LAMPS.
Best quality, with **REFLECTOR.** 3s. each.
Without Bullseye, 2s. each, post free.
Ditto, in Leatherette Case, 2s. 6d.

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SCHOOL SHIP "CONWAY"

LIVERPOOL
FOR TRAINING YOUNG GENTLEMEN TO BECOME OFFICERS IN THE MERCANTILE NAVY.
FOR PROSPECTUS APPLY TO
CAPT. H. W. BROADBENT LIEUT. R.N.R.

Correct Solution of "Hidden Animals" Competition from August Captain, 1903.
See Competition Results on page 96.

1. Weasel. 2. Cheetah. 3. Mandrill.

4. Puma. 5. Cavy. 6. Lynx.

7. Chinchilla. 8. Petaurist. 9. Ground Pig.

10. Pole Cat. 11. Axis Deer. 12. Manatee.

ELECTRIC SCARF PIN.

Latest Novelty Out! Handsome Pin, together with Connections, Push, and Battery complete. **Best Three-Cell Batteries only used.** Will last for months.

Price complete and post free, 3/6 ea.
Extra Batteries, 1/2 each, post free.
FRANK CLARKE, Gothic Arcade, Snow Hill, Birmingham.

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For your **Natural History** specimens? If so, write to us for terms and sizes. As we are **manufacturers** we can sell at low prices. We also keep in stock all kinds of specimens of **Birds' Eggs, Moths, Butterflies, &c.** Send for Price List; it will be worth your while.

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Entrances the Children. Delights the Young, Intelligently diverts the Aged.

The No. I. Crown Combination Game Board

Sixty-five games on one Board for the one price

PRICE 15/-

80 pieces of equipment and complete easy Book of Rules with each Board.

New Games, Old Games, Games of Skill, Games for Fun, including Carroms, **Crokinole**, Draughts, Backgammon, &c.

The Board measures 2 ft 5 ins square, and is handsomely finished in mahogany and white maple. Both sides are used.

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Doctors Recommend it.
DELICIOUS! DELICIOUS!!
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If any difficulty in procuring send eight penny stamps for very large sample packet to

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THE 20TH CENTURY
DAISY AIR RIFLE.

SHOOTS B.B. SHOT OR DARTS.
ACCURATELY SIGHTED.
OF HANDSOME APPEARANCE.
AN IDEAL PRESENT FOR A BOY.

Length, 30 inches; Weight, 2lbs.

NO POWDER, SMOKE, DANGER, NOISE.

Price 4s. each.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

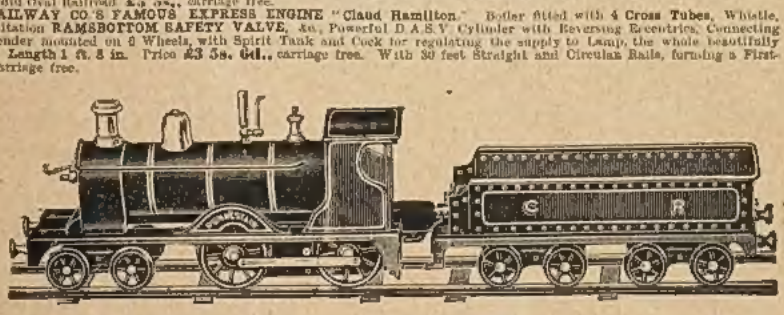
IMPROVED DESIGNS OF SCALE MODEL ENGINES

IN CORRECT COLOURS OF RAILWAY THEY REPRESENT.

OUR NEW POWERFUL REVERSING SCALE MODEL OF L. & N.W. RAILWAY EXPRESS LOCOMOTIVE, JUBILEE CLASS, Gauge 1II. 2½ ins., named "Clyde." Our own design, and can be had only from us. These Engines are not of Foreign make, but are made by British Workmen, and guaranteed to work, not for a short time only and then get out of order, but for years, until every part has fulfilled its duty. Solid Brass Tubular Boiler with **Glass Water Gauge**, Steam Whistle, Dome, **Steam Pressure Gauge**, Starting Lever, &c., Pair Large and Powerful Double Action Slide Valve Cylinders fitted with our "Patent Cylinder Lubricators." Four Pairs Coupled Driving Wheels, Front 4-Wheeled Bogie Carriage, Springs to Wheels, Boiler fitted with **Cross Tubes and Fire and Smoke Boxes and Internal Flame**, complete with Large Bronzed Brass Tender, mounted on 6-Wheeled Patent Bogie, for negotiating sharp curves. The Tender comprises Tank for Spirits and is fitted with Tap, so that supply can be regulated from Footplate. Tested and guaranteed and specially recommended. **Length 2 ft.** Price **£4 10s. 6d.**, carriage free. With 30 feet Straight and Circular Rails, forming a splendid Oval Railroad **£5 5s.**, carriage free.

DITTO (2" = 1') **GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY CO.'S FAMOUS EXPRESS ENGINE "Claud Hamilton."** Boiler fitted with **4 Cross Tubes**, Whistle, Dome, **Glass Water Gauge**, Regulator, Imitation **RAMSBOTTOM SAFETY VALVE**, &c., Powerful D.A.S.V. Cylinder with Reversing Eccentrics, Connecting Rods, &c. Complete with correct pattern Tender mounted on 6 Wheels, with Spirit Tank and Cock for regulating the supply to Lamp, the whole beautifully Enamelled and Lined in G. E. Ry. Colours. **Length 1 ft. 8 in.** Price **£3 5s. 6d.**, carriage free. With 30 feet Straight and Circular Rails, forming a First-class Oval Railroad. Price **£3 11s. 6d.**, carriage free.

OUR 1903-4 NEW AND IMPROVED REVERSING SCALE MODEL DESIGN OF C. Ry. CO.'S FAMOUS EXPRESS ENGINE "Donalastair," 2½ in. Gauge, Bronzed Brass Tubular Boiler, Dome, Safety Valve and Whistle (which is now fitted into cab), **Glass Water Gauge, Steam Pressure Gauge**, Steam Water Cock, Starting and Reversing Lever, Inside powerful D.A.S.V. Cylinder and Reversing Eccentrics, Front Bogie Wheels, 2 Pairs Coupled Driving Wheels, &c. Beautiful Tender mounted on two 4-Wheeled Bogie Carriages. The Tender is fitted with Spirit Tank with Cock for regulating supply of spirits to our New Patent Design of Spirit Lamp. A splendid up-to-date design. Runs Backwards or Forwards, Straight or Circular. **Length 22 ins.**, all beautifully Lined and Enamelled in Correct Colours of C. Ry. Coy., complete, with 30 feet Straight and Circular Rails, forming a splendid Oval Railroad Tested and guaranteed. Price, Engine only, **40/-**; complete, as above, with Oval Railroad, **50/-**, carriage free.



MIDLAND RAILWAY BOGIE GOODS ENGINE, with Pair Brass O.S. Inside Cylinders and no Steam Pressure Gauge. Otherwise same as C. R. Engine "Donalastair" above, with **Glass Water Gauge**, Regulator, **Front Bogie Carriage** Large 6 Wheeled Tender fitted with Spirit Tank with Cock for regulating Spirit to Lamp. **Length 22 ins.** Gauge 1II. 2½". In Correct M. R. Colours. Price **35/-**, carriage free. With 30 feet Oval Railroad, **45/-**, carriage free. Exactly same as above, but in **G. N. R.** or **N. E. R.** colours, at same price as Midland Engine above.

For other Scale Models of Steam and Clockwork Engines, Carriages, and Rolling Stock in Correct Colours of L. & N. W. R., G. N. R., C. R., G. & S. W. R., G. E. R., M. R., N. E. R., &c., get our New Catalogue, **just published**, containing over 600 Illustrations of above, and our Famous Clyde Built Model Racing Yachts, Ships Fittings, separate parts of Engines and Castings, Dynamos, Motors, Coils, Lamps, and Scientific and Electrical Novelties and Experiments &c., post free, **6d.** We have a highly-skilled staff of competent and experienced workmen for any class of Engines, Yachts, or Fittings to order or specification, and shall be pleased to receive your enquiries.

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"CAPTAIN" PRIZES.

IF YOU WANT TO WIN A

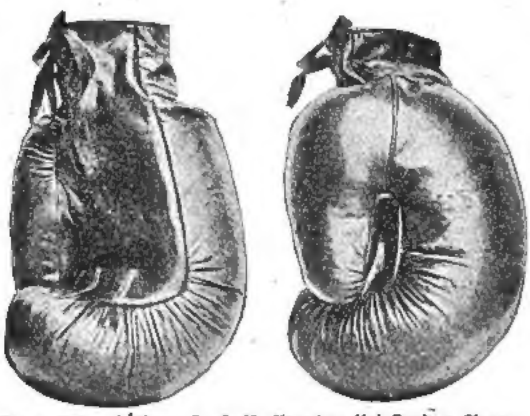
SET OF BOXING GLOVES,

A

SANDOW DEVELOPER,

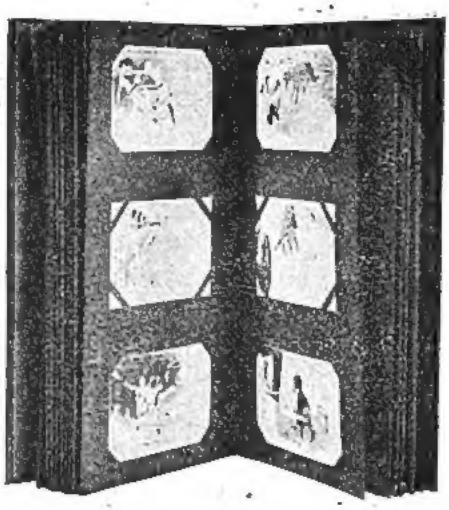
Or any other Prize mentioned below, go in for

"THE CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS on page 84.

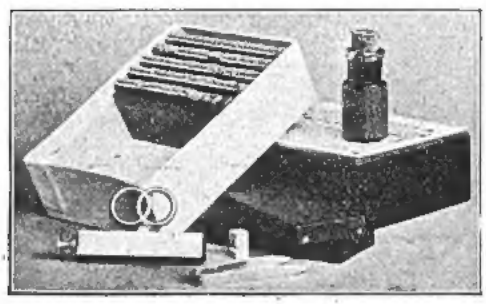


Three Sets of these D. & M. Yucatan Kid Boxing Gloves (four to the Set) are awarded as Prizes in Competition No. 1, "WELL-KNOWN MEN."

To Readers interested in Pictorial Post-card Collecting.



We are offering Nine of these Pictorial Post-card Albums to the winners in Competition No. 4, "HANDWRITING."



To encourage our Photographic and Artistic Readers to stamp their names and addresses on the back of their contributions, we are awarding Six of these Complete Printing Outfits as prizes in Competition No. 3, "MY FAVOURITE QUOTATION."

Three of these Sandow's Own Combined Developers will be given to the winners of Competition No. 5, "MISSING WORDS."

Three of these 10/6 "Swan" Fountain Pens are awarded as Prizes in our "PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION" (No. 2).

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H. GRADIDGE & SONS,

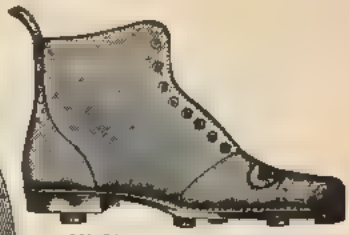
Manufacturers and Exporters of all articles used in FOOTBALL and HOCKEY.

A very large assortment of all kinds of STICKS, BOOTS, SHIRTS, SHINGUARDS, BALLS, &c., &c.

Shirts from 2/3.

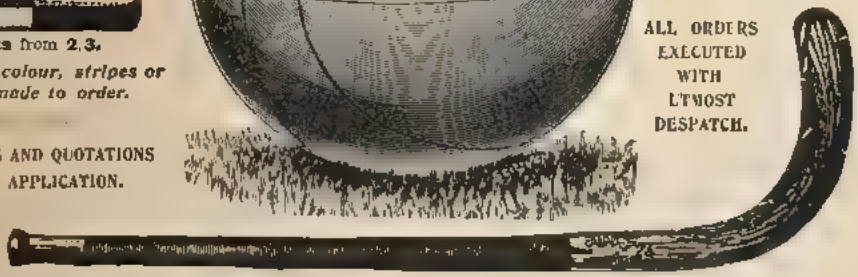
Shirts, any colour, stripes or halves, made to order.

PRICE LISTS AND QUOTATIONS FREE ON APPLICATION.



All Chrome Boots, 8/6, 10/6, and 12/6.

ALL ORDERS EXECUTED WITH UTMOST DESPATCH.



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THE CAPTAIN.

A Magazine for Boys and "Old Boys."

C. B. Fry. *Athletic Editor.*

(With which is Incorporated the "Public School Magazine.")

The Old Fag. *Editor.*

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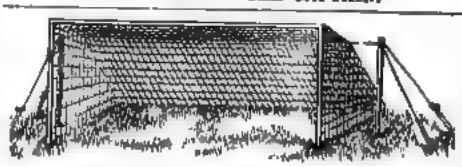

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C. B. FRY.
Athletic Editor.

E. J. NANKIVELL.
Philatelic Editor

VOL. X.

EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.
Natural History Editor.

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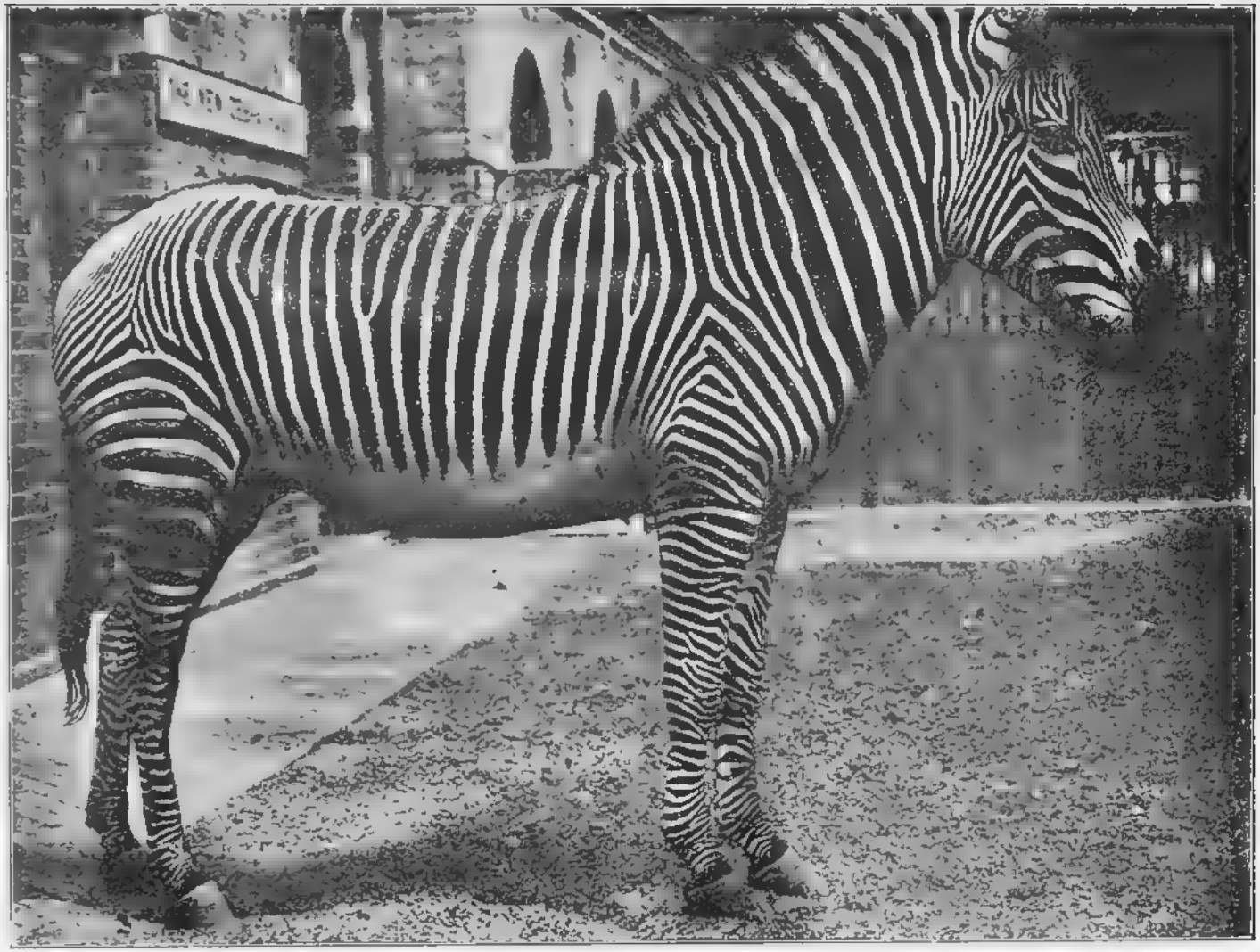

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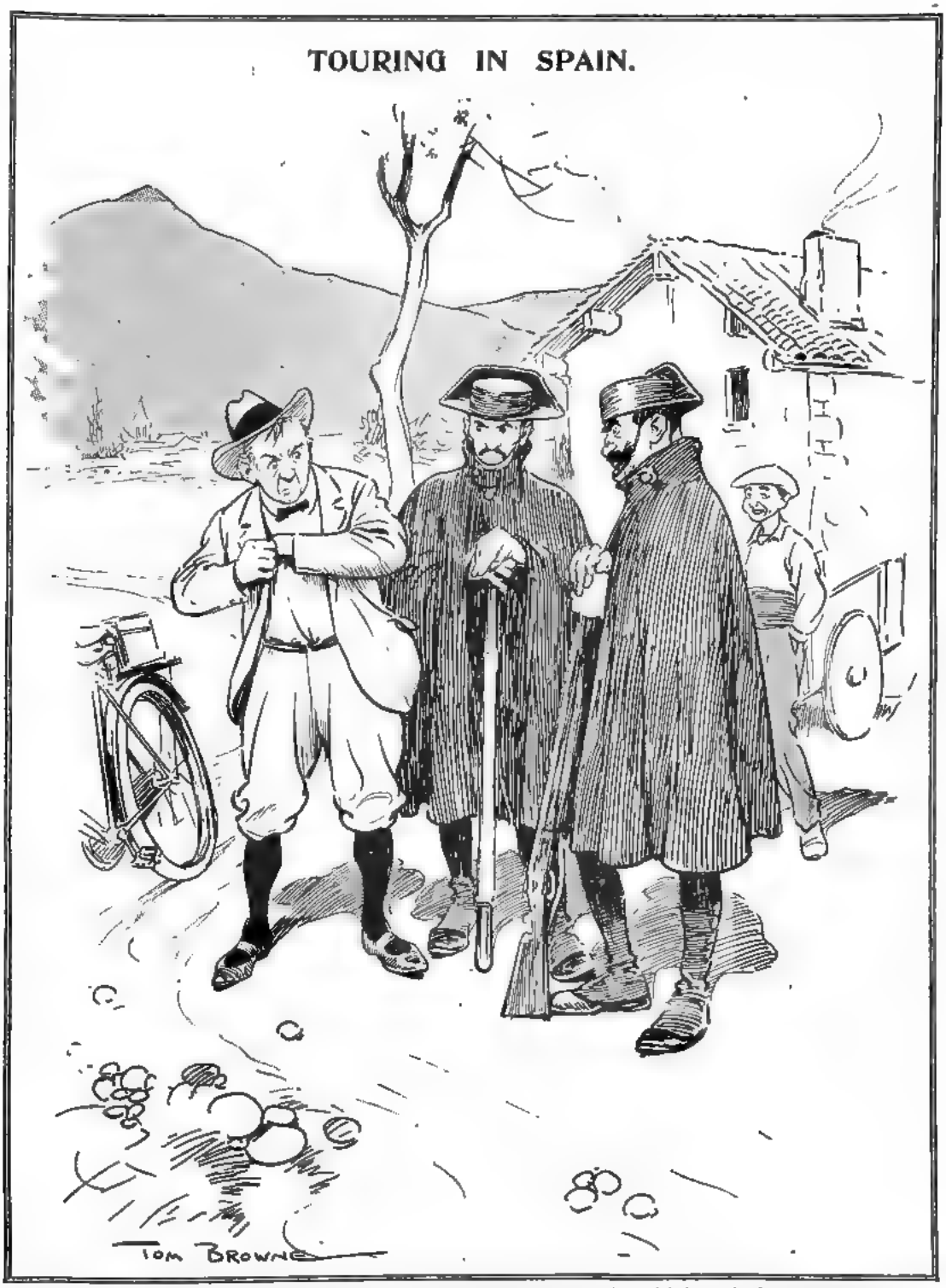


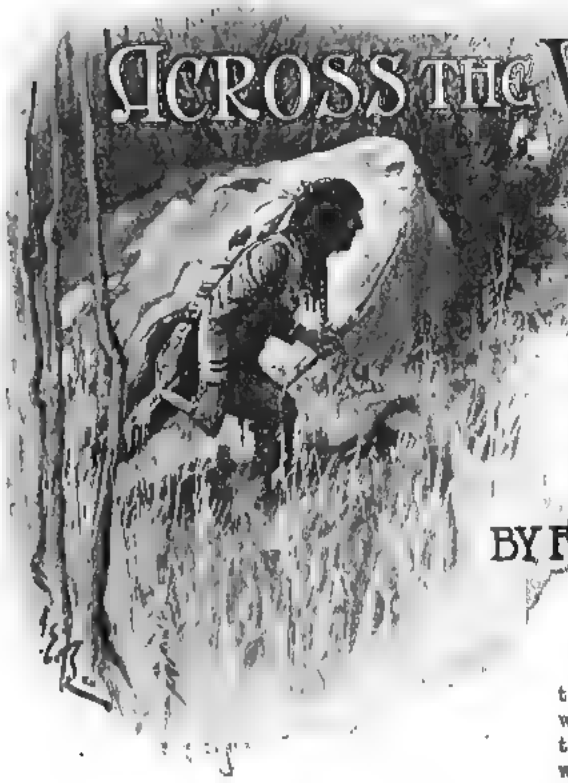
"Your passport, señor." Binks has a faint suspicion that he lit his pipe with it at the last stopping-place.

Drawn by Tom Browne, R.I.

AT THE SAME INSTANT THE RUNNER LEAPED AT THEM FROM THE BANK

See page 10.

ACROSS THE WILDERNESS



being an account of the Strange Adventures of Zintkala and Etapa, son and daughter of Fire Cloud, Chief of the Red Indian tribe of Ogallalas.

BY FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

Author of "The Bullet-Maker's Strategy" and "Our Uninvited Guest."

CHAPTER I.

A Spring Awakening.

THE crows had gathered at their rookeries among the tall pines of a bluff which overtopped an Ojibwa village. Snow had melted off the bark roofs of the wigwams, and in their front—if they may be said to have had a front—lay a far stretch of blue-green ice shimmering under the April sun. To and fro above this icefield the solemn harbingers of spring flapped their black wings. They scanned its barren space in vain search for open water and the float of winter-killed fish. The occasional remostrant Aäl-ääl-ääl! of one of these winging spectres sounded a lean and melancholy note of hunger. Now and then, too, within their range of vision, a wolf, bare of rib and thin to the semblance of a shadow, loped, a flitting wraith, across an arm of the lake. Save for the scream of a scolding jay, the chirrup of a surviving bunting, or the chatter of a red squirrel, the spaces of the skeleton woods had been as the aisles of the dead.

At Tall Gun's village the people had begun to take the fish which will not stir out of deep waters until the sun's rays begin to glimmer through the ice. Laboriously the women had worked for several days chopping channels beside the crevasses, which here and there ran far out upon the lake. Into these openings the tribal nets had been lowered. These nets the hungry ones visited frequently. Equable division of small catches had several times been made and there had begun to be heard a low hum of renewed life in the wigwams.

During three starving moons no fire had been built in the long lodge, no drum had been beaten, no gourd rattled, no song chanted. But, as the sun mounted one still forenoon, the tinkle of rivulets of water was heard, pools glittered upon the blue ice-field, and suddenly the roll of the conjurer's drum throbbed, the sound of his rattle clicked upon the still air, and his voice was heard chanting in a strange tongue. The people were made glad; their pulses quickened for they knew that the medicine of Ghost Moccasin and their own prayers had prevailed.*

Tall Gun sat in his lodge well content with his faithful conjurer's performance. The head man's stomach was filled with fish, the season of plenty was at hand. If his mind held a taint of suspicion as to the origin of the superhuman thumpings, groanings and frenzied cries which

*"Ghost Moccasin," the medicine-man of the village, had, of course, to pretend that spring had arrived through the agency of his magic.—Ed.

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issued from Ghost Moccasin's lodge it was hidden behind the mask of gravity which sat upon his face while he blew volumes of blue smoke from his nostrils, turning the stem of his *casse-tête à calumet* to all points of the compass and reverently skyward.

That afternoon there was feasting, and a fire was lighted in the long lodge. The people gathered early in the evening, seating themselves around the edges of the big wigwam, where they waited in decorous silence for the great men to appear. Tall Gun came first and seated himself in the place of honour upon a skin reserved for him. As many great men do, Ghost Moccasin kept his audience in waiting until some of them yawned in sheer impatience. For an hour or more the older people sat, and the younger stood in a packed ellipse about the outer circuit of the smoothly worn ground floor of their primitive town-hall.

Now and then the elder men turned to each other with some low-voiced remark, but even these refrained from smoking. The younger ones maintained a decorous silence, their eyes only shining with the light of impatience or of expectancy.

At length Ghost Moccasin came in, his assistants bearing the sacred drum and medicine pouch. The conjurer had arrayed himself fantastically and carried a powerful medicine fetich and a wondrous rattle.

His assistants began to drum and the medicine man, seating himself before a bright fire of fagots, began a series of public incantations, smoking to all the manidos and mumbling strange incoherences.

Then the young girls came forward and danced. To the barbaric double time of the tom-tom and the rhythmic jangle of its bells these moved modestly, their elbows at a slight curve, their moccasined toes turned inward.

Louder beat the tom-tom, more fiercely jangled the bells, and the voice of Ghost Moccasin, raised in crying repetitive, was like a clarion call to action. Young men took the place of maidens in the dance and the action grew fast and furious until the timed rhythm of those swaying, leaping figures whirled the brains of the on-lookers into its mad, magnetic current. Wild cries of encouragement were shouted by the women and young folk. The feet of the young men beat upon the floor, their sweating, painted bodies writhed, their faces grimaced as they rivalled each other in shouting the cadences of the chant.

There were only two persons who were not apparently pleased with this dance, and these were small unnoted people—a boy and a girl, of near a dozen years each, who stood behind an ugly woman, crowded between the inner posts of the big wigwam. These two were thinly clad and with no attempt at ornament save an unsuccessful face decoration.

The faces of these were indeed flushed, but not with pleasure. The girl had disdainfully wiped from her cheeks the red earth with which 'Lizbet, Tall Gun's squaw, had stained it. Her blue strouds sleeve carried most of this adornment, but some faint streaks yet remained to accentuate the hot blood of resentment and disgust which showed in her small round face. She stood erect against a post, her hands dangling, a keenly intelligent and scornful little critic of this Awanse fête dance.

The boy, of the same height, stood on the other hand of their mistress, who was no other than Tall Gun's old wife 'Lizbet. He had a shoulder crowded between two upright stakes as though he would have burst through the thin partition. This one looked out from under a mat of unkempt hair and scowled a Sioux scowl upon the whooping, moving crowd.

'Lizbet Tall Gun was of an excitable nature. She stood partly in front of her charges and, in her eagerness to egg on the dancers to some new grimace or contortion, the hostile faces of the boy and girl went unnoted.

For the first time in many weeks (so close had been her surveillance) these children spoke together in their own tongue. As the excited woman crowded forward the better to lose no movement of the dance, the girl spoke behind her back, taking care not to look at her brother.

"Younger brother," she said, "younger brother, let us soon go homeward."

"The arrows of the Cree fellows," returned the boy, scowling more deeply under his mop of hair, "and the bow of my grandfather and some buckskins are hidden in a hollow-wood."

"Waśte, mi sun!" said the girl, struggling to hide the satisfaction in her face. "Waśte! I also have done something. Secretly I have hidden the awl of this she creature and two bundles of thread."

"Good," muttered the boy, "therefore we shall not go with these good-for-nothings to boil the sweet water of their trees."

He was about to speak further, but some accent of his despised and unknown tongue reached 'Lizbet's ear and she turned, giving the girl and boy each a fierce slap upon the cheek, shrieking Ojibwa maledictions.

When he could see her back again the boy scowled up at her with the face of a small fury. A young *metí* woman at his right hand saw the blow. She noted the look upon the boy's face and she shrieked with laughter, but the kindly

French blood in her veins prevented her from exposing him further to the old wife's fury.

The alien boy and girl, however, had said enough. They spoke not again during the dance.

CHAPTER II.

The Captives.

MAHPIYA-PETA, or Fire Cloud, was a war-chief of the Oglalas. Prior to 1860 he fought frequently in wars against the aggressive whites, the Ojibwas, Pawnees, and Crows, and in defence of the narrowing frontiers of his nation. He was a soldier of renown and, being a person of importance, was chosen as one of a delegation of North-west Indians who visited the Great Father at Washington.

From that trip he returned to his town upon the Smoky River a changed man.

"I will no longer fight the white people," he declared to his soldiers. "We make ourselves ridiculous. We must become as they are or perish."

In the following spring he took his children, Zintkala-Zi (Yellow Bird) and Etapa (The Right Hand), to the mission school at Traverse des Sioux in order that they might be educated to live after the manner of the conquerors.

For these, he said, would soon despoil his nation and pen the wretched remnant of its tribes upon narrow tracks of land to be held as prisoners of war—to be slaughtered if they should resist, as the buffalo are slaughtered in a surround.

How much his heart was wrung in obedience to his judgment, when he left his children at the mission, no one can tell. His Isanti wife mourned for them almost as she would have mourned for the dead. To her it seemed an incredible and cruel thing that she should be asked to part with her children, little more than babies, to be reared and taught among a strange people—to forget their own kindred and perhaps their own tongue. But she could not gainsay her lord and master, Fire Cloud.

The children were not less rebellious in spirit than their mother. They were cruelly homesick from the first. The little girl was obedient to her teachers for some weeks, but when Etapa proved intractable to discipline, and was punished for running away to play with the children of "blanket Indians," she, too, grew rebellious. At the end of four months it became evident to the better judgment at the mission that Fire Cloud's young belligerents would better have stayed among the Oglalas.

One night in September the boy and girl, taking matters into their own hands, seized an opportune moment and fled, intending to make their way across to the Missouri River, where their mother's people were then living. Once among these they felt very certain their father would send for them when their wrongs should have been recounted to him.

So fierce was their home hunger, these children trusted themselves to the boundless prairies without food and with no weapons save a horn-tipped bow which the boy's grandfather had made for him and which he had clung to with a persistence not to be denied. But, though he had the bow, he had no arrows save the reeds he was able to pluck from the creeks and sloughs.

So for three days this boy of ten and girl of eleven travelled steadily westward, subsisting upon the roots of the teepsinna, which they dug with half a clam shell and ate raw.

They had reached the buffalo country when a party of Assiniboin hunters—men and women—swooped upon them and bore them northward as captives. The Assiniboins at this time were nominally at peace with the lower Dakota tribes, so, when this party had reached a trading-post on the Red River, they had so far repented of their rashness as to offer their captives in private sale to some Ojibwas who were on a trading expedition.

Thus, for two dumpy ponies and some other property, Tall Gun, of a village in the far eastern woods, came into possession of the Oglala boy and girl. When Tall Gun's party had trailed back to the Red Lake country, the chief set up another wigwam and took to wife the comeliest maid of his village. In propitiation he gave to 'Lizbet, a half-caste, who had kept him in monogamous estate for a quarter of a century, the Sioux captives that she might with honour set up a household of her own. With the possession of these strong children, the boy already an efficient hunter of small game and the girl able to do most of the work required in her wigwam, with a husband still willing to provide meat and skins from the hunting, 'Lizbet was very well content. Thereupon the wily chief congratulated himself upon the opportune stroke whereby he had grasped the horn of a dilemma. Such are the odd and accidental forces which go to the shaping of destinies where war and plunder obtain.

Zintkala-Zi and Etapa, after the first poignant terrors of capture, accepted their captivity as became the children of warlike people. Had they been taken into a wild tribe whose ways of life

were similar to their own, or had they been kindly treated by adoption, it is very possible they might never have attempted to escape, and would in time have lost their identity as Dakotas.

But neither of these things happened to them. The son and daughter of a war-chief of the Oglalas, whose mother was daughter of a Yankton chief, had been children of some distinction among their own folk. They were now slaves to

'LIZBET CROWDED FORWARD THE BETTER TO LOSE NO MOVEMENT OF THE DANCE.

a woman of nondescript people whose every mode of dress and of life they detested.

Their mistress was a virago. She was not thoroughly vicious, but tyrannical, which was quite as galling to the Sioux children. As they were—from policy—obedient to her behests, so far as they understood them, it was some time before 'Lizbet laid violent hands on one of her chattels. This happened when she discovered that Zintkala-Zi had cunningly concealed a splendid necklace of polished elk teeth and was unwilling to give it up.

In her irksome prison-pen among the missionaries little Zintkala had been reproved for wearing "heathen ornaments," and so she had hidden her double chain, sewing a strand inside either of a pair of buckskin leggings. These leggings she had worn when captured by the Hohé (Assiniboins). Within their winter folds the valuable ornaments remained hidden until the shrewd eyes of 'Lizbet detected their outlines beneath the worn buckskin. The strings of polished ivories were promptly ripped from their fastenings, and 'Lizbet took possession of the child's beloved ornaments with a scream of delight. Because Zintkala cried, when she hung the chains about her skinny neck, 'Lizbet beat her severely with switches. After this the Sioux children never compromised with her for an instant in their hearts.

At first some Ojibwa youths made an attempt to deprive Etapa of his bow, which they said was too big and strong for so small a boy. They told 'Lizbet that the lad should trade it for one better adapted to his years. But shrewd 'Lizbet, making him understand their criticism, procured some fairly serviceable arrows and sent Etapa into the woods. When he returned with three rabbits and a grouse the bow was secured to him.

The boy, however, unable as yet to converse in Ojibwa, did not understand, and, when boys—out of hearing of 'Lizbet—still urged him to trade his bow, he was much alarmed lest they should take it from him by force.

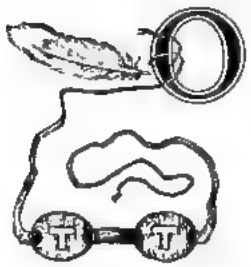
Just before the snow came, a party of Crees, travelling through the country, camped at Tall Gun's village, and stayed for a day or two to gamble and to "swap" for such property as could be traded. On the day after their departure

Etapa's bow was missing, and, although 'Lizbet gave him a severe beating for carelessness, it was generally believed that the Crees had stolen the weapon because of its superior quality. To appease the angry old wife Tall Gun made the boy a bow of dry ash. It was a contemptible weapon in Etapa's eyes, yet, needing food, he made effective use of it so long as there were birds and rabbits to be shot.

In 'Lizbet's wigwam the Sioux children, who were recognised as her property, her slaves in fact, graduated in a stern discipline. She continually talked to them in Ojibwa. After some days, when she had taught them a few necessary words and had established a sign language in aid of their understanding, she never again allowed them to speak to each other in their own tongue. A word in the Sioux was the signal for a blow with a dog whip. In all that dismal winter they had no opportunity to speak together apart from their argus-eyed mistress. 'Lizbet kept one of them beside her constantly. She never allowed the two to pass outside her lodge together, and, if she stepped across to a neighbour's wigwam, she took Zintkala with her. How bitterly irksome this life became to these children of the plains the subsequent chapters of this history will reveal.

CHAPTER III.

At the Sugar Camp.



IN the morning after the fête dance there was confusion indescribable at Tall Gun's village. The weather had come off uncommonly warm and the wigwams were turned inside out in a mad scramble to make hasty exit toward a sugar-camp.

Their skeleton ponies could not travel in the snow nor drag travois packs over the ice; so there was tying and untying, packing and repacking of blankets, skins, clothing, kettles, pans, cooking utensils, axes and fishing tackle to meet the limited capacity of a limited number of dog sledges.

Women and children hustled to and fro, yelling themselves hoarse, while men seized upon half-trained wolf-dogs and fought with the snarling, vicious brutes to get them into harness. There was need of frantic haste, for already there was much water upon the ice, and, by noon, or a little later, the lake would be impassable for sledges, and the slush snow of the woods equally so.

Ho-ho-ho! E-shig-o-ma-e-oosh! Fast the sap is flowing! People ran hither and thither in a frenzy lest they should overlook some necessary dish, chipping adze, or other utensil. As fast as a family had its dogs or its women loaded with packs the members set out at a dog trot upon the sloppy ice. Every rivulet of a hundred miles and more of shore-line was pouring its flood out upon that bottle-green waste.

So they ran, slopping in shallow pools, with sweating shoulders and icy feet, women and papooses chattering and screaming, and men belabouring dogs and swearing strange French oaths. When one slipped and fell, getting a shower-bath from the splash, shrieks of laughter greeted the mishap. By holding to the ice-ridges they were able to keep their feet out part of the time, else the ice-water would have proven intolerable long before the twelve-mile stretch was crossed.

Numbers of crows and ravens followed this long file of bipeds and four-foots over the ice. Where these shouting creatures should stop the winged caravans knew that many fish would be taken, and out of a wasteful abundance the empty craw could be filled. So the funereal birds flapped alongside, alighting upon the ice-ridges to utter hoarse, anxious notes, stalking singly or in solemn files just far enough from the movers to be out of range of a boy's blunt-ended arrow.

Of all the scurrying, human crowd only two were utterly discontent. These were the young Dakotas. During the rigours of an Arctic winter they had not dared to attempt escape, for they could not have survived a march in the awful cold.

But now that spring had come both were eager to fly, and they had only waited an opportune moment to seize such things as they needed and had hidden. By secret signs, made when 'Lizbet's back was turned, they had agreed that some dark night when the "she creature" was asleep, they would steal from her wigwam and take to the woods. Not only did this early flight across the lake carry them further into the unknown country, but they were compelled to carry burdens which nearly crushed their young backs before the goal was reached. 'Lizbet had no dogs, not being able to support them, and so she loaded herself and her slaves with such effects as Tall Gun's sledge could not accommodate. And she forced the burdened children to travel in her front, shrieking at them French and Ojibwa maledictions or threatening the dog whip when their tired legs lagged. The impulse to fling down their hateful packs and speed with swift

feet to the nearest dark line of woods was strong upon them. But this rash prompting was resisted and finally the dreadful journey came to an end.

At high noon the sledges were gathered at the north rim of the lake where, at a well-known inlet, fish were slaughtered in such numbers as justified the wisdom of the attendant crows. The open current of the brook had tolled the finny ones out of winter quarters, until, within its narrow channel, they were crowding upon each other. There men and boys, armed with all sorts of spears, attacked them in hilarious excitement, and soon the snow on either bank was heaped with the slain, and, like a miniature battle ground, stained carmine. This carnage continued until the fish were run out of the open brook.

The Ojibwas had also reached the country of In-ne-na'-tig (the sugar maple). Along both banks of the small stream were many groups of the tall, shapely trees. Hundreds of trunks bore rings of fissured scars where the tomahawk or the chipping adze had tapped them.

At some distance up the brook, hidden away amid ranks of tall maples, stood the skeleton frame-work of a huge wigwam, the Ojibwa sugar camp. Its poles were yet partly covered with the bark of last year's laying. Many hands make light work, and by night the ragged roof and sides were snugly pierced with freshly peeled birch-bark.

This camp, after the manner of a Huron long house, was arranged to accommodate a large number of families, only in this instance each family hung up blankets or skins to partition off its section. This was done not so much for the sake of privacy as to mark a line which should divide each family's household goods from those of its neighbours.

Notwithstanding the bustle of their hurried dash from village to sugar-bush the Indians discovered quickly that the sap was not flowing — that Ghost Moccasin was not wholly infallible. In this far north land the frost sets its teeth deep into the ground and many days of warming sun are required to start even the volatile sap of the sugar maple flowing.

But there was much to do in the days of waiting. Every year they must make a new set of birch-bark sap-vessels and spouts, *casseaux* or troughs for catching the sap, buckets for carrying, and the *gaujé*, a yoke which was borne across the shoulder. For, with the improvidence of nature's children, they took no care of these things but left them scattered about, where they were used last, to be burned or buried in snow and forest débris. Upon only one set of the implements of their sugar-making did they bestow absolutely necessary care. They kept within their wigwams the several large brass kettles, which a post trader furnished them for the sake of the trade they brought him. These kettles were religiously scoured, polished and guarded with the care bestowed upon sacred articles.

Their sugar-making was a profitable industry, and annually they sold many mococks, of a brick-like consistency, at the upper Red River post— and the article brought them three-point blankets, red strouds and trinkets more than the skins they took. And besides, in the season of making, there was the delicious diet of syrup and sugar, of which they ate enormous quantities.

The people of the sugar camp took on flesh visibly during these days of abundance. The fat goose flesh and the maple syrup and sugar gave their brown skins a healthy glow, and put spirit and sparkle into their eyes. A new and vigorous life possessed them, and the hum of it ran as a pleasant murmur in their camp. The sounds of the drum, of weird Ojibwa chants and French roulades, mingled oddly with the medley of the lake, the cawing of crows, the screams of jays, and the piping of blackbirds.

During the morning hours women, girls and boys were busy at gathering sap and again in the late afternoon. To and fro they shuffled in and out among the tree trunks, each carrying the *gaujé* with a birch-bark bucket at either end. All day and all night the kettles boiled merrily with women or girls taking turns in constant attendance.

'Lizbet Tall Gun was in her glory. She had charge of the great brass kettle which was the head man's chief possession and article of distinction. And she had his young wife, a niece, and the Sioux boy and girl to do her bidding. She was thus high priestess of the sugar-making and she made a large show of authority. She sat upon a coloured mat, smoking and giving commands, though she arose occasionally to examine critically the bubbling contents of the kettle. Occasionally, also, when it appeared that the syrup was too low or too high, or that there was a suspicion of burning about the rim of the kettle, she snatched the hemlock paddle from the Sioux girl's hand to bestow a sounding thwack upon her shoulders.

Zintkala-Zi bore this with impassive face, and went about her task as before. As became a daughter of the Dakotas, she accepted the inevitable without a show of emotion. She even laughed at times when something amusing occurred; and, when the sap was not running and the big kettle had been scoured, she played with the young girls of the camp and made for the little ones wooden dolls with carved heads, dress-

ing them with bits of bright clothes and cast-off buckskins.

In all this demeanour 'Lizbet read submission and the growth in the girl of an Ojibwa heart. Etapa, too, seemed to have undergone a change. At times during the winter he had been sulky and ill-mannered. It was especially difficult to teach him the Ojibwa words. In six months he had barely learned enough of the tongue to know what was required of common necessity. When 'Lizbet was not at hand he sometimes taunted the Ojibwa boys with their babbling tongue. He spoke of it contemptuously as "bi-wab-ik-shik-wik!"—a name which the young mimic had invented.

However, at the sugar camp, in the midst of excitement and of plenty, with as much of the sweet as he chose to eat—for no one was stinted at the boilings—Etapa seemed to have shed his surly disposition. He brought wood for the furnace, carried his *pauje* with cheerfulness, and took on flesh and a shining skin.

'Lizbet was much pleased at the apparent change. She had conceived a secret liking for the boy, who was a keen hunter, and quick to see things. "See," she said to her husband, who daily honoured her by lighting his pipe at her fire, "see how it is with my children."

Zintkala had gone a little distance after wood and Etapa was coming along a path bearing buckets of sap. "They are now of our people," boasted 'Lizbet, and Tall Gun was also pleased. He seated himself upon 'Lizbet's mat and smoked contentedly the while her charges came and went. He had noted that 'Lizbet's kettle was continually filled to the boiling point, and that her furnace never lacked wood. As a great number of trees had been tapped, that all the boilers might use as much sap as they could reduce, he foresaw that 'Lizbet would this season much surpass her former tale of cakes and mococks. Thus he did not hesitate to express tacit approval by sitting a decorous length of time at her fire.

His complacent sitting so pleased the elder wife—who saw signs of jealousy in the younger—that one afternoon she grew quite hilarious and excited, and drank a great deal of warm syrup. She also made a delicious wax for her lord. She was thus attending the kettle herself to serve Tall Gun, and her boiling ran low.

It was about sunset, after the sap-gathering time, when she noted her remissness, and to make amends she called the young wife to see after the kettle, put a *pauje* upon her shoulders, and, with Zintkala and Etapa, went out to collect sap from any drippings which might remain.

Thus they hurried, going on parallel lines and within sight of each other, from trough to trough.

They were a good distance from camp at dusk, and still their buckets were not filled, when 'Lizbet was suddenly taken with fearful pains and fell upon the ground, spilling her sap and shrieking in agony.

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CHAPTER IV.

"With Death Upon Their Heels."

AWED and astonished, the Sioux children stood gazing for a moment. Some evil spirit had seized upon this woman. Doubtless it was in answer to the prayers they had offered in secret. They were quick to seize upon this probability. For many days they had been praying to Wamyan Tanka to help them to escape.

'Lizbet was plainly *hors de combat*, senseless, shrieking with pain. Zintkala was first to act. She ran to the grovelling woman, snatched her long knife from its sheath, and, seizing the strings of elk teeth about her neck, struggled with the frantic creature until she had cut away their fastenings and secured the treasure.

"Younger brother," she said, in great excitement, "let us now go homeward! Hither let us run among the trees, taking the canoe with which a man has arrived."

A hunter, who had returned to the village by way of the woods, had that day paddled a birch-bark vessel across the lake. It was the first thus far to be brought to the camp. Etapa looked at 'Lizbet, whose contortions and screams did not cease. Very evidently an evil spirit had been sent to attack her.

"Ho, Tanké" (older sister), said the boy, "we shall run toward these people, crying that some enemies have arrived. We shall take some parflèches to make us proper clothing."

Seeing the wisdom of this very young warrior, his sister ran with him. They shouted: "The enemy! The enemy! Those wicked ones have attacked 'Lizbet!"

Keen ears at the sugar-making had heard 'Lizbet's screams, and presently, catching the purport of the Sioux children's cries, the camp was thrown into an uproar. Men, old and young, seized their weapons, and, supposing that a bear or a cougar had seized upon 'Lizbet, ran through the woods to her succour. Women and girls, not deeming it prudent to go into the darkened woods, gathered in excited groups upon the outskirts of the camp.

The little Sioux, so soon as they heard the footfalls of the runners, ceased their cries, and, avoiding the Ojibwas in the darkness, passed around them, and so on swiftly to the rear of their camp. Seeing no one on that side of the big wigwam, they dodged in at an opening and seized such things as they needed or could lay their hands on in the semi-darkness. In 'Lizbet's and Tall Gun's apartments they knew, in particular, where the household goods were stowed, and they thus secured two parfêches of buckskins, a small bag containing hanks of thread, bundles of sinews, and other needful things, with a light and convenient tomahawk which belonged to the young wife of the chief.

They had no difficulty in stealing away from the camp in its rear, for all was hubbub and confusion out beyond the furnaces. Their first difficulty was encountered upon reaching the canoe which had been drawn out upon the creek bank. There were no paddles at hand It was some minutes before they found a single broad-bladed one concealed among some bushes. With this Etapa made such haste as he could, but they were not out of the creek channel when they heard the sharp gasp of a fleet-footed runner in pursuit.

Frightened, they were about to leap from the boat when the man broke from cover near at hand. It was too late to escape by running, so Etapa thrust his paddle upon the bottom and gave the boat a fierce shove. At the same instant the runner leaped at them from the bank. Even as he jumped, the light craft shot away from under him, and the man sprawled his length in the shallow brook.

When he recovered, the canoe was darting out upon the waters of the lake. This runner had no fire-arm, but he yelled frantic directions to those who were chasing in his rear, and, a moment later, the beach alongshore was ablaze with popping guns.

It was too dark for rifle shooting, else this story could never have been told. Bullets skipped and whizzed about the receding canoe and small shot struck it and the occupants repeatedly. Undoubtedly, when they had discovered the ruse of the young Sioux, the Ojibwas immediately connected their flight with 'Lizbet's attack and they were fierce to capture or slay them.

Though feeling the sting of small pellets upon the arm and shoulder, Etapa plied the paddle with all his strength, and, in two or three minutes, the canoe had slipped out into the darkness and beyond the range of shots.

"THE ENEMY! THE ENEMY! THOSE WICKED ONES HAVE ATTACKED 'LIZBET."

"Tanké," said the boy, inquiringly, "those people have hit me with some shots."

"I also am struck in my hand," said Zintkala, simply. "But, younger brother, it does not hurt greatly."

"It is nothing," said Etapa, and in their greater anxiety to steer their course aright they did not again mention their hurts. Without the bow and arrows, which Etapa had hidden in a wood at the village, they could not hope to make the long journey which lay between them and their own country.

Therefore the canoe's prow was turned southward. The night was clear, and, as all Indian children know "The Seven Dizzy People," who swing nightly around the pole star—these and their native instinct for direction guided the Sioux children, who took turns in plying the paddle, and who worked as those work who race with death upon their heels.

They knew perfectly that two lines of runners, one upon either shore of the lake, would be launched after them to take up their trail wherever they should come to land; that they must fly—fly—fly if they would live.

The night favoured them, for there was no air stirring. There were no ripples upon the lake save those made by the water-fowl which rose flapping and squalling in their front.

The one who was not paddling sat in the bow watching for the ice-floes which endangered their frail craft. Zintkala's wound bled freely. A swan-shot had passed through her palm, and lodged under the skin upon the back of the left hand. She trailed the hand in cold water until the blood ceased to flow and thereafter the hurt troubled her little.

Two hours of swift paddling brought them under a bluff behind the Ojibwa village. By no possibility could runners coming around the lake reach this point before morning. The young Sioux had often heard the Ojibwas say it was a long day's run by the shore, and one way they could not come at all without boats because of a wide neck of water which connected with a very long lake.

So Zintkala and Etapa were very cautious in approaching the village. An old man, his wife, and their lame son, had been left to guard the wigwams. While the children were not afraid of being caught by these, the family might yet be on the alert, and so prevent them from securing the necessary bow and arrows.

However, they had no difficulty at all. The wigwams were silent and fireless when they arrived. Etapa recovered his bow and the arrows which he had cunningly stolen from the Crees, and Zintkala, from behind a certain piece of bark in the roof of 'Lizbet's lodge, took the awl, thread, and small articles she had hidden.

CHAPTER V.

Into the Unknown Country.

WHEN they returned to the canoe, Etapa and Zintkala bore each a light, strong paddle, much easier to handle than the heavy one they had used, and had needed to use alternately. Their progress was now rapid. They sped faster than any one could have made his way through the woods and tamarack swamps alongshore. They were elated. The night, the long lake, and the wilderness were before them, and when they were far beyond ear-shot of the village they talked freely and excitedly of their recent experiences. Etapa counted the little "mosquito bites" where the small shot had hit him, and found that ten or more of them had gone through his skin in various places. He felt proud of these wounds, and thought how he would show the scars when he had arrived at home!

And he would not have been a genuine little Sioux had he not boasted greatly of how he had darted the canoe out from under the leaper who sought to jump down upon them from the creek bank, and also of his exploit in stealing a quiver of arrows from the Crees—he had seven, finely toothed and feathered, and of superior wood—and of his adroitness in hiding his bow so that the Ojibwas had believed the Crees had stolen it.

And Zintkala, riding upon the smooth water, listened, well pleased with the sound of her own tongue again. So they paddled on, keeping The Dizzy People upon their right, and, most of the time, a faintly outlined shoreline upon the other hand.

They were not alone—far from it. On every hand were the puddling, quacking, squalling water-fowl. These rose at times in such numbers that the noise of their wings was as the voice of Wakinyan, the thunder god. There were many flashes of white wings sailing by, and strange voices, which startled them, came out of the night.

The steady dip-dip of the light paddles did not cease for an instant, and after a time the land shadows disappeared upon their left, and appeared upon their right. By this token they knew that they were entering the channel between the two lakes, and so turned their course southward. When they had left the headland they did not see the shoreline again, and they

had paddled until their arms were very weary, when a fog began to rise upon the lake. Soon this mist became so dense that the stars were obscured, and the little voyagers were literally at sea as to direction.

They paddled about for a time, much puzzled and distressed. This fog might well mean death to them, for, unless the lake were very long indeed, the Ojibwa runners might come within sight of them when the mist should lift with the rising sun. Soon the folly of continued paddling became apparent—for they might even be going back into the teeth of the enemy. Therefore they remained silent in the midst of silence, for the water-fowl seemed to have gone to sleep; only now and then a pair of wings flapped or a faint, contented chuckle sounded within their hearing Soon, in spite of anxiety, sleep overcame the fugitives, and with blankets closely wrapped they lay upon the canoe's bottom.

When they awoke the sun had begun to glimmer from a height into the low mist which lay upon the lake. Instantly they seized their paddles and steered their canoe southward.

As the sun rose higher a light fog still hung over the lake, and overhead the sky was hazy also. This made the hearts of the paddlers glad, for they knew the atmosphere would not clear until a breeze came. There would be opportunity to land their canoe without danger of observation if they should arrive at the shoreline within a reasonable time. Though their canoe could still be seen at a long bow-shot's distance, the chance that an Ojibwa should be within sight was too small to give them uneasiness.

The rise of water-fowl in its front as the canoe advanced would, in clear weather, have marked its progress for many miles to keen eyes on the lookout. At a little distance, however, the mists swallowed all these hurtling crowds of birds.

After paddling for some length of time, the voyagers were alarmed by hearing a medley of strange noises in their front. Shrill outcries, whoops of wild laughter, screams, groans, and gruntings, came to their ears out of the fog.

At first the children were much alarmed, fancying that they heard a multitude of the strange spirits of the Ojibwas. They ceased paddling and were in doubt as to what course they should pursue. They were thus hesitating in silence, fearing to converse together, when a bevy of big white-winged birds appeared, skimming low over the water. These screamed and laughed in a manner which left no doubt as to the origin of the alarming noises. Whole tribes of these strange whoopers, white, grey and black, now came yelling through the fog. Some of these birds alighted upon the water, cocked great red and yellow eyes at the canoers, and then rose and flew away with odd cries and yells of shrill, mocking laughter.

All this was most astonishing to the Sioux children, to whom these noisy Arctic birds were wholly unknown. In the unknown there is always mystery to the Indian, and the boy and girl looked at each other, and spoke in low tones, in much amazement.

They resumed their paddling and held their direction mechanically while their eyes were for the birds. Presently they began to encounter ice-floes, and upon these melting, spongy masses the strange birds were gathered in great numbers and their antics gave fresh cause for wonder. They certainly acted strangely. Some fluttered their wings, holding them grotesquely aloft as buzzards do, while their huge bills gaped threateningly; others seemed to be executing a dance, crooking their necks and hopping from one foot to the other, while others strutted with a great show of fierceness; and each seemed to vie with another in screeching, laughing, scolding or grunting, until the ears were pierced with their outcries. Barring the fact that they wot not of the comparison, the onlookers might have fancied themselves sitting in a gallery of the Inferno.

"Do look, younger brother!" Zintkala exclaimed presently. "On this one side the people are really dancing the buffalo dance."

Etapa turned his face, as directed, toward an ice-field upon his left. Near at hand, a group of birds were certainly prancing, hopping, jumping and posing their wings and bodies in such impossible attitudes as suggested a violent dance of the Dakotas. The birds were very probably quarrelling over the carcass of a fish which each wished the privilege of pecking out of the ice for its individual benefit

"Older sister," said Etapa, with conviction, "these people will surely go to war. It is the buffalo scalp dance."

The children spoke naturally of these birds as "people." All animals, to the Indian, in his native state, are a mysterious folk. Some are sent by the Great Spirit to furnish food and clothing, others to harass and annoy and perhaps to cast an evil spell, and yet others to furnish warning and instruction.

"It may be, brother," ventured Zintkala, "that Wakinyan has sent these strange warriors to protect us from the enemy."

"Ho, Tanké!" cried Etapa, "I think that is so."

At any rate, they declared, it was evident that these scolding birds were debating what should be done to some very bad people, and there could be none worse than the Rara-ton-wan (Ojibwa).

Thus, seeing the birds apparently well disposed toward themselves, they took comfort from their mysterious conduct, supposing it might mean confusion to their enemies. Therefore Etapa addressed the terns and laughing gulls as follows:

"Ho, you birds, you strange ones, you are very mysterious. Any one can see that you have a great medicine. Therefore we desire greatly that you shall help us, so that you shall all shout very mysteriously at the enemy. If you will do so for us he shall not find our trail."

When a whooping outcry arose among some gulls, at the close of this speech, the children were quite certain these birds had understood and would try to help them.

Thus, with hearts comforted, the little voyagers paddled on amid a whooping tumult until suddenly there loomed in the fog a line of skeleton tree-tops and shore was near at hand. They hastened joyfully to land, for they were getting woefully hungry, and must travel, hiding their trail, a good distance in the woods before they would dare to stop and build a fire.

The shore they now approached was gorged with ice, a high north wind having driven the ice-fields upon it, piling huge white masses on the beach, and hoisting fresh walls of sand and gravel.

Very cunningly the voyagers came to land amid this débris. They left the canoe overturned at the edge of a gorge, that it might drift with wind and wave, and scrambled over the honeycombed masses until they could pass to hard ground upon the trunk of a fallen tree. Then, bearing their small bundles, they launched themselves into the wilderness of woods.

CHAPTER VI.

The Danger of Delays.

THROUGH alternate growths of hard woods and pines the little voyagers passed on until they walked unsteadily from fatigue. As much as possible they kept to the hard ridges and stony ground, avoiding spots where mouldy vegetation or moist earth might leave a trace of footprints.

They had no set plan other than to travel southward with all the speed possible, for in that direction lay the Minnesota River and a narrowing strip of territory still occupied by Dakotas. They knew nothing of the country which lay before them, for the Assiniboins had carried them over the prairie regions far to westward, and the Ojibwa had brought them eastward over a country partly wooded.

Despite hunger and weariness they felt a mounting sense of freedom with each step which carried them further from a hated drudgery among a despised people. They did not feel that they were alone, for squirrels barked and birds chirruped among the trees. Now and then a startled deer stood at gaze for an instant, and then sailed gracefully away among the tree trunks. Overhead, too, a myriad folk called down to them out of the hazy sky, and there was a cheery whistle of wings above the tree-tops as flights of small ducks passed from one wild rice lake to another.

After a time they neared one of these marsh lakes, where there was a deafening uproar of water-fowl tumbling in and out of the reedy swamp.

"Younger brother," said Zintkala, "I think you must now kill some birds. I faint with hunger."

"Stay here, sister; I will do so," answered the boy. He dropped all burdens but his bow; then, breaking some straight, hollow reeds from the edge of a bayou near at hand, and selecting some pebbles from the lakeshore, he sat down, and with the aid of some pieces of pack-thread manufactured several arrows. This he did by fitting small stones into the split end of his reeds.

These were primitive weapons, yet the lad passed around among the bushes, approached the lakeshore near to where the flocks were feeding, and easily killed a couple of fat ducks.

Zintkala had, in their raid upon the sugar-camp, secured 'Lizbet's small hoard of matches as well as flint and steel, and she had a small fire going when Etapa returned.

Although desperately hungry, Etapa was the warrior in miniature. He allowed Zintkala to dress the ducks and roast them the while he whittled at a bit of hardwood, with tiny transverse holes, fitting one hollow with a reed stem that he might have a pipe wherewith to smoke to the earth, the sky, and thunder spirits. He had no tobacco, but pulverised willow bark makes a sweet smoke, and is thus a proper incense offering.

By the time his pipe was finished the ducks, spitted upon two sticks, were roasted, and the children attacked them smoking hot. Ah, how good to bury the teeth in that sweet meat! They ate ravenously, panting with enjoyment, until every bone was clean picked.

"Younger brother, you should have killed another," said Zintkala.

Etapa looked at the scattered bones regretfully.

Just then a squirrel barked near at hand. "See, brother, shoot—shoot!" said Zintkala, pointing her finger to a tree beyond him.

Etapa turned about, and saw a large grey squirrel upon a limb near to the ground. The saucy creature was barking at five or six steps' distance. The boy cautiously took up his bow and a reed arrow, and, a few minutes later, bunny was spitted over a bed of embers.

While the squirrel was cooking, the brother and sister took account of their bundles of effects. Each had come off with a grey blanket and a parfléche (whole-skin sack) of buckskin. Etapa besides, had secured, with a tomahawk, a roll of pieces of buckskin, tanned moose hide, bundles of sinews, and of pack thread. Zintkala had retained 'Lizbet's long knife, and had seized upon various small and useful articles in her apartment at the sugar-camp—a bag of work threads, odds and ends and ornamental bits, a hank of buckskin strings, and, best of all, a small metal basin in which she would be able to cook meat and roots when they should really make a camp.

When they had finished the squirrel they were very tired and sleepy. They reclined upon their blankets, intending to rest a brief time longer. Sleep seized upon them in a twinkling, and the sun had passed the zenith before either pair of eyes had opened.

They were rather cross when they awoke, and each was inclined to find fault with the other for remissness. But they packed their small bundles quickly, and, strapping them to their shoulders, hurried away from a camp which hunger and fatigue had certainly made an imprudent one.

The unknown lake stretched for an unknown distance upon their left, and they were thus compelled, much against their will, to turn to the east. They avoided the lakeshore, and kept to the woods.

They had walked a considerable distance when they came upon a fresh difficulty—a black and barren tract, recently desolated by a forest fire, lay before them. Across this they must go or turn back, and attempt going around the lake to westward. Thus there was but a choice of evils, and the little voyagers, after sage counselling together, elected to go ahead.

They could not fail to leave tracks upon the dust of the burned ground, but they took what precaution they might to alleviate the danger of being seen by some trailer or stray hunter while they were crossing. Etapa climbed a tree upon the edge of the tract, and scanned the reaches of the burned district closely. Seeing nothing to alarm he descended, and the two made up their bundles and wrapped their blankets in a peculiar way about their bodies. Then, stooping until their heads were low to the ground, half walking, half crawling, they went one behind the other, imitating the movements of mato-sapa, the black bear.

By this means they hoped to escape the dangers of a chase, should any hunter come within sight. For at this season the black bear was little but skin and bone and ill-temper, and the Indian hunter usually avoided the animal. There was no one there to judge of their imitative performance, yet it may be set down as certain that the average hunter, seeing at a distance those dark grey figures, ambling among the blackened stumps, would have adjudged them bears, and would have passed on to the chase of more desirable game.

A half hour of this kind of going proved a wearisome business and the little Sioux were overjoyed when they had again safely reached the shelter of woods and bush, where they could straighten the kinks out of their backs

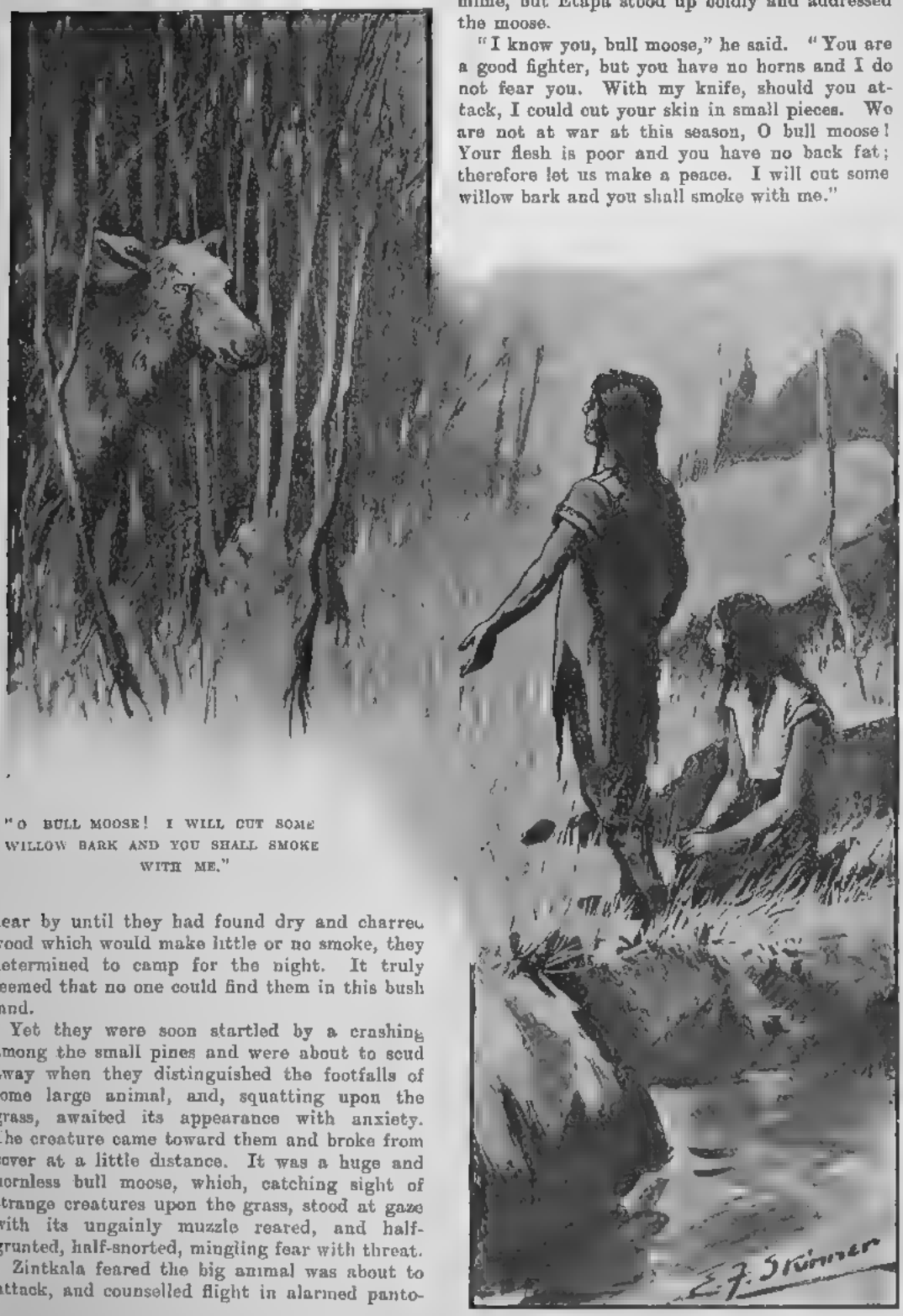
They were yet for a time forced to travel eastward by the trend of the lake shore. They did not know it, but they were now entering a region famous for its wild rice lakes, and never in one day had they seen so many water-fowl. Great flights were passing to and fro overhead and the murmur and spatter of them came up from the lake in continuous accompaniment to their walk. Now and then, in response to some sudden alarm or impulse, clouds of birds would rise from the water with a roar of wings which was simply astonishing.

"Hoye, Tanké!" Etapa would shout, forgetting caution in this tremendous din. "Magaksiksa ota-ota!" (Hey, older sister, ducks are wonderfully plenty!)

An hour or two before sunset the children reached a southward trend of the lake, and, coming upon a low ridge, saw before them another burned tract which had been swept bare of trees. But this district had been desolated some years previously, and was grown to young jack pines and other bush to an average height above the voyagers' heads.

They betook themselves to the bush joyously. It was exactly such covert as they would have chosen until assured of safety from pursuit. Within this copse they felt the security of rabbits in a warren of hazel bush.

Towards sunset they came upon an open grass plat where the last year's dry "fog" lay thick upon the ground and a small clear brook ran through the midst. Here they were tempted to rest and, having carefully examined the thickets



"O BULL MOOSE! I WILL CUT SOME WILLOW BARK AND YOU SHALL SMOKE WITH ME."

near by until they had found dry and charred wood which would make little or no smoke, they determined to camp for the night. It truly seemed that no one could find them in this bush land.

Yet they were soon startled by a crashing among the small pines and were about to scud away when they distinguished the footfalls of some large animal, and, squatting upon the grass, awaited its appearance with anxiety. The creature came toward them and broke from cover at a little distance. It was a huge and hornless bull moose, which, catching sight of strange creatures upon the grass, stood at gaze with its ungainly muzzle reared, and half-grunted, half-snorted, mingling fear with threat.

Zintkala feared the big animal was about to attack, and counselled flight in alarmed pantomime, but Etapa stood up boldly and addressed the moose.

"I know you, bull moose," he said. "You are a good fighter, but you have no horns and I do not fear you. With my knife, should you attack, I could cut your skin in small pieces. We are not at war at this season, O bull moose! Your flesh is poor and you have no back fat; therefore let us make a peace. I will cut some willow bark and you shall smoke with me."

But the moose did not stay to smoke. He stood throughout the harangue gazing in continued astonishment; then, having concluded that there was nothing to fear or to further interest in these small bipeds, he moved indifferently away.

"Older sister," said Etapa, "we shall not build a fire until after Wi (the sun) is hidden; therefore make yourself to rest. I will make some arrows and kill geese."

So the sister lay at ease upon a luxurious bed of dry grass while the brother cut straight willow rods for his arrows and searched the bed of the brook for fitting stones with which to head them. When he had weapons enough the boy approached the lake shore, creeping among the shrub and the still standing grass. Some white-faced geese which he had heard continuously flapping their wings and gabbling, were sitting upon the sand or puddling in the shallow water near at hand. Etapa succeeded in stealing within a few steps of one of these, and buried a jagged shaft in its side. Before the bird could struggle into the water and while a hundred others rose flapping and squalling above its head, the lad pounced upon his game with a little whoop of triumph. It was the first time he had killed magá, the wild goose.

Zintkala also was highly pleased with the young hunter's success. An hour or so later, while they were making savoury roasts of their goose meat, their evening was rounded out by another adventure.

While eating and talking in low tones, their acute ears caught a light patter of footfalls, and, looking about, they saw a shadowy figure flit across the fire-lit grass plat. It was sung-manitu, the wolf, and the brother and sister looked at each other inquiringly.

"Why is this one come to us?" they asked each other, and neither could give an answer. They were not afraid. The wolf does not attack people at their camp-fires—never at all unless driven by maddening hunger. Neither, in the Dakota belief, does this animal, which is invested with sacred and supernatural qualities, approach near to human beings except to convey information or warning from the higher powers of intelligence.

Therefore these children ceased eating and sat in hushed expectancy, awaiting the further movements of sung-manitu. Every slightest rustle of bush or twig fell upon their ears as the animal moved, now here, now there, keeping within the toss of a stone of their camp-fire. Occasionally the wolf stopped stock still, as if listening intently, and their ears were filled only with the distant spatter and gabble of water-fowl. Then sung-manitu moved again, and they heard nothing else.

Presently the animal came into the open upon the side opposite to where it had just been seen, and, sitting upon its haunches, looked intently toward the silent watchers and their fire. Its grey outlines, its lighter coloured forelegs, its pointed nose and ears, and a fitful flicker of reflection in its eyes, were plainly visible. Thus it sat, solemn and motionless, seeming to convey to the voyagers some occult message of the wilderness. So they accepted its action, listening and looking with all their souls to interpret the signs.

When the wolf finally trotted into the bushes, going away from the lake, and passed beyond earshot, the brother and sister again looked at each other with deep inquiry. "I think—" said Etapa. "I think—" repeated Zintkala, but neither of them got any further, and they resumed eating in a ruminant mood. They finally rolled themselves in their blankets, saying nothing and much puzzled by the conduct of sung-manitu.

Their bed was dry marsh grass, their roof a low sky set with stars, and their lullaby the tumultuous murmur of a million water-fowl.

They awoke in the pale twilight of a morning which the pen hesitates to set forth—a spring morning of the north land—a morning with a clear, near sky, a soft, cool air, pine-scented, fresh with the breath of pure waters and beat upon by the wings and cries of a myriad of migrators. The emotions of any creature with five senses are stirred by such a morning. Its air is breathed as a tonic and the pulse is quickened with a desire for exertion.

As by common impulse the Sioux children separated, and, each seeking a bath pool, stripped and splashed in the cold water of the brook with an enjoyment whetted by long abstinence from the privilege. When they returned to their camp each was filled with elation and excitement, and they would dearly have liked a noisy race upon the lake shore, but there was caution to observe and breakfast to obtain; for some sly creature had made away with the remains of their goose during the night.

Upon going to look for game, Etapa found the birds all out at sea. But there were many fish running in the brook, and, affixing Zintkala's long knife to the end of a pole, the boy quickly killed enough for a breakfast.

During the meal some ducks alighted, squalling, upon the beach where he had looked for them. As that day's journey must take them into the woods again, where there might be no

lakes and streams harbouring game, Etapa stole to the waterfront to try for a shot.

His first arrow was effective in knocking over two small ducks, but when he ran to pick them up the lad made a discovery which turned him cold from head to feet. *There were fresh moccasin tracks upon the sand of the beach.*

Three men had passed that morning, doubtless before himself and Zintkala were awake, certainly before the light had come, else they would have discovered his own tracks where he had chased the goose. When he had recovered from surprise and dismay, Etapa stepped quickly back to the cover of overhanging bush.

This boy was possessed of a keen intelligence and the gifts of intuition which the wilderness bestows upon its children. Therefore the situation quickly shaped itself in his mind. From a slight elevation the evening before he had noted that a bog marsh, leading back to a tamarack swamp, extended as far as the eye could reach upon his left. He had perceived that he was making his way along a neck between this swamp and the lake. What if the marsh were merely an arm of the lake crooked back from some point in advance!

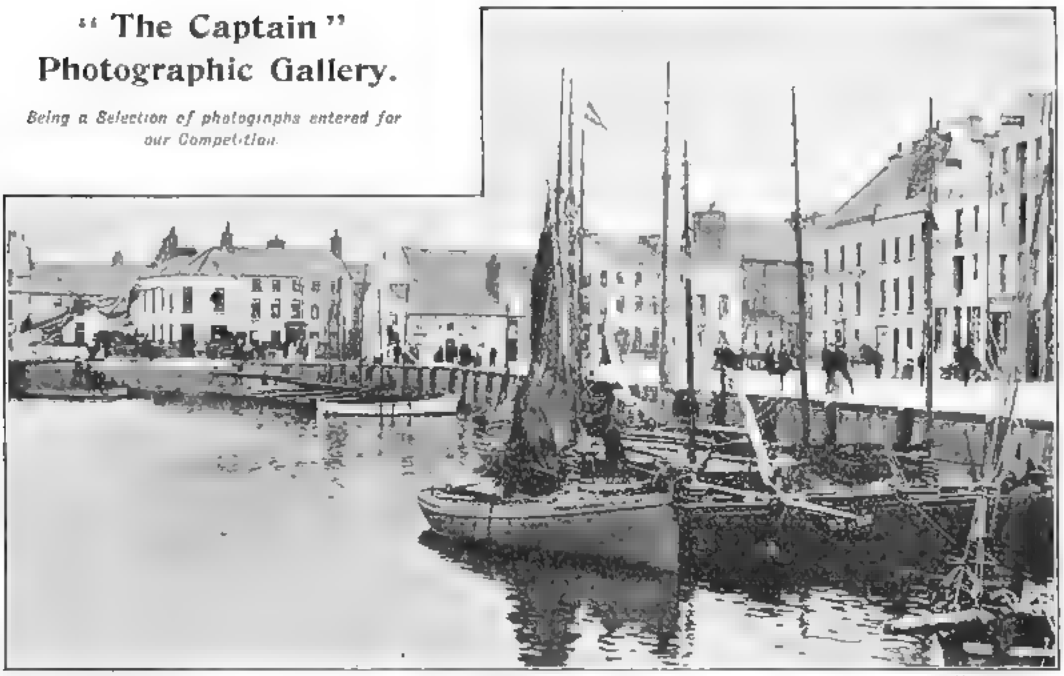
His eye scanned the shore-line. Yes, it was so—away down the nearly regular inward curve birds were flying to and fro, apparently going in and out of some tall pine woods. Those birds were following an arm of the marsh. How foolish he had been not to think of this before! He had run into a trap. He had been trailed across the burned ground and marked down as hiding somewhere between swamp and lake. At that moment he hazarded no guess in the swift conclusion that he and Zintkala-Zi were hemmed in by Tall Gun's Ojibwa trailers.

(To be continued.)

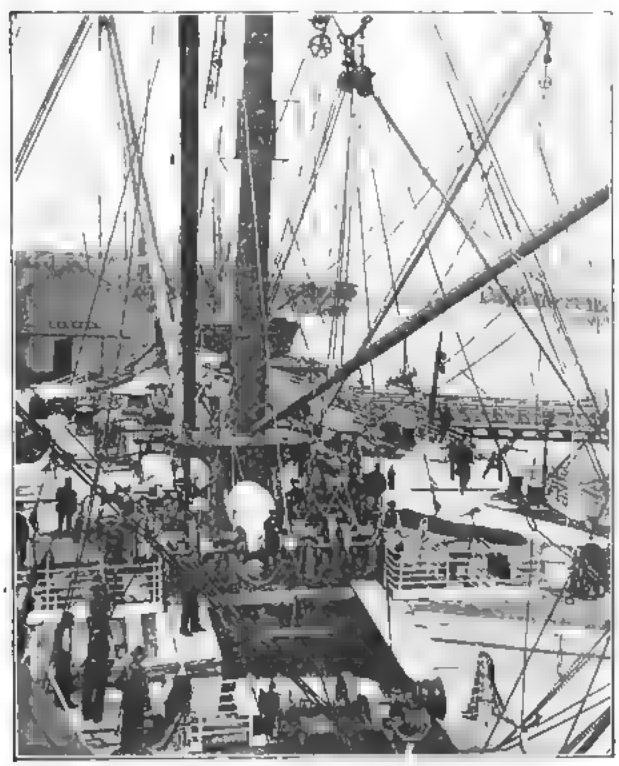
THE DOUBTFUL ORIGIN OF PUSHBALL.
By F. R. Battera.

"The Captain" Photographic Gallery.

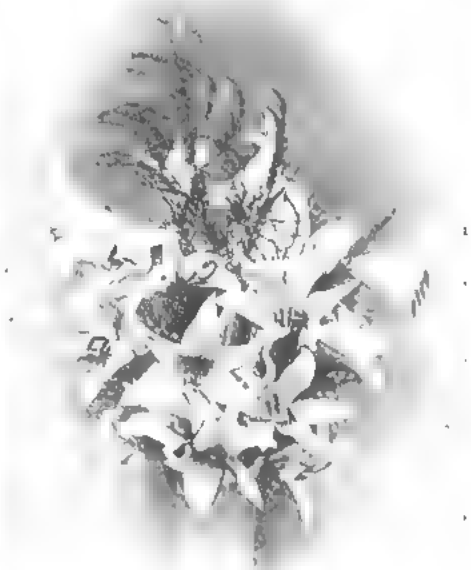
Being a Selection of photographs entered for our Competition.



By A. E. Radford. RAMSEY HARBOUR. Nottingham.

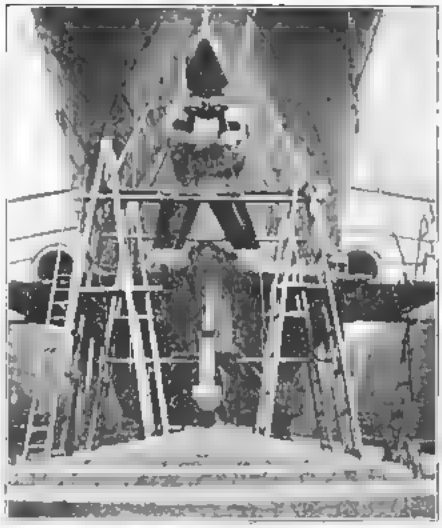


UNLOADING THE WHITE STAR LINER "CEDRIC" AT LIVERPOOL.
By Frank W. Wright, Sheffield.



"SUMMER FLOWER"
A photo taken on an Imperial (Ordinary), and printed on (white) solio matte.
By T. Llewellyn, Horsley.

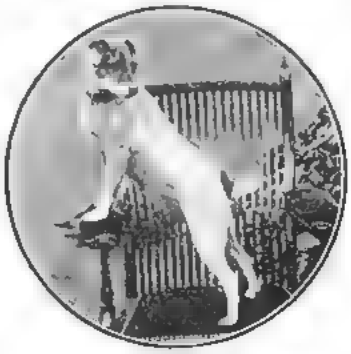
SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MONUMENT, EDINBURGH.
By Nellie Bancroft, Derby.



THE STERN VIEW OF AN ATLANTIC LINER, BEFORE THE RUDDER AND PROPELLERS ARE SHIPPED.
By W. A. Mann, Liverpool.

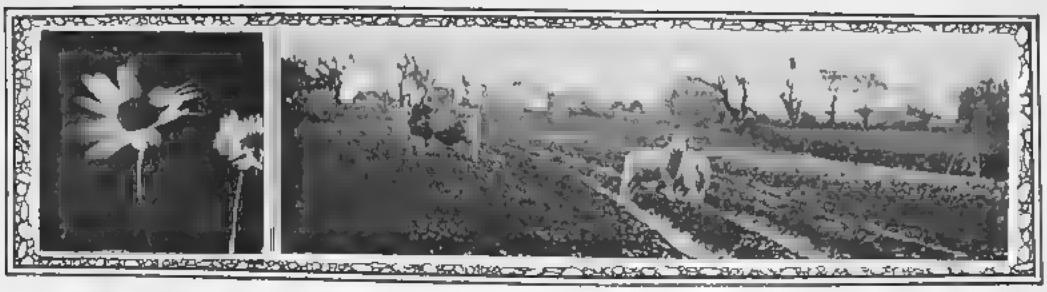
"TWINS."
By J. Richardson.

MOORHEN'S NEST.
H. Mayo Bateman.



"CAPTAIN."
John Polson.

By John Gray. EVENING. Alloway, N.B.



A DAISY, A PROUD MOTHER

By G. Madison By Vaughan Angus

By S. Chicot LEAD PROOF Cardiff

By F. R. Willis WILD FLOWERS Cheltenham.

THE CYCLING CORNER.

ON PRESENCE OF MIND WHILE CYCLING.

By CHARLES H. LARRETTE.

IT was my misfortune recently to be the first on the scene after a fatal accident in Richmond Park. A gentleman was descending a steep and tortuous hill on the southern side of the Park, and, apparently, disregarding the warning notice on the summit, had allowed his bicycle to get out of hand. He failed to pass one of the bends, and dashing against an oak tree was killed on the spot. The hill is by no means one which would be regarded as dangerous, as compared with many, and can be safely ridden by an experienced cyclist who is mounted on a properly-equipped machine.

A Rusty Machine and a Fatal Fall.

From the condition of the unfortunate gentleman it was obvious to me that he was not an experienced rider, as was stated at the inquest, since he was not mounted on a properly-equipped bicycle. The rusty state of his cycle told its own tale. A practical cyclist always takes care that the vital parts of his machine, such as the bearings, chain, and brake joints, are always well lubricated and adjusted. The inference I draw is that, when on the steeper part of the hill, where the gradient is 1 in 8, he found that his brake, a plunger, would not act, and, when he found he could not control the machine, "lost his head," and consequently his steerage.

Hunting and Wheeling: A Comparison.

Presence of mind is an absolute essential to safety when cycling, equally as much so, I think, as in the hunting field, and knowing the hill well, I feel sure, if my diagnosis of the case is correct, the fatality would not have happened had the deceased gentleman retained his. Who, I would ask, save, of course, a very expert horseman, would venture out for a day's hunting in a strange country on a horse with which he was quite unacquainted? Very few, I think, yet we find cyclists by the hundred with no technical knowledge of machines venturing out on the veriest

"Rattletraps,"

which are almost certain to fail them should they get into any position where a little presence of mind is absolutely necessary. I can only attribute the comparatively few serious accidents to inexpert riders, in thick traffic or down dangerously steep hills, to the fact that such people have no idea of the tremendous risks they are running, and, consequently, do not lose their presence of mind when, perhaps, a more experienced person, in a similar predicament, would do so.

Have a Machine You Can Trust.

I do not mind owning I have repeatedly seen ladies taking risks which I would not take, especially in the most crowded thoroughfares, and where the surface of the road is covered with greasy mud, as is too often the case when the tram lines, which are now spreading, octopus-like, round every town of any size in the country, have been freshly watered. There are, of course, some accidents which are unavoidable, but, in my humble opinion, a very large proportion of those which befall cyclists would not happen if at critical moments riders could retain their presence of mind. "But how can I do so?" I fancy I hear myself asked on all sides. In the first place I would remind our readers

that the successful horseman has always confidence in his steed. He knows what it can do and what risks he can take with it. He becomes, as a matter of fact, part and parcel of the horse. So it should be with the cyclist. I am often told I am too fidgetty about my cycles, but I will not ride a machine at anything like a fast pace, especially down hills, unless the handles and saddle are in the position to which I have accustomed myself.

Thirty Years' Experience.

What is the result? In a cycling career extending over thirty years I have never had but one serious accident, and that was through being knocked off one of the obsolete, but very comfortable, high bicycles, by a dog. I absolutely could not ride in the position adopted by a large number of lady cyclists, *i.e.*, right over the crank bearings, and so high up that the toes can barely reach the pedals. In case members of this class were called upon to dismount suddenly, to avoid danger, they would have some difficulty in doing so, and finding oneself absolutely helpless, in "a tight corner," requires plenty of nerve and resource, if presence of mind is to be retained. But there is this to be said: those to whom I specially allude really ride very little, or, I fear, far more accidents would be recorded.

Newspaper Carriers.

The most wonderful riders I know are the newspaper carriers. It is really only cyclists of experience who can estimate their wonderful riding, through the thickest traffic and over the most slippery roads, at its true value. Yet the secret of it is merely self-confidence. Take a bicycle that is used by one of these lads, and though it may be covered with mud you will find every bearing, especially that of the steering pillar, and the chain, in perfect adjustment and well lubricated. There is nothing about it that gives the slightest cause for anxiety, and the man and machine become practically one. Hence the daring of these lads, which, after all, is only self-confidence. Our young riders, both male and female, should give far more study to this important matter than they do at present.

Don't Ride a Cheap and Nasty Machine.

I cannot close my eyes to the fact that since '97 and '98, when society made cycling one of its pet crazes, long distance riding has been gradually falling away. One by one, the old enthusiasts of the 'seventies or 'eighties are giving up, and there is no one to fill their places. No doubt our fair sisters are responsible in some measure for this, but, unless I am much out of my reckoning, more is due to the low-priced bicycles which the demand brought forth. What confidence can even an experienced cyclist have in a machine which he can hardly trust, at any pace, on level and good roads? Again, should a machine of this class get out of hand on a big hill, the nerves of the most practical man would be likely to fail him—because he cannot trust his mount.

Comfort Means Confidence.

To attempt to give advice as to the correct position from which to derive the greatest comfort, which simply means confidence, out of cycling, is an unthankful task. A boy, as a rule, is carefully taught how to ride a horse, but only in a few of the most up-to-date cycling schools is similar attention paid to the pupils. They are allowed to pick up the art as they can. The machine is held up till the novice has acquired the art of balancing, and that is about all; consequently it is rarely that you find two cyclists who ride alike. Again, the construction of machines differs. I have recently been trying a new pattern Rudge Whitworth, and though it is undoubtedly a very fast, easy-running machine, I am not comfortable on it, while a young friend, who has had some racing experience, says he never wants a better bicycle. I like the peak of my saddle 3 inches behind a vertical line drawn upwards from the crank bracket, and if I fix it so on the "R. W." I am too far away from my handles, unless I ride in a bent-down position. I am a great believer also in a short reach, viz., the arch of the foot should, if required, be able to press heavily on the pedal when it is the farthest away.

A Word to Girl Riders.

I have carefully noted the position assumed by our long-distance road racers. They invariably use a short reach and sit well back, thus having the machine under more perfect control than if they sat high. I am afraid I shall incur the wrath of some of our fair friends for thus recommending a position which they will term ungraceful. But if they would only accustom themselves to it they would bless, rather than the other thing, one whose advice, if taken, would ensure them self-confidence and give them far more pleasure in our sport. Again, there are saddles

and saddles, and one that is really comfortable and properly adjusted is a necessity. It may be said that I am wandering from my text, but it is not so, as anything which enables one to resist fatigue and increase his comfort tends to increase his (or her) presence of mind, which is the more likely to fail when the body is exhausted. Nothing, however, is more calculated to upset one's presence of mind than to have no confidence in your cycle. Even a well-fitting pair of shoes play their own little part, and add materially to the pleasure of a long day's ride.

TOLLINGTONIAN GYMNASTS.

Photo by A. J. Chapman.

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. P. H. Johnson, the editor of the *Tollingtonian*, we are enabled to reproduce a very attractive group of gymnasts selected from the boys at Tollington Schools, Muswell Hill. This is a most important and popular branch of the sports side of these schools. The photograph represents the team which gave the gymnastic display at Holloway Hall, North London, in May of this year. So popular did the celebration prove that a large sum was handed to Mr. Bates, the Treasurer of the Sports Fund. Mr. R. Pulton, assisted by two old boys, G. W. Clutterbuck and A. Griffith, acts as gymnastic instructor, and his efforts and those of his assistants have been crowned with success.

A LIVELY VOYAGE.

SOME TRUE ADVENTURES IN THE NORTH PACIFIC.

By D. F. Seton-Carruthers. Illustrated by E. S. Hodgson.

OME eight years ago I was in San Francisco, and had visited that city in the almost certain hope of making a fortune. Had things turned out as anticipated, I should have cleared a million dollars and returned to the land of my birth per one of those gorgeously-appointed trans-continental "limiteds" mostly affected by the enormously rich—that is, as far as New York—and completed the journey in an especially reserved upper-deck outside cabin in the *Compania*, or some other Atlantic crack. As it was, I sorrowfully, and with great care, counted and recounted the few shekels an adverse fortune had left me out of the wreck of the venture in which I had staked my all, and came to the conclusion that, unless I preferred returning like the Prodigal Son—and there was no certainty of the fatted calf in my case—I had better defer my journey for a while. The hotel I had inhabited while flirting so desperately with Madame Chance was well appointed, and possessed all the modern conveniences and inconveniences—including a high and elaborate tariff. Fifteen dollars a day *and* extras! When, however, my entire available assets amounted to something under forty dollars, I considered it no longer necessary—nor expedient—to live a life of luxury, but absolutely essential to seek more humble quarters. Something about fifteen dollars a month, inclusive! And I got accommodated, too, at that rate, at a spick and span water-side boarding-house. If it had not been for the tobacco-juice stains describing drunken hieroglyphics at intervals of inches and half inches over the floors and lower portions of the walls, and the museum of insects that shared the house with us, life would have been quite tolerable. As it was, it was far from monotonous. My two-legged co-inhabitants were mostly sailor-men of the better class; masters and mates, and engineers, etc.—Americans chiefly, with a sprinkling of Britishers and an occasional Dago from the South. The latter were preferable at a distance. I am not and never have been a sailor, though my knowledge of the sea and those who sail it is extensive and varied. I have a slight knowledge of navigation—acquired during a period of youthful enthusiasm while on a six months' cruise in my cousin's yacht—the *Irene* that was. Further, I am possessed of any amount of that truly British characteristic—adaptability.

My object in selecting a boarding-house used by sea-faring men was twofold: first, on the grounds of economy, and secondly, because I intended to make an opportunity of securing a cheap passage to Vancouver, B.C., and from there to the Yukon. Rumours were just beginning to reach the Pacific Slope at that time of the vast stores of wealth hidden in those ice-bound regions. Vague and fabulous as all first accounts are, they were none the less inspiriting because of that. I had sweated in the temperate zones and grilled in the tropics in vain and profitless efforts, and it struck me that I might just as well try freezing in the vicinity of the Pole in yet another attempt. It couldn't very well be more disastrous than the last, while there was always the hope and chance of success. I had made up my mind to get there,

and it was useless to think of paying for a passage, as by the time I had disposed of my useless impedimenta—silk pyjamas, silver-backed brushes, and other vanities of civilisation my cash assets amounted to 380 dols.—say £77 roughly—and I wanted every penny of that for my outfit and stores. The journey couldn't be done on foot—there were too many natural obstacles: such as mountains, lakes and rivers. Besides, the distance was great. Just how or in what manner I was going to secure a free passage I had not the slightest idea on entering the house; but I had made up my mind to manage it, and I trusted to chance and a little able-bodied push to provide the opportunity.

I had been there eight days when Captain William H. Bolt arrived with his kit bag and a very worried expression. He had had a bad time of it all the way from Costa Rica, an indolent half-mutinous crew, whom he could not get his mates to assist him in licking into shape, poor freights, and a collision just outside the Golden Gates, which necessitated a week in dock for repairs, and had "wiped out every cent of the profits." That is the gist of the tale he told us at tea the night of his arrival. When I learned he was bound for Seattle, and intended to call at Victoria, and might go on to Alaska, I became as his shadow. He was quick to note the sympathy and interest with which I listened to his tales of woe and loss, also he appreciated my tobacco highly—his own stock had got slightly damaged by salt water, but he still persisted with it—though glad of a change. One morning, shortly after his arrival, I was indulging in a little revolver practice in the back lot; six empty egg-shells swinging on strings against a dead wall formed my target, the range about twenty-five yards and the weapon my pet Smith and Wesson. I had broken five and then four out of the half dozen in as many successive shots, and had just remade my target with the last shells at my disposal, set them swinging, scampered back to the 25 yard mark, and was in the act of pulling the trigger, when I became aware I had an audience I instantly lowered my weapon and glanced round. It was Captain Bolt, who, bidding me not to mind him but go right ahead, drew up by my side. Glancing at the still-moving shells, he wanted to know how many shots I could smash one in. I told him. He whistled and observed he would like to see me do it. They were almost still, but as he made no objection I raised my revolver half way above my head and then slowly brought it down to the level of the target and fired the six shots in rapid succession and luckily smashed the lot.

"Say, young man, you kin shoot some." And then regretfully, "Guess I wish I'd had you with me last trip—a little exhibition like that, and those skunks for'ard would have been a little per-liter, I reckon."

"Well, take me along this trip, and I'll handle that crew of yours and smarten 'em up a bit, if they're the biggest set of larrikins that ever signed on."

He looked me up and down a moment, stroking his sparse beard, and then asked quickly, "What's your ratin'?"

"Oh, I'll sign on as Second or Third—I'm not particular, as it's only for the run, and I don't think we shall quarrel over the pay."

He looked queerly at me as I concluded, and I gathered afterwards that he thought I was in some kind of trouble and anxious to quit the city. But American skippers of coasting tramps are not burdened with scruples: besides, he saw a chance of driving a hard bargain and took it. I smiled amiably all the time the haggling was going on; whatever he beat me down to was clear profit; for, at a push, I was prepared to give my services in return for my grub and passage. But I kept that fact to myself. Consequently, when the bargain was struck we were both pleased. I signed on at ordinary seaman's pay with the rating of third mate—that's why he smiled. Mine came in over the fact that I was getting paid to go exactly where I wanted to go.

Now a word about the ship *Daphne* by name. She was a big, three-masted, topsail schooner of 400 tons; that is, square-rigged on the foremast and fore-and-aft on the main and mizzen, all three of which were—to English eyes—unusually high, and carried an enormous spread of canvas. The hull, too, was after the most approved American model—long, a trifle low in the water, and with rather less beam than I cared for. In her youth she'd had the reputation of being able to "walk," and even then she could do ten knots and more. The crew were a mongrel lot the sweepings of the Pacific ports, and game for anything from stealing a plug of tobacco to mutiny and murder. The first mate was a meek, timid man, who had lost his nerve—he had been wrecked and cast away in an open boat for ten days, and the horrors of that ghastly period were ever before him. A capful of wind and the rumble of the distant surf would make him tremble as if with ague. But he was a splendid navigator, and knew every current and reef of that dangerous coast. The second mate might have been im-

proved upon, but as he died at his post he redeemed himself completely. The captain was two-thirds owner, and addicted to drink; also he knew as much about navigation and the handling of his ship as I did. She had never carried a "third" before, and I found the position rather an anomalous one—two-thirds A.B. and one-third officer. I had to do all the work of a seaman plus what the officers shirked—which was everything possible—and my own duties in addition. All things considered, I think I can safely say I earned my pay. There was one other person of importance on board, and I must tender my sincere apologies to her and the charming sex to which she belongs for mentioning her so late in the day. That was Miss Dolly, the old man's sixteen-year-old daughter, possessed of the air and worldly wisdom of a woman of forty, the will of a strong man, and a face and figure which were piquant and attractive. She was there to "tend poppa," as she explained to me, and to keep him in the straight and narrow path. Her other duties were to keep the ship's books and collect and pay all dues. Incidentally, she held the keys of the store rooms and spirit lockers, which contained the hollands.

I signed on five days before the date of sailing, and sent my belongings on board as soon as the ship was out of dock. But I did not go aboard until she was loaded up, clear of the quayside, and at anchor in the fairway. I might not be much of a sailor, but I knew enough to dodge the toil and scurry of taking in cargo, etc. So did the 'old man." He got comfortably drunk and went to sleep on the sofa in the common room of the boarding-house. I adjourned to my old hotel to collect any letters there might be for me, and to give an address in Victoria to which later ones might be forwarded, and then strolled up to the chief cable office to send a despatch six thousand miles across land and sea to the dingy offices of my London solicitors requesting them to remit £100 per cable to Victoria within six days. That done, I stood myself a swagger lunch and a choice cigar, and loafed about the hotel vestibule until nearly five.

On my way shorewards I called at a gunsmith's and replenished my stock of ammunition. I thought a plentiful supply might come in handy. I got on board about six. My reception was a mixed one. The first mate was all nervous smiles and amiability. The second mate looked me up and down, nodded curtly, spat on the deck within an inch of my white shoes, and passed on. I instantly determined to make him sit up within the next twenty-four hours. The crew seemed to have no particular part of the deck set aside for them, but were loafing about all over it in twos and threes. Some glanced casually up at me and resumed their conversation with sublime indifference, others nudged one another and grinned. I mentally placed a rod in pickle for them also. Then I dived below. The skipper was sobering up on strong coffee and lemon juice and in a towering rage. As a new hand, I was unaware of his peculiarities, and dropped in for a round of stinging abuse. As I was preparing suitable replies, Miss Dolly entered the cabin. Her appearance was a complete surprise, for up to that moment I did not know of her existence. Naturally she had not stayed at the boarding-house, which was for men only, and the old man had never so much as alluded to her.

"My darter Dolly—Carruthers, our Third," he pronounced, by way of explanatory introduction, with a back and forward wave of his hand. The old villain grinned, too—chiefly over the title, I think. But Miss Dolly smiled pleasantly and stared me straight in the eyes as she held out her hand. She clinched on my fingers vigorously and curtly remarked, "You'll do." The remark or criticism, or whatever it was, was thoroughly American, but—embarrassingly direct! I believe I blushed! I know I felt as if I were doing so, and horribly awkward and eager to escape. But the young lady rattled on unconcernedly, giving me an outline of my duties, where I was to berth and grub, and what not; in twenty minutes I felt as if I had known her as many years!

At eight bells next morning I went on duty. We were then clear of the land and in blue water, but no effort had been made to put things ship-shape or clear up the refuse from the intaking of cargo. I pointed this out to Mr. Johnson, the first mate, but he shrugged his shoulders and smiled flabbily, murmuring something to the effect that it was no use trying to "drive" the crew, and that I'd better leave it until later in the day. I had been used to the spotless decks and mirror-like brasses of a yacht, and strongly objected to the pig-sty appearance presented by the deck of the schooner. Taking the course to steer from Johnson, and giving the new man at the wheel instructions accordingly, I bawled to the rest of the watch to turn to and heave all the refuse overboard and then get a move on them and swab down decks, adding that I expected them like snow and every rope coiled away neatly in less than an hour. The men looked at one another and grinned insolently, one remarking that he would see me in we'll say Paradise before he lent a hand that watch.

That gave me the opportunity I wanted. The next instant the would-be mutineer was sprawling in the scuppers spitting out blood and teeth. I was twenty-two and a trained athlete in those days, weighing about 11st. 11lbs., and as hard as nails. Incidentally I was considered fairly smart with my hands, and I had got to earn my pay—therefore I hit with all my might!

The fellow was on his feet in an instant—eyes blazing and a knife gleaming in his right hand. He was a Chilian, and in a row drew steel as promptly as a Briton would sling off his coat. Now fists v. knifes is scarcely an even handicap; therefore, I whipped out my Smith and Wesson and bade him drop his knife, promising if he did so I'd put away my gun and thrash him, or get thrashed, with the knuckles. And he was good sportsman enough to agree. The next instant we were at it hammer and tongs. He fought well and gamely, but superior skill told, and in something under ten minutes he was lying in a heap by the cook's galley—senseless. Then I invited the remainder of the watch to start swabbing before trouble overtook them—individually and collectively. Two turned to with a laugh and a jerk of the head, as much as to say the game was up. The third followed their example after an instant's pause. The fourth—an unclean Dago, shipped as a makeshift at Valparaiso—felt called upon to indulge in a little vain swagger before obeying orders. To him I introduced my heavy sea-boot with all the vigour of my football days, and the gentleman of Portuguese birth slithered rapidly, if not gracefully, across the deck, bringing up short against the lee bulwarks with a crash. He was

I WHIPPED OUT MY REVOLVER AND BADE HIM DROP HIS KNIFE.

fumbling for his knife when I reached his side, but a few gentle flicks over the head and shoulders with my revolver-butt showed him the folly of his ways, and induced him to turn to with the others—not exactly willingly, but certainly with the most evil scowl I have ever seen—even in one of his breed. As I had thoughtfully removed his knife and dropped it overboard, his muttered threats gave me no immediate concern. When the second mate came on deck, to enable me to get my breakfast, he took in the cleanliness at a glance and grinned broadly:

"See you've started well, Mister Mate—well, I guess it was about time some one took them in hand. Should you require any help, jest tip me the word, and I'm by your side every time," and he extended his great paw and gripped mine heartily. I did likewise, and descended marvelling at the change in the man, or at the mistake I had made in him. I opined that what I had taken for studied impudence—the expectorated tobacco juice—was sheer carelessness.

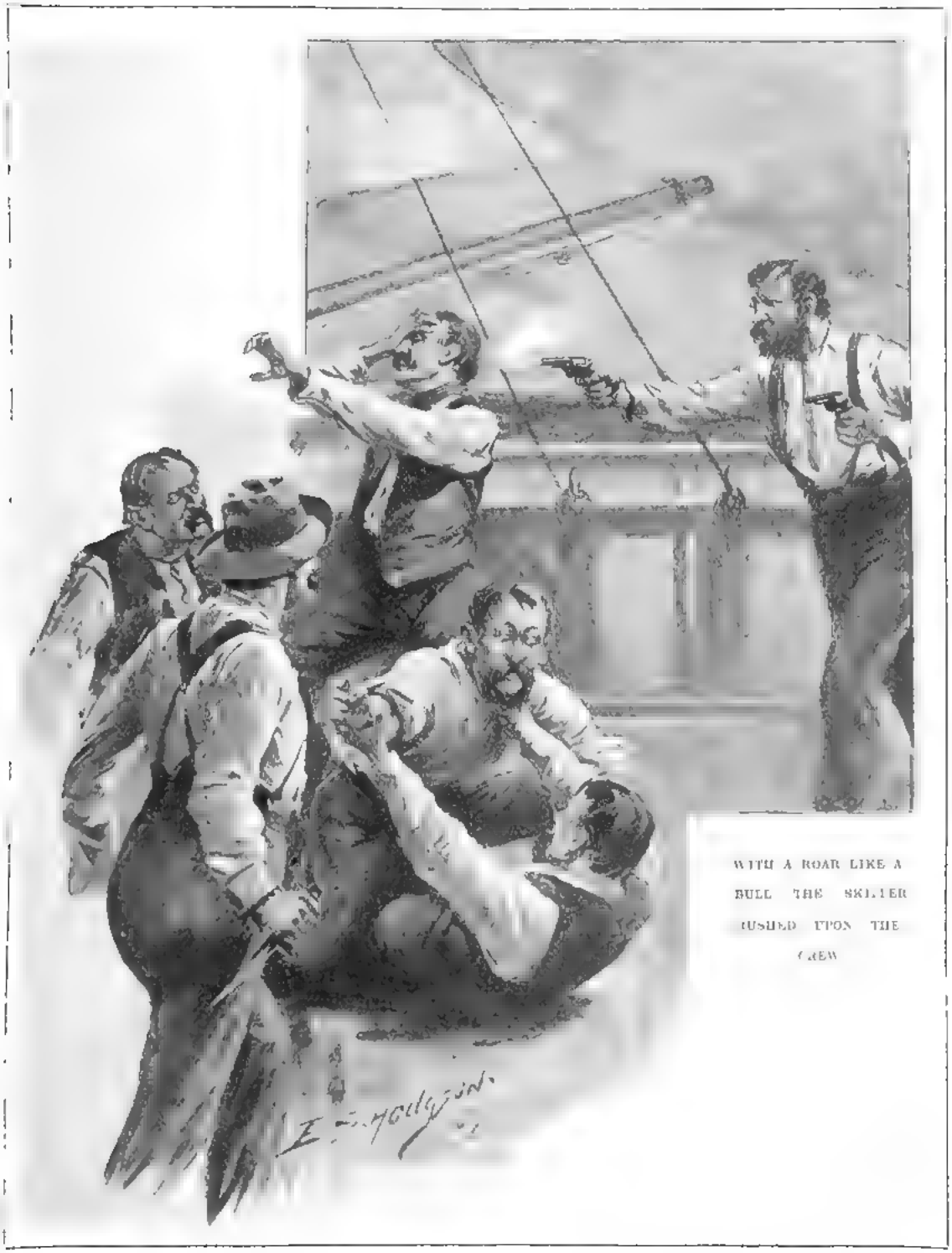
I found Miss Dolly pouring out my coffee when I got to the "saloon." Her eyes were dancing, and she looked really pretty.

"Say," she exclaimed, "I saw your fight and it was real great. And that Dago, too. My! didn't he crumple. I guess the rest will work as smooth as a steam lathe now. An'," lowering her voice to a whisper, "you won't have no trouble with Hakem neither. He was callin' you down an' allowin' he'd make things kinder warm for you, when the shoutin' took us to the companion-way to see what the trouble was. He stared, and muttered a bit under his breath, then came back and shut his head. I guess he was thinkin' hard. Did he say much when he relieved you?" she asked eagerly.

I explained what had taken place, and we both laughed heartily.

The captain didn't show up for dinner or tea, and when I turned in he was two-thirds drunk and singing snatches of "The Star-Spangled Banner." He was commencing it for the fourth time as I fell asleep. The following day he raged about the cabin and after-deck like a lunatic, then retired to his bunk and snored like a grampus, the melodious sounds drifting up to me through the skylight, as I paced the deck, chiefly with one eye on the man at the wheel and the other on the cloud of white cotton sailcloth we carried, but sparing intermediate glances for Miss Dolly, who was seated in the companion-way industriously sewing.

As the day wore on one or two of the men got a trifle thick in their speech and gave other unmistakable signs of drink. I did not pay much heed to it. I thought they'd probably smuggled a bottle or two of liquor on board, and were consuming it in bulk instead of in "tots" spread out over the voyage. Towards night there was not a sober man among them. When the first mate came on duty, the watch below were in a drunken stupor, and sleepily told us to go to a warmer climate when we endeavoured to rouse them. Then I called on the Second to lend a hand, and with the aid of much thumping, many kicks, and some half dozen buckets of water, we got them on deck wholly soused and only half awake, but indulging in a perfect hurricane of lurid abuse and profanity. Then I searched their bunks and lockers, and even their chests, and collected three bottles of rum and eight of hollands. On reaching deck, I pitched the first-named overboard, but took the latter aft for Miss Dolly's inspection. As I feared, she recognised them as part of the skipper's private cellar! That meant the men had found a way into the storeroom other than by the door. A careful search showed it to us in all its simplicity. A not over-strong partition divided it from the spare sail room: to this the men had free access; an auger and small saw had done the rest, and Captain W. H. Bolt was just the poorer by seventeen bottles of his beloved, evil-smelling hollands! Ten minutes later—save for three bottles securely locked in the safe in the captain's cabin—there was not a drop of intoxicating drink on board! I took the whole lot on deck, and, slowly, and in full view of the half-muddled crew, broke each bottle separately on the edge of the lee bulwark, allowing the fluid and broken glass to fall into the sea. It was the only way. A drunken skipper was dangerous enough, but a drunken crew meant absolute ruin. When the nature of my task dawned upon the men, there was a howl of rage from those gathered midships, instantly followed by an ugly rush. I was in the act of smashing the last bottle when the foremost was upon me. But I completed the task—using his head instead of the bulwark; also he got what he was seeking in a cascade over his face and shoulders! Then I dropped my hand to my revolver pocket, but was sent crashing to the deck before I could draw it, the striker of the blow overbalancing and falling upon me, catching me by the throat and right wrist before I could free my "gun." For the next few minutes we rolled and writhed about the deck in a fierce and bitter struggle, amid the yells and drunken antics of the mutinous crew, who egged on their man with stuttered words of advice and assisted him by putting in a savage kick upon my ribs or limbs whenever a chance occurred. Both the first and second mate attempted to rescue me, but were stalled off and kept at bay by the flourishing of knives, neither of them caring



WITH A ROAR LIKE A BULL THE SKIPPER RUSHED UPON THE CREW

to take the responsibility of using fire-arms. I might have been killed outright —strangled or brutally kicked to death—if it had not been for Miss Dolly, who took in the situation at a glance, and darted below to rouse her father to the danger of my position. It took her some time, but she succeeded finally. When he did grasp the idea, there was neither delay nor shirking of responsibility, nor any squeamishness about pulling a trigger. He stumbled up on deck—red-faced and furious; the first glimpse I got of him was as he balanced at the head of the companion way, glaring wildly about and grasping a six-shooter in either hand! The next instant—with a roar like a bull—he rushed upon the scarcely more intoxicated crew, and in a flash had shot down one, butt-ended another, and placed his boot with splendid accuracy and vigour in the ribs of my opponent! It gave me a second's respite from his bear-like hugs, and in that second I was free and on my feet; in the next my Smith and Wesson was out, and torn and dishevelled, and half crazy with passion, I was battering the heads and shoulders of my late cowardly assailants with the butt. Suddenly my first opponent scrambled to his feet, and, drawing a huge bowie-knife, tried to end matters. So furious and skilful was his attack that I had to jump back, reverse my weapon, and put a bullet into his right fore-arm. Five minutes later, the crew were all disarmed and driven below, and we four officers turned to look at one another and mop our streaming faces.

The captain was for having the ringleaders triced up and flogged. Personally, I was quite willing to assist him in hanging them, and said so! But the cooler counsels of the First and Second prevailed, and it was agreed that they should be seized and placed in irons, and handed over to the authorities when we got into port. My blood still being up, I volunteered to go and dig them out of the fo'c'sle. I knew it might lead to further ructions, and was a bit dangerous, but I had a big score of kicks and cowardly blows to wipe out, and hoped the scuffle attending their arrest would give me the chance I thirsted for. The skipper and two mates accompanied me to the fo'c'sle hatch. Tom Smith, a youth of twenty, was on the wheel; he and "Old Ben" (I never heard his surname), the one-legged cook, were the only two who had remained faithful. The captain, still grasping his revolver, in a stentorian voice commanded the two ringleaders to come on deck at once and before they got hurt. They and the others dodged out of range and attempted to parley, finally refusing to obey unless a free pardon were promised. Old Man Bolt indulged in some grotesque abuse, and repeated his orders. No stir being made, he nodded to me; so, handing my revolver to the First, I sprang down armed only with a marling-spike, but covered by the captain's revolvers, he sitting on the second step the better to accomplish his share of the work. The first man hung back when I seized him by the collar, but the ominously bright glint of the skipper's "guns," together with the knowledge that neither of us would hesitate one instant in using our weapons, induced him to forego his first intention and yield after a mere show of resistance: I handed him up to the care of the mates and then turned to the next. It didn't take me very long. He was the gentleman who had attacked me first! His mates had bound up his arm, and he was almost sober, and used his recovered wits to try and incite the others to prevent his arrest. After wishing every evil under the sun might fall upon and wither me up, he elected to go on deck peacefully.

That evening we got quite friendly, and he almost apologised for his attack upon me. That was after I had removed the bullet from the muscles of his arm—with the aid of a razor and a pair of pliers! -and carefully "dressed" and bandaged the wound, and made him as comfortable as possible. When I turned in a little later —stiff and sore all over, but contented in mind I felt we might reasonably expect the remainder of the voyage to pass in peace and quietude.

But as a matter of fact, an even greater danger lay ahead. About midnight I was roused from my well-earned repose by the second mate.

"Quick! on deck with you!" he yelled, vigorously shaking my shoulder, and then, seeing I was awake, rushing off.

I sprang out of my bunk and staggered about the reeling cabin in search of my clothes. The wind was freshening when I went off duty, but in the interim it had developed into a gale, with the alarming rapidity of that misnamed ocean. I struggled into a pair of soaked trousers and an equally damp coat, and failing to find more than one boot, scrambled up on deck in my socks. There was a foot of water in the cabin, and everything was aswirl. On deck, things were even worse. The second mate had been unable to get the canvas off her in time, with the result that the foremast had snapped like a pipe-stem—about twelve feet above the deck carrying with it the main topmast, and the wreckage of both was now towing to leeward one instant on the crest of a gigantic wave thirty feet above the deck, the next battering against the side with a force that might at any instant smash in her

ribs. It had got to be cleared—cut away—at any risk, and she was shipping it "green," and in tons, every few seconds, the waters rushing and swirling about her deck with almost irresistible power. As I reached the deck, there was a report like a thunderclap, and twelve feet of her lee bulwarks were smashed to matchwood and went flying astern; the same wave wrecked the cook's galley and swept one of the shivering hands overboard. The first mate, with voice and example, was endeavouring to arouse the nearly sober but still dazed crew to a sense of duty, and, hanging on to a life line with his left hand, was using an axe skilfully and courageously with his right. The Second was at the wheel. I caught up an axe and sprang to join the First and—almost got washed overboard by the above-mentioned wave. For the next ten minutes or so we worked like Trojans—slashing with all our strength one moment, the next hanging on for dear life with feet and hands, the axe handles clinched between our teeth! The last rope was severed ultimately, and the wreckage went whirling astern; then the schooner righted herself slightly, and the deck assumed a safer slope, and the greatest danger of all—the capsizing of the vessel—was avoided for the moment. The first mate staggered aft, and, with the assistance of the second, tried to put her before the wind—but steering was difficult; there was not a scrap of headsail to aid in bringing her round, but finally she paid off before the wind, and scudded over the raging waters under bare poles, the close-reefed mizzen mainsail—the only sail upon her—having been blown to ribbons. The crew had recovered their wits somewhat by that time, and,

WE WORKED LIKE TROJANS—SLASHING WITH ALL OUR STRENGTH.

blue-faced and drenched, were nimbly scrambling about the deck, clearing away the remainder of the wreckage. There was not an article of deck furniture left standing; cook-house, water-casks, hen-coops, and our boats—four in number—had been wrenched from their lashings, splintered and swept overboard. And there we were boatless, almost mastless, and with seven feet of water in the hold, flying before a hurricane away from the beaten tracks of the ocean and safety, with a crew that might give further trouble at any moment.

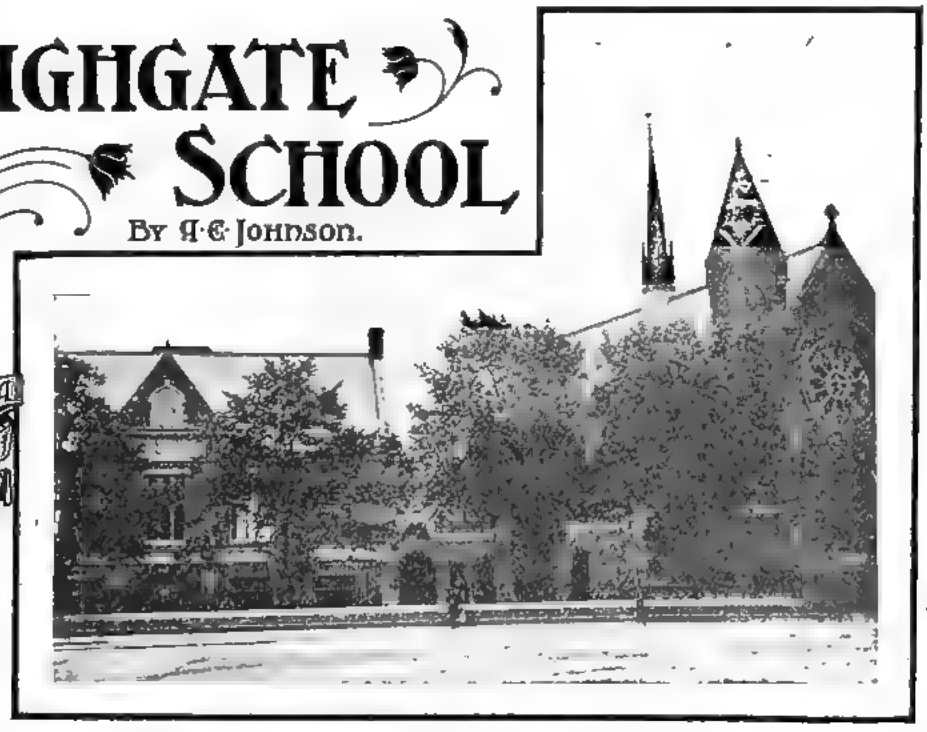
The gale blew all night and far into the next day, the First, Second and myself remaining on deck during the whole of the fifteen hours that it raged to its climax. Then the sea went down somewhat, and about three o'clock the grey and black clouds overhead parted and melted away, and patches of blue sky showed, and then the sun broke through. As its rays fell upon me I noticed for the first time how cold and miserable I was. Also an irresistible longing for hot coffee and warm blankets came upon me. But such luxuries were not to be for the moment. Advantage had to be taken of the lull—for the first mate declared it was only that, as the glass was still falling rapidly! The Second was certain it had blown itself out, and that two of us could turn in with safety. But the First was firm, and despite the growlings and mutinous glances of the crew, spare spars were got up and a jury-mast rigged to the stump of the fore-mast. That done, the wreck of the bowsprit was cleared, and a spar run out and lashed thereto. Then a foresail was bent, also a nondescript lugsail to the jury-mast. Lastly, men were sent to the cross-ties of the mizzen-mast to splice and whip on new stays; these were passed down and secured to bolt rings in the deck and to the remains of the bulwarks, and then a new mainsail was got up and bent on, and we tried to edge down and get on to our proper course. While half the crew manned the pumps, the other half went below to imbibe hot coffee

Just as we had completed the above, Captain Bolt came on deck and was furious because he had not been called. It was useless to explain to him we had done so—not once, but many times; so took the "ragging" he administered in sour silence. He wanted to know all details and where we were. He got the former in full: as to the latter, we wanted to know ourselves. By dead reckoning the First estimated we had been blown 200 and odd miles due west of our course, which would make out about 800 S.S.W. of Victoria, B.C., at which the skipper "cussed" volubly and descended again to his cabin. I was scalding myself with my third cup of steaming coffee, which Miss Dolly had contrived, with the aid of a safety oil stove, to prepare, not only for us, but for the crew, when the First, who was taking his on deck, yelled down: "Say! Tumble up there—here's more trouble"; and the Second and I were on deck in a heart-beat. In something under ten minutes the sky had become cloud-wrapped again, and the wind was moaning and sighing an overture to another spell of rioting. A mile or more astern a long white-crested wall was rapidly approaching, and we, numbed and half silly with exposure and fatigue, were working like galley slaves to reduce sail and reviling the crew into similar efforts. But the squall was too quick for us. At the first mate's warning cry of: "Look out, there," we desisted and clung to the nearest stable object for our lives; the next instant the stern was tossed sky high, and six feet of solid green water broke over it and swept forward to the bows, wrenching the second mate and poor old one-legged Ben from their hold, and swirling them overside, their despairing shrieks rising high above the din of the gale, and their white, fear-distorted faces mutely begging the help we could not give, as they bobbed by and out into the waste of waters. With them went the mizzen-mast—by the board and the painfully erected jury-mast; and once more we were at the mercy of the wind and waves. For six long hours the storm raged furiously, and another life was lost; then it ceased suddenly, the sea went down as if by magic, the clouds dispersed, the stars came out one by one, the moon rose and silvered all, and peace and calm reigned.

The following day broke still and beautiful, scarcely a breath of wind ruffling the mirror-like surface of the waters. Once more we rigged jury-masts and got as much canvas spread as possible, and thirteen days later crawled through the Straits of Juan de Fuca, worn out and half dead with toil and exposure. In view of the good work done during the time of stress, the mutineers were not handed over to the authorities, but freely forgiven: also Captain Bolt, to the great delight of Miss Dolly, swore off drink for good and all. I, too, made a vow one to the effect that I would never again attempt to economise by "working" instead of paying for a passage not on an American coasting schooner at any rate. Five days after we reached Victoria I had got my outfit together, and was on my way to the Yukon.

HIGHGATE SCHOOL

By F. C. Johnson.

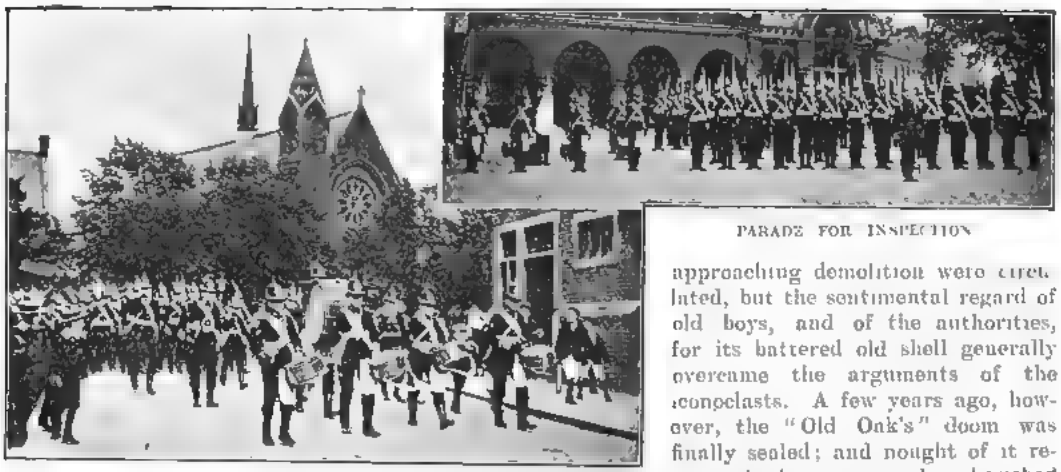


EXTERNALLY, Highgate has altered not a little of late years. Big School and the Chapel still surmount the historic hill from the slopes of which Dick Whittington listened to the chimes of Bow Bells; but their aspect is more imposing nowadays than of yore. For the removal of the ugly "Impot." Classroom (so painfully familiar to past generations of Cholmeleians), and the brick wall (now replaced by open railings), which used formerly to hide the architectural beauties of the buildings, has made possible a splendid view of the School. Gone, however, is the old stone gateway, though the bell which depended therefrom aloft still summons and releases the boys with its strident clamour.

To-day one enters the quadrangle through a modern entrance, over which two genial griffins mouth a welcome "with neatly-smiling jaws." Upon the left are the new classrooms and hall, the erection of which, some four or five years ago, brought about the changes just noted. Opposite, across the broad, gravelled stretch of playground, is the chapel, a memorial to a former Governor of the School, with its graceful spire and solid clock-tower. In front is the main block of the older buildings, a handsome pile, lit above by the long windows of Big School, running nearly the whole length of the quadrangle. At one end is the great bay window, overlooking the playground, of the library, beneath which are the cool and dark recesses of the cloisters.

REV. A. E. ALLCOCK, M.A.
HEADMASTER OF HIGHGATE SCHOOL.
Photo by Walton Adams.

Deserted at most hours of the day, the quadrangle is, at certain times, a scene of great animation. Such times, for example, are those just before nine o'clock chapel, when the gathering crowd of boys is momentarily augmented by breathless laggards, eager to escape the fate of being shut out by the two prefects "doing bobby" at the chapel door; or at



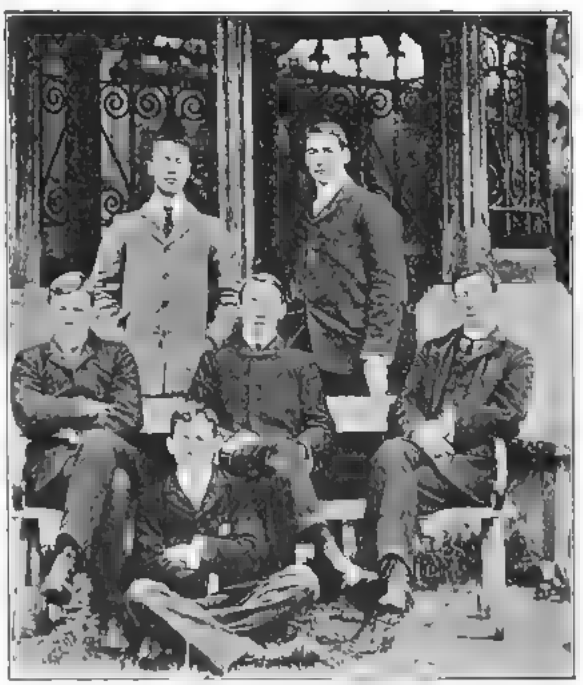
THE SCHOOL CORPS MARCHING OUT.

PARADE FOR INSPECTION.

11.25 a.m., when morning school is adjourned for the "five minutes" during which the masters congregate for a brief conversation outside the Sixth Form door, and the boys stroll across the quadrangle, or seek lemonade at the porter's lodge. At 12.30 and 4.30, too, when morning and afternoon school respectively come to an end, the scene is characteristic enough, the quadrangle, a moment ago deserted, filling suddenly with boys, who, at the tolling of the bell, pour forth from every door, some hurrying away to the fields, others elbowing their way to the notice-boards, or extricating bicycles from the stands in the cloisters.

But Highgate's most characteristic scene is, without doubt, the playing field upon a summer's afternoon—the old playing field, that is, upon which for so many years Cholmeleians of every age, degree, and size, have played. Few schools, if indeed any, can boast a more beautiful ground, from the scenic point of view. A thick belt of trees encircles its wide expanse, whilst the charm of its appearance is enhanced not a little by the magnificent "Young Oak," which spreads its leafy boughs, apart from its fellows, in a distant corner. The "Young Oak" it is still called, though its former companion, the "Old Oak," is no more. The latter was a remarkable specimen of arboreal antiquity; the most familiar feature, almost, of the School. It stood, however, in the least convenient of positions (the "Young Oak," even, is not free from the charge of cumbersomeness), and interfered greatly with the progress of games. Periodically, rumours of its approaching demolition were circulated, but the sentimental regard of old boys, and of the authorities, for its battered old shell generally overcame the arguments of the iconoclasts. A few years ago, however, the "Old Oak's" doom was finally sealed; and nought of it remains to-day save sundry cherished relics that were rescued from the executioner's axe.

On a summer's afternoon the school field is at its best. From a spectacular point of view, however, the scene was even livelier a few years ago than it is now. Then, the numerous games in progress on a half holiday produced a most picturesque effect. The congested state of the field, however, pleased no one but the idle spectator, and interfered with good cricket to a considerable degree. Consequently, the Lower

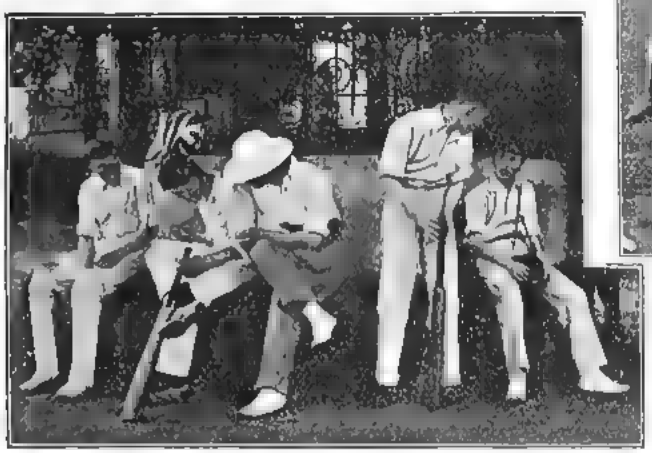


THE FIVES VI., 1902-1903.

Side ground which was acquired a few years ago, and on which the junior clubs (as well as the "Prep." on Tuesdays) play, has proved a great boon.

From the shade of the trees that fringe the field, the idle spectator watches the First or Second Club games, or climbs, if he be an old boy or a privileged visitor, on to the pavilion, and mingles with the scarlet and white, or blue and white blazers of the first and second elevens, which lend so vivid a touch of colour to the scene Later in the afternoon, at the little fountain by the swimming bath, he will witness the inter-

WORKING THE TELEGRAPH AT THE FIRST XI MATCH



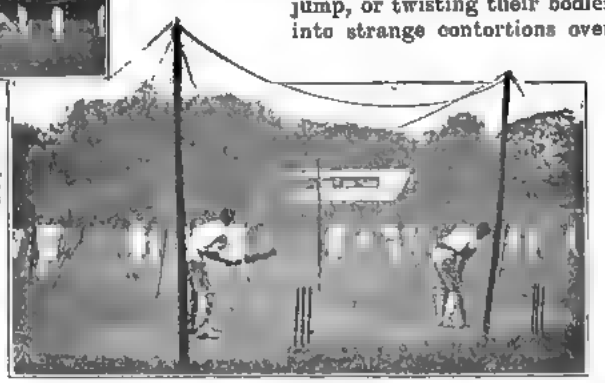
AT THE SECOND CLUB PITCH—WAITING FOR AN INNINGS.

esting function of "call," at which all boys, whether boarders or day-boys (the latter being all

side of school life) works capitally, the inter-house rivalry fostering a spirit of enthusiasm too often sadly lacking in a school composed largely of day boys.

Football (of the Association variety, it is perhaps superfluous to remark) terminates halfway through the spring term. A change then comes o'er the field. Goal posts vanish, and corner flags disappear from sight, their places being taken by the sturdy stumps that mark out a quarter-mile course in the middle. Hurdles come upon the scene, and in distant corners budding athletes may be seen flinging themselves wildly into the air at the long jump, or twisting their bodies into strange contortions over

AT THE NETS.



HIGHGATE BATSMEN.

divided into imaginary "houses"), have to answer their names as they are read out by the presiding master. In the winter, the field presents a somewhat different aspect, the games ceasing at four o'clock, when, after call, the players line the First Club pitch, and cheer on the eleven to victory or honourable defeat. For the purposes of the games, the division of the whole school into "houses" (apart from the excellent influence which that system of organisation has upon the more serious

AFTER MORNING SCHOOL—A SCENE IN THE PLAYGROUND, SHOWING THE NEW BUILDINGS, THE LIBRARY AND BIG SCHOOL (ON THE RIGHT)

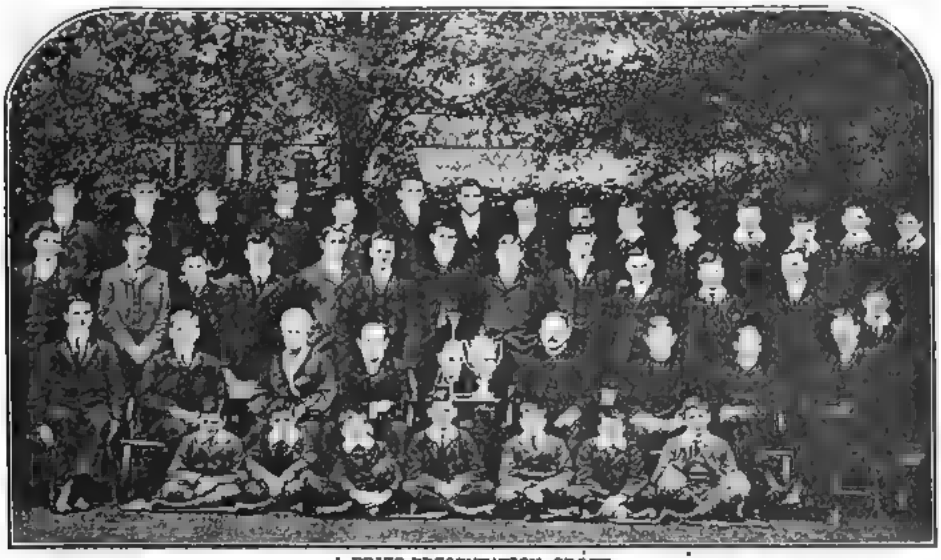
the bar of the High Jump. Training for the Sports sets in with an acuteness that deprives many otherwise sturdy trenchermen of their favourite comestibles, and causes business at the "tart-box," which daily makes its way from the local confectioner's to the playground after morning school, to languish not a little for some weeks prior to the last Saturday in term. Then comes "Sports Day," when the principal events are set down for decision. The track, for a grass one, is fairly good. That part of it, indeed, used for the sprint, is a little bit too good, and is by way of becoming notorious. Many readers will remember F. L. Stephenson's phenomenal time of 10 secs. for the Hundred Yards, thrice repeated. Stephenson was a fine runner, indisputably, but the fact that the course for the sprint is slightly downhill as indisputably helped him.

Delightful a pastime as swimming is under any circumstances, at Highgate in the summer term the bath becomes invested with an exceptional charm. For do not the bathing times fall *during school hours*? Each form bathes twice a week, a period of forty minutes being allowed out of morning or afternoon school, as the case may be, for the purpose on each occasion. From the school on the top of the hill to the bath in the field is a distance of some 400 yards; and the times accomplished between the two points by the score or so of flying boys, with towels flapping in the breeze, who may occasionally be encountered of an afternoon urging their mad course down Hampstead Lane, would astonish *The Field*, if recorded. From the bath to the school is a journey not so eagerly accomplished as that from the school to the bath. It is so easy to stay three minutes too long in the water, and so difficult to dress without the use of a towel; and though it is on record that a culprit once successfully pleaded with his form-master that "the water was so wet, he took a long time drying," valid excuses for lateness are not to be found without the exercise of much ingenuity.

In the winter the bath

THE "PREP." AT PLAY ON LOWER SCHOOL FIELD.

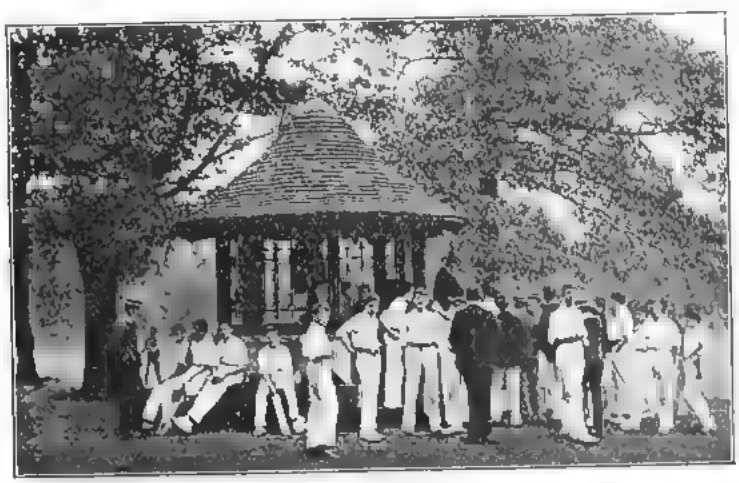
IN THE PLAYGROUND—WATCHING A PARADE OF THE CORPS



A PRIZE-PRESENTATION GROUP.
Photo by M. G. Ferguson.

is boarded over and transformed into a gymnasium. Colours are given for a Gym. VI., and a pair annually represents the School in the Aldershot competitions. Fives also occupies a good deal of attention during the winter and spring terms. A photograph of the Fives VI. for 1903 is included in our illustrations.

Another of our illustrations shows the Highgate Cadet Corps on parade. This brings us to a feature in the school life especially noteworthy. In matters military, Highgate has always done well, as those familiar with the doings of the public school corps are aware. For eleven years the corps has been under the command of Major Lamb, one of the masters, to whose energy it owes not only its inception, but everything that it is. What that "everything" includes, only those, perhaps, who have been through its ranks can say. It is not a large corps, but it is a good corps. In the smallness of its numbers, indeed, lies probably the secret of its excellence. Lukewarm enthusiasm is not tolerated, and no boy is encouraged to join—or, having joined, to stay—who does not intend to do his utmost to maintain the high standard expected. The result is a uniform keenness throughout all ranks, as rare and difficult of attainment as it is essential to the achievement of good work. "The Corps will parade for field operations on such and such a date. Any man who cannot come had better go home at once," were the incisive terms in which the present writer once heard orders given on parade. A Shooting VIII. represents the School at Bisley every year, and a team of Old Boys usually enters for the Veterans' Trophy. At camp, needless to say, the corps is always represented, and a detachment of over fifty (out of a total strength of seventy odd) joined



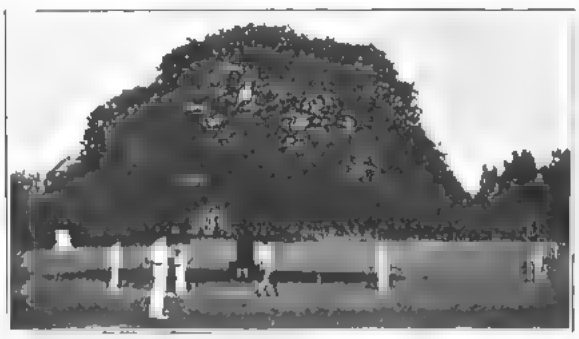
"CALL" AT 5 O'CLOCK

H. M. WOOD.
BALLIOL SCHOLAR, HEAD OF HIGHGATE SCHOOL.
Photo by M. G. Ferguson.

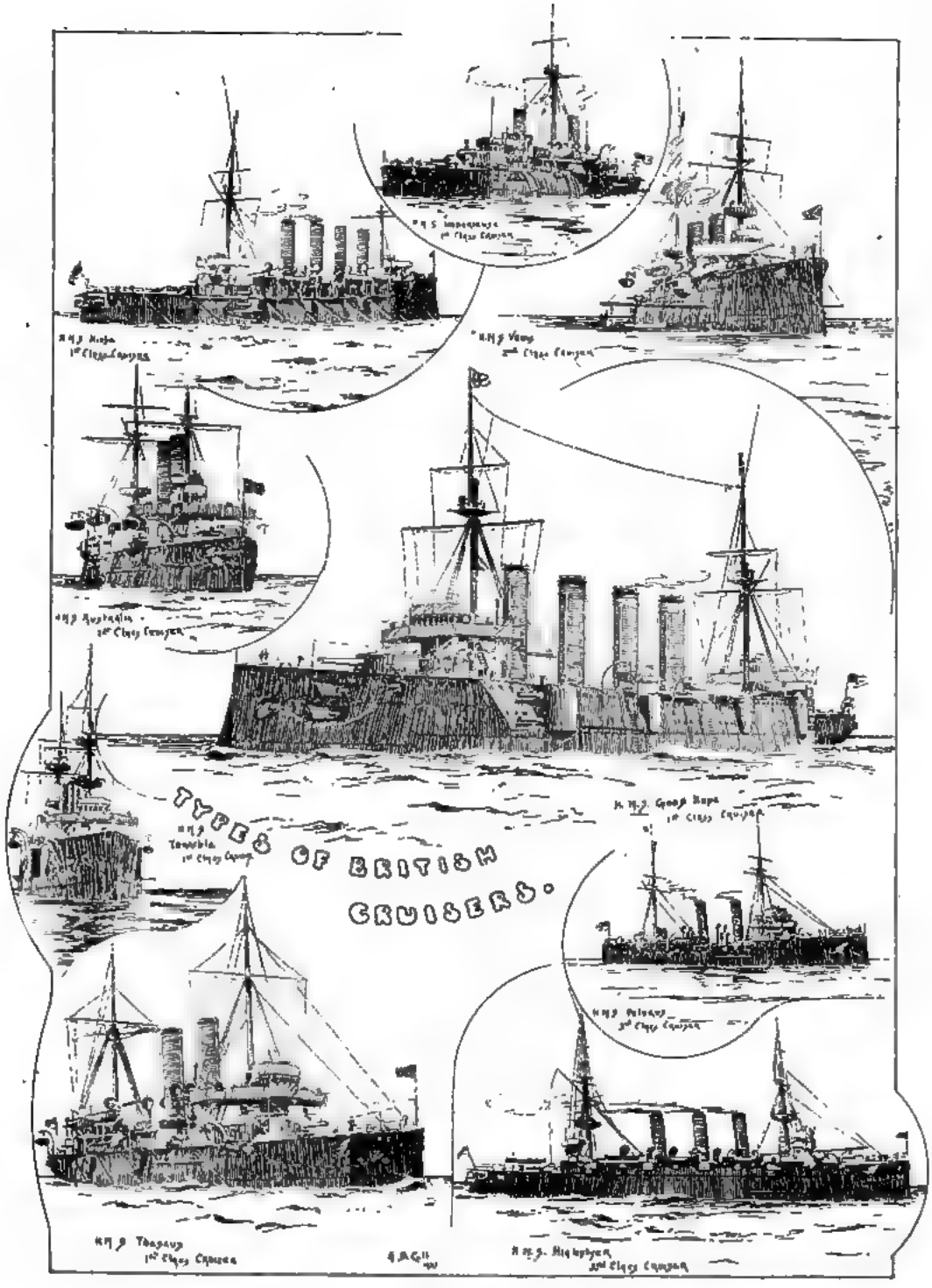
the Public Schools' Brigade at Aldershot this year.

It is difficult to say wherein Highgate differs from other schools. Yet no two public schools (despite the close kinship of them all) are alike, and Highgate, indeed, occupies a position quite apart. In a previous article of the present series, reference was made to Highgate as the school nearest to a counterpart of Dulwich College. At the same time, however, it was pointed out that the resemblance was superficial only, and based almost entirely on the not dissimilar sites of the two schools (on the northern and southern outskirts of London), and the fact that both were composed of mingled day boys and boarders. Increasingly, year by year, the value of what we may call here the "mixed" public school, in which the community is of the kind just referred to, continues to be appreciated. Whereas the day-boy element tends to counteract the ill results of the exclusiveness and isolation from which the pure boarding-school suffers, the leaven of boarders, on the other hand, serves to strengthen that corporate existence which is one of the chief and most important features of public school life, and in which the pure day-school is usually so lamentably deficient.

It is upon this increasing appreciation of the mixed school that the peculiar position—the unique position—of Highgate, especially as regards her possibilities in the future, turns. Perched on the summit of the loftiest eminence round London, literally overlooking the metropolis, yet upon the borders of most charming rural districts, she occupies, geographically, a position unrivalled. Old as she is, however (having been founded in 1565, by Sir Roger Cholmeley, Lord Chief Justice under Elizabeth), the real history of Highgate, as a school, dates only from some four-score years ago; and honourable as her record of achievement has been in that space, she has yet to "arrive." What Clifton, for example, has become to the West of England, Highgate should be to the Metropolis. And that such will be her position in the future, the steady progress of the school encourages the expectation and belief. At all events, that their Alma Mater will fulfil her destiny, past and present Cholmeleians have the knowledge, born of deep affection, which admits of no doubt.



THE "YOUNG OAK."



Drawn for THE CAPTAIN *by A. B. Cull.*

A 'VARSITY TALE.

By STUART WISHING. Illustrated by ANTHONY HELMER.

I.

How Jeff Was Burnt Out.

IT began with the leaving of a lighted candle in the gyp-room—or pantry—of little Jeffries. This gentleman was an undergraduate residing in St. Chad's College, Cambridge. He was a small and insignificant little creature who had been tried as a "cox" in his freshman days, but discarded on account of the paucity of his vocabulary and his lack of boldness.

At present he was sitting dolefully in his rooms, surveying a scene of complete desolation. He had left them in good order some five or six hours earlier; but unluckily, he had forgotten to extinguish a candle in his gyp-room. After playing a few rubbers of whist with some congenial spirits, he had returned, to find his room in flames. It was not a very large blaze, and was soon extinguished by the efforts of a few porters. The college itself was saved, with no damage done; but little Jeffries' rooms were spoiled. His furniture was completely ruined, and he now sat amid the charred remains, miserably wondering how on earth he would afford to make good the loss. He was a poor man, living on scholarships which amounted to about a hundred and thirty pounds sterling a year. This may seem—to some—a fair income; but the average man at Cambridge finds it hard to support life on less. There are clubs to be supported, "coaches'" fees to be paid, tutors who demand a price, doctors' bills to meet occasionally, and a host of little things which must be paid for, which are necessary to make life worth living at one of the great universities of the present day. Little Jeffries knew this, and it was only by being extremely careful that he managed to keep things going.

He had a widowed mother and sister at home, too, and he could not ask them for money. Of debt he had a horror; and, to his credit be it said, he owed no man anything in a town of easy purchases and lax payments. Consequently he was occupied in wondering how he could manage to raise some money to refurnish his rooms. There was nothing worth pawning—the fire had seen to that—and he well knew that the ten or fifteen pounds which were absolutely necessary would be extremely hard to raise. Occupied in these mournful musings, he did not notice a knock at the door. The knock was repeated; so, rousing himself, he cried, "Come in." The door opened, and a young man of some two-and-twenty years entered. He was a broad-shouldered, muscular-looking fellow with a genial countenance and dark brown hair and eyes. "Hallo, Tommy," said little Jeffries.

"My aunt! Jeffy," was the elegant reply. "What *have* you been doing here?"

"Haven't you heard?" said the other, wearily.

"No, I've only just come into coll. What have you been trying to do? Burnt yourself out!"

"That's about it. Sorry I can't offer you a cigarette or some coffee, but my coffee was brewed some hours ago," replied Jeff, laughing bitterly.

"I'm awfully sorry," said the new-comer, heartily. "How did it happen, Jeffy? Tell me all about it."

"Oh, it's soon told. Like an ass, I left a candle burning in here, forgetting all about the wretched thing. I went across to Manners' rooms to play whist, and when I came back the whole shoot was blazing. It was impossible to save anything. That's all."

"By jove, about enough, too!" said the other sympathetically. "Come across to my room and have coffee. It's no use sitting here."

"Thanks, very much," said little Jeffries, gratefully, "I think I will."

They left the scene of desolation, and walked across the courts. Hayman, on reaching his rooms, soon had a kettle boiling on the fire—for it was October—and a comfort-

ing cup of coffee was soon ready for his visitor.

"Beastly bad luck on you, Jeffy," he remarked, after puffing his pipe for some minutes.

"Yes, I suppose it is," said his friend, rather sadly.

"Wish I could do something. Don't hesitate to borrow any of my things—chairs, teacups—anything you like," pursued his friend, hospitably. "Anything I can do—— "

"Thanks, very much," said Jeffries, quietly. "I know you well enough to take you at your word."

"I should think so," said the other, heartily. "Where'll you get your things from—Eaden Lilley's?"

"I don't know yet. I—I don't quite know whether I shall get any."

"What? You can't possibly live desolate!"

"Look here, Tom," said the little man, hurriedly, "I've known you some time now, so I don't mind telling you. I don't think I shall be able to afford any new things."

"But, I say—you *must*," said Tom, in amazement; "you can't exist without them."

"I shall have to—but that's absurd, as you say; I shall have to go down, I expect. I can't afford to buy new things."

"Well, but you needn't pay just yet," broke in his friend. "The tradesmen will give you credit."

"Ah—that's where we can't agree, old chap. I can't stand getting into debt. I've never owed a sou since I've been up, and don't mean to."

"Wish I could say the same," remarked Tom, ruefully, though he did not seem particularly troubled by the reflection. "I wish I could offer to lend you a tenner. Let's see what I've got." He investigated his pockets, and found therein thirty shillings and an I.O.U. for ten. "It's not much, old chap," he said candidly. "But you're welcome to the cash, if it's any use."

"Thank you," said the other quietly. "But I won't borrow from any one—though it's awfully good of you all the same."

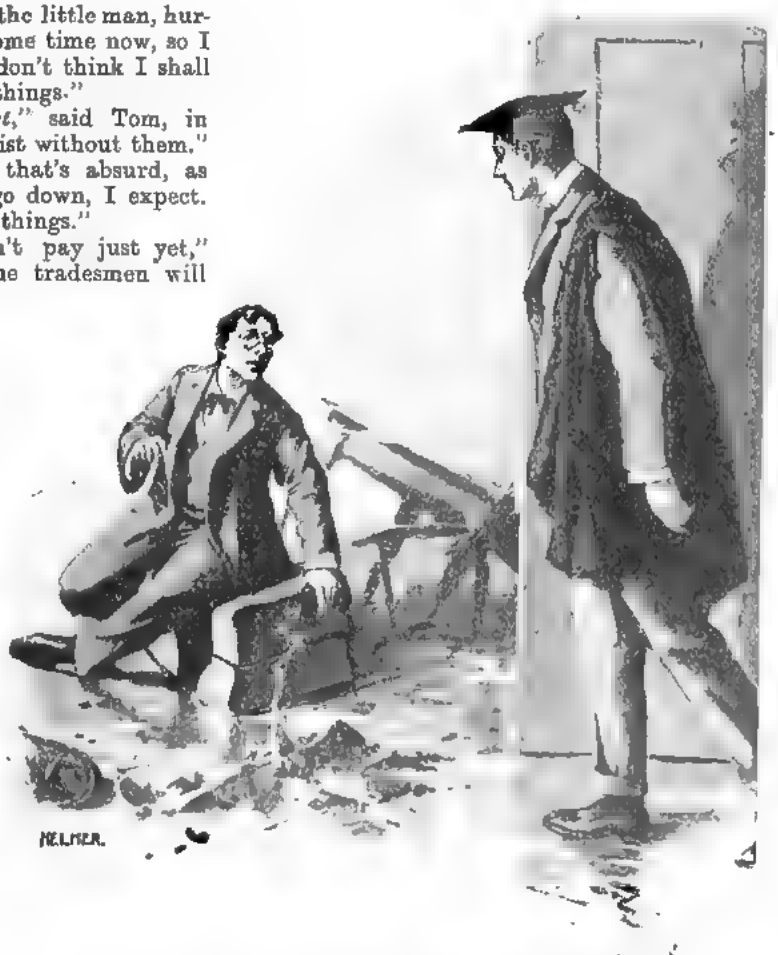
"Well, if you won't, you won't," said Tom, reluctantly putting his money back in his pocket. "But I wish you would, nevertheless. Where are you sleeping to-night?"

"In Webb's rooms. He's gone home for a few days on family business. Well, it's getting late, old chap, so I must trot."

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and rose.

"You're a jolly good sort, Tom," the little man said, with a break in his voice. "You're an—an *abnormally* good sort. Good night."

"My hat!" muttered Tom, staring after his visitor, "I suppose that's his equivalent for strong language!"



"MY AUNT! WHAT *HAVE* YOU BEEN DOING HERE?"

II.

A New Way of "Raising the Wind."

The next morning, at half-past nine, three men were sitting at breakfast in Hayman's rooms. One of these was the host, and the other two were his particular friends, Stubbs and Hamilton. Breakfast had been ordered for nine o'clock.

At nine, Hayman was still in bed, and abusing his gyp for waking him. At ten minutes past he was in a demi-toilette of flannels, blazer, and scarf. At 9-15 he was dragging Stubbs from the sheets, while Hamilton—for whom the same performance had been enacted three minutes previously—was standing near with a can of cold water—to be applied if necessary. By dint of these exertions the three men were assembled round Hayman's hospitable board at 9.30.

Hayman was now serving the kedgeree, which he did by dividing it neatly into three portions.

"Pour out the coffee, Flick," he commanded, and the person addressed—Hamilton, to wit—performed the duty very creditably.

"Heigh-ho!" yawned Stubbs, "I'm dog-tired still. Why did you dig us out at this unearthly hour, Tommy?"

"Hang it, man," said that gentleman, virtuously, "it's after the half-hour. You'd sleep away all your days if you hadn't a kind, unselfish friend to look after your welfare."

Stubbs grunted, as if the possession of such a friend was not altogether desirable.

"I don't believe you'd have been up yourself if your gyp hadn't called you, Tommy. My gyp never calls me."

Hamilton laughed, and pursued the subject of kedgeree.

"I say, that's rather a spot toast-rack of yours, Tommy," he remarked suddenly, examining it with the eye of a connoisseur.

"Yes," said his host, "one of my little heirlooms, dontcherknow."

"Argh," grunted Stubbs, "don't come the beastly la-di-da swell over us. It won't work. Where did you get the thing?"

"An old aunt of mine presented it to me as a mark of esteem when I came up. She gave me a long pi-jaw about smoking and gambling, and then handed over this rack—sort of jam after the pill, I s'pose."

"What did you say to her?" asked Hamilton.

"Oh, I acquitted myself rather well, considering how sick I was of the long pi-jaw. Told her I should value it, and all that."

"Been nearer the truth if you'd said you'd *get* it valued," laughed the other.

"Hang it all, Flick," said Tommy, indignantly, "I only tried to pop it once when I was awfully short of cash. My uncle only offered me two bob, though, and I thought it wasn't good enough. I told him so, too, in flowery and embroidered speech—mixed metaphor, isn't it? By the way, can you say, 'mixed metaphor' ten times running in fifteen seconds?"

Hamilton and Stubbs tried simultaneously—the latter with disastrous results, for a crumb went the wrong way, and the next few minutes were spent in "first aid."

"By jove, Tub," said the host, when the unfortunate youth was restored, "I've never seen you so purple before. You gave me quite a fright. Lucky we were here to pat you on the back."

"Here, have some kedgeree," broke in Hayman. "Oh—there's none left. Well, let's start on the kidneys, then. Catch hold, Flick."

The breakfast proceeded for some minutes in silence, until Hamilton asked a question. "Seen anything of little Jeffries? I hear he was burnt out last night."

"Was he?" said Stubbs. "I never heard about it."

"No, you were probably feeding or sleeping at the time. It's a fact, though. Silly little ass left a candle burning—and, of course, it set fire to the place."

"By jove, that's bad luck. Did you know about it, Tommy?"

"Yes—I dropped in by accident last night, and found him sitting there like—who was it?—Cæsar, or Nimrod, or some Johnny—among the ruins of Carthage. He came across and had coffee with me. Poor little chap—he was terribly down in the mouth."

"I suppose he's not too well off, eh?" said Stubbs. "Poor as a mouse, I should say."

Hayman hesitated for a moment. "Look here, you fellows, don't say anything about it, but I expect it will end in his going down."

"Why?"

"Well—he's awfully hard up, and can't afford any new sticks."

"Owe much?"

"No, that's the idiotic part of it. He doesn't owe a sou; and he's such a conscientious little beggar that he won't get anything on tick. He's a fool, but a decent little fool."

"Yes, I like little Jeffy. Not that I see much of him," said Stubbs.

"So do I," said Hamilton, heartily. "I say, couldn't we work up some sub. for him?"

"Good of you to think of it, Flick. The only thing is, we can't ask people to subscribe unless we head the list ourselves. I would, like a shot, only I'm practically penniless. I had thirty bob or so last night. This morning I gave my gyp twenty which I've owed him nearly a month. Five more went to my bootman—whom I haven't tipped for terms. The result is I'm nearly broke. It's a beastly nuisance."

"Same here," said the other. "I paid my Amal. sub. yesterday, and that nearly cleaned me out. What about you, Tubby?"

Stubbs did not reply, but turned his pockets inside out with a doleful gesture.

"This is no luck at all," observed Flick, reflectively. "How much does little Jeffy want?"

"About ten or fifteen quid."

Stubbs sighed. "I popped my dress suit last week—only got a sov. on it—and I must have it out before next Tuesday, as I'm going to dine with my tutor."

"M'yes," said Tommy. "You can't very well turn up there in a morning coat and shooting knickers. Well, gents, any offers? My gyp has impounded all my old clothes, so there's nothing for me to sell. What on earth *can* we do?"

The three sat glumly silent for some moments.

"Well," said the host at last, "it's no use hanging on to the table. You've had as much grub as is good for you, so you may as well assume more comfortable attitudes, and smoke."

They took the hint, and dropped into easy chairs.

"Blooming sickening," said Hamilton, when the pipes were fairly lit, "to think of these dons rolling in wealth, and we can't raise a few pounds. Just look at the old beggars—absolutely coining money. Wish I could break into the 'Varsity chest, wherever it is."

He was interrupted by his host.

"By jove, Flick," he shouted, "you're a genius. That's the very thing!"

"Are you off your nut, Tommy?" was the polite answer. "What do you mean?"

"Why—the chest! the 'Varsity chest! What's put into the chest, you ass?"

"Money, I suppose."

"Yes—but where does it come from?"

"Out of our pockets chiefly, I believe, in progs' fines. But I don't see what you're driving at."

"Just this—why shouldn't *we* be progs?"

"Eh! what?" stammered Hamilton as the greatness of the idea slowly broke on him. "D'you mean we should get ourselves up as progs, and fine men?"

"Yes."

"But 'twouldn't be honest!"

"Bosh! we'd only fine men for doing what's forbidden—smoking in cap-and-gown, etc. It would simply be diverting the flow of shekels from an unworthy course—the 'Varsity chest—to a worthy course—little Jeffy's rooms."

It should be here explained that a "prog"—or proctor—is one of the university professors who patrols the streets, chiefly at night, for the maintenance of law and order among 'Varsity men. He is attended by two servants, popularly known as "bulldogs," and he has the power of inflicting fines and other punishments—such as "gating."

"I say, Tommy," drawled Stubbs, "it's a great idea! We ought to have no end of a lark! It will be ripping!"

"It will," agreed Tommy. "What do you say, Flick?"

"Well, I have some doubts about the goodness of the case, but as it's for a worthy object I'll lend my manly form to a base disguise."

"Good man. That's excellent."

"There'll be no end of a row if we're found out."

"M'yes. We'll have to risk that."

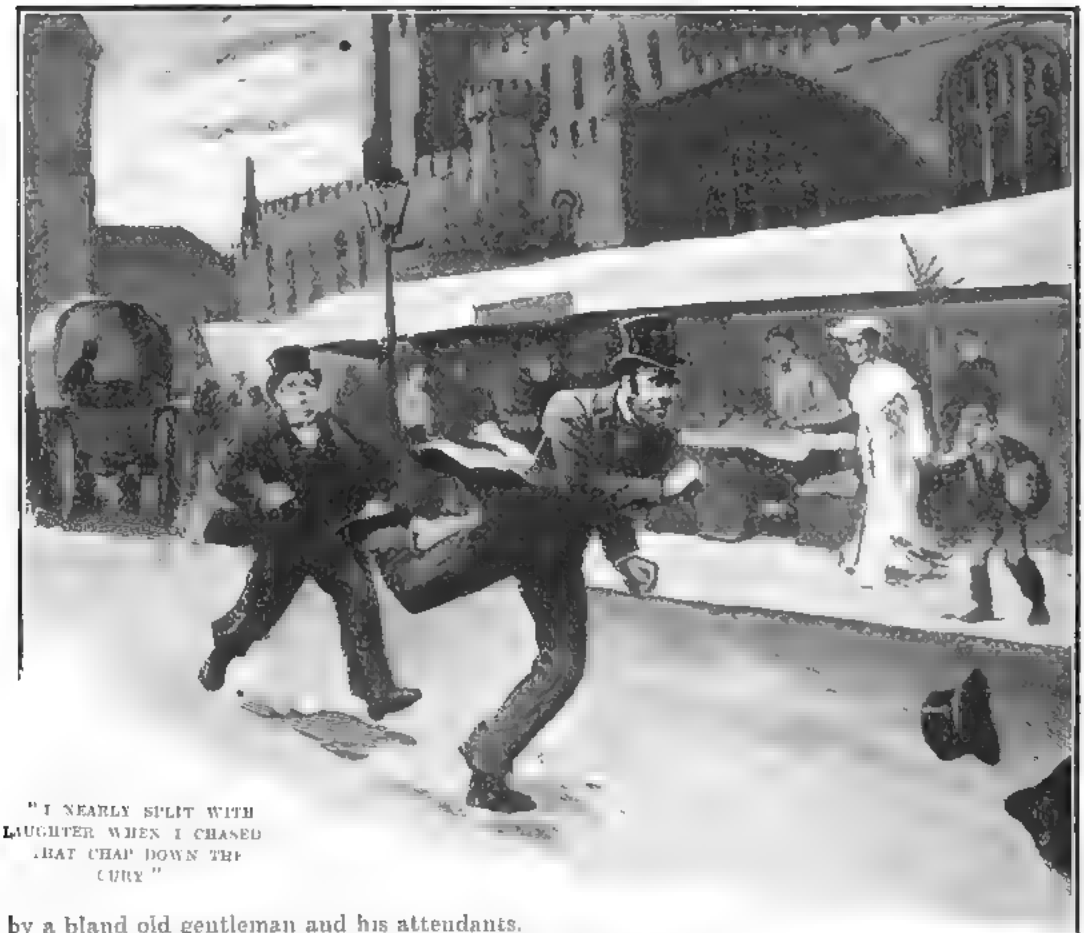
And they adjourned to form a committee of ways and means.

III.

The False and the Real.

During the next few days many things happened.

The undergraduate element in Cambridge noticed with grief that the proctors were unusually active. The previous term had been remarkable for the geniality and "slackness" of the ruling powers, and, as a natural consequence, the change of policy was quickly observed. Men who had hitherto borne their gowns languidly on their arms without let or hindrance were ruthlessly stopped; their names were taken, and —on the morrow—a fine was demanded. Others, who ventured to beguile the tedium of a walk to the theatre by means of a pipe or cigarette, were treated in the same heartless way, if clad in academical garb. Small public-houses, frequented by those of sporting tastes, and hitherto deemed secure places of refuge, were visited



"I NEARLY SPLIT WITH LAUGHTER WHEN I CHASED THAT CHAP DOWN THE CURY."

by a bland old gentleman and his attendants. "Life's not worth livin' nowadays," remarked an amiable youth who had just been fleeced of six-and-eight. "I don't know how these rotters find out what they do. They must be cunnin' old birds—take my tip!"

The mystery would have been as clear as daylight if he could have seen three men in St. Chad's College busily engaged in amateur bookkeeping. "Good haul, Tommy," said one of the three, who was none other than "Flick" Hamilton. "Raked in over two quid on last night's show."

"How much does that make?" inquired his friend, the genial and unscrupulous "Tommy" Hayman.

"H'm. Let's see . . . three and four are seven and six . . . thirteen . . . h'm, carry one —no, two—yes . . . that's it . . . eleven pounds, thirteen and fourpence. Not bad!"

"Jolly good," said Stubbs, approvingly.

"We'll have one more night," said the leader, with pride in his voice, "and then we'll chuck it. We can't run any more risks. Besides, we'll have enough by then. It won't do to tempt fate too much. It's been jolly good sport, though."

"Rather," said Stubbs. "Never enjoyed anything so much in my life before—beats rat-catching any day. Jove! I nearly split with laughter when I chased that chap down the Cury and collared him in Rose Crescent. I know what it feels like to be a bulldog now."

"Yes," chuckled Hamilton. "And then the wretched beast got his fine doubled for running away!"

"Well," said Tommy, rising. "Time we were off."

They put on their caps and gowns, and strolled casually out of college. It was about seven o'clock, earlier than proctors usually go out, for they minimised risk thereby, and increased their chance of making captures. They walked slowly round to a friend's rooms to assume their disguise. Jenkins—the owner of the rooms—had been taken into

their confidence, and willingly aided them. Arrived at this spot, the leader donned a more voluminous gown, white bands, and a respectable college cap. False whiskers and a pair of spectacles were added, and the disguise was complete. Meanwhile his followers had discarded cap and gown, and assumed tall hats, cut-away coats, and moustaches. Stubbs added to his appearance by affixing a short, rough beard to his clean-shaven chin. Jenkins helped them in the nefarious work, frequently stopping to admire the effect and to roar with laughter.

"You'll do this once too often, Tommy," he said. "I should chuck it soon, if I were you."

"'Last time, Clemmy, my boy,'" quoted Tommy. "We want just this once, and then we're done."

"Jolly good thing, too," was the answer. "I wouldn't be in your shoes, if you were caught."

THE LOITERERS WERE ASTONISHED BY THE SIGHT OF A RESPECTABLE PROCTOR SHEDDING HIS ROBES IN THE GUTTER AND RUNNING AT HIS TOPMOST SPEED.

The "proctor" and his pseudo-attendants stepped cautiously out into the street, first glancing round to see that no 'Varsity men were near to mark the house.

"Look at them bloomin' bulldogs," observed an errand-boy to his friend. "Startin' pretty early, ain't they?"

Hayman and his friends proceeded in the usual order, and walked calmly up Sidney Street. They had not to wait long for a victim. A man came along, college cap on the back of his head, his gown thrown over his arm, and—oh horror!—a cigarette between his lips. He did not see his foes till they were within a dozen yards. Then he started, vainly tried to conceal the offending smoke, and sulkily submitted to the detested "progs'" inquiries.

"Good business, Flick," whispered Tubby to his companion. "Thirteen-and-four, I suppose, to-morrow. Double offence—carrying gown and smoking, too."

They marched on their way, attended by looks of hatred from the various undergraduates who chanced to be abroad. Silent curses were invoked on their heads; but, all unconscious, they pursued their way, rejoicing in iniquity.

But a spirit of law and order seemed to be in the air that night. They passed numbers of men ostentatiously wearing their caps and gowns, and—as far as undergraduates went—the goddess Nicotine seemed to be deposed from her *quondam* throne.

Sidney Street was left behind, S. Andrew's Street was drawn without success, and at last, in despair, they turned into Downing Street. Here they were cheered in spirit by the sight of a luckless B.A., who—alas! for degrees!—was smoking. They seized on him joyfully, for a man who has a degree is supposed to know better, and, therefore, incurs a double fine. Having spoiled him of his "name and college," and allowed him to pass on in a painful state of subdued profanity, they halted for a consultation.

"I move we go in now," said Hamilton. "We haven't caught much to-night."

"All right," said the leader. "We'll just go down to the end, and turn round homewards, picking up anything we find on the way. Fall back, my good fellows! Have you no respect for a don?"

The "good fellows" fell back, and the procession went forward.

Emerging from Downing Street they turned to the right, and soon drew near to Caius. At this point they were almost in sight of home. Unluckily for them, just as they were nearing the gates, they caught sight of a real proctor, about to go on his rounds. Their hearts stood still. Tommy recovered his presence of mind in an instant, and, without quickening his pace, wheeled round towards the Market Square. His "bulldogs" faithfully obeyed, though with sinking spirits. "Chad's" seemed very far away just then!

The Caius proctor looked puzzled, and halted. He could not understand why his colleague had not waited to speak to him. Then, in a flash, the truth broke on him, and he gave orders to his men to pursue. The momentary pause gave his prey some thirty yards start. Stubbs looked behind, and saw the real bulldogs break into a run. Concealment was of no avail.

"Run for it, Tommy!" he shouted. "They've spotted us!"

The next moment the loiterers in Market Square were astonished by the sight of a respectable proctor, of about fifty years, shedding his robes of office in the gutter and running at his topmost speed. They were still more amazed to see his two familiars discard their top-hats and follow his example. Their amazement was further increased when two more bulldogs (with their hats crammed down on their heads) came tearing round the corner in hot pursuit. One of these was a short, fat man, obviously unfitted for the racing track; but the other was tall and lean, and appeared to be a good stayer.

Tommy and his friends dashed on together, across the Market Square, and into Petty Cury. Then Tommy showed his powers of generalship, and gave orders as they ran.

"Down to the left you two," he muttered. "I'll go to the right. We must separate."

They heard and obeyed. Hamilton and Stubbs dashed down to the left, while Hayman pursued his rapid course to the right. Separation was the only chance—Tommy was right.

But the lean and wiry bulldog was a general, too. He saw that Hayman was the best runner, and would, therefore, afford the best sport. The art of chasing was a passion with him, and he had never been beaten yet.

"Follow those two, George," he said quickly to his stout companion, "I'll get this gent," and he disappeared from view.

George, as we remarked before, was a short and stout man. He was also past middle age. By this time he had outrun his scanty allowance of wind and was glad to separate from his more athletic friend. He trotted on desperately for a few minutes in

pursuit of Hamilton and Stubbs, and then, finding that they were gaining on him every yard, abandoned the chase and mopped his forehead.

Tubby and Flick still ran as though some one, more to be feared even than proctors and bulldogs, was after them, and in a few minutes arrived, panting, at Jenkins' rooms. There they dropped into lounge chairs, and discarded the majority of their clothing by way of getting cool.

"What's up?" asked their amazed host.

They only groaned and asked for drink.

Jenkins produced a whiskey bottle and a syphon, and, when their thirst was slaked and their breath recovered, again inquired the reason of their abrupt entry.

"We were almost nabbed," said Stubbs, with the unction of one who has escaped his enemy. "Jove—we did hop it! Met a real prog outside Caius, and just got away!"

"Told you so," was the cheering reply. "What have you done with Tommy?"

"We separated—more chance to get off," said Hamilton, laconically. "Tommy's being chased."

"Oh, well, he's all right then," said Jenkins, with conviction. "He'll beat any bulldog in Cambridge, I'll bet."

"Don't know," said Flick, gloomily. "The bulldog who was after him seemed pretty well in his stride, eh, Tubby?"

"Looked a terror to run!" answered that gentleman emphatically, still panting.

They sat together, waiting for the return of the prodigal. They cooled down, and condescended to accept Jenkins' cigarettes. They even told him that he might order some coffee if he was good. But still there was no sign of their leader. A quarter of an hour passed slowly, and then half an hour. They glanced uneasily at one another, afraid that their comrade's doom was sealed. As they were discussing the probabilities of his fate there came a hurried pattering on the stairs, the door opened, and—he entered.

He was greeted with a shout of joy, and, after plying him with refreshment—mindful of their own sad case—they plied him with questions.

"Tell us about it, Tommy!" commanded Stubbs. "How did you shake him off?"

"By Jove! I've had a run!"

"We can see that," said Jenkins. "Tell us the story of it."

Tommy settled down, and, between the whiffs, told his tale.

"When I left you chaps, I saw that the little fat bulldog wouldn't last out, and judged that the tall man would follow me. Well, I thought I could shake him off fairly easily, as I was always good at a long run at school But that chap could go! By the time I'd got up to the theatre, I saw that he was out for business. I didn't think much of it then, for there were thirty yards between us, and I thought I could beat him. I led him up to the R.C. (Roman Catholic Cathedral), round Lensfield Road, down Trumpington Street, and then I looked round, thinking he wouldn't be in sight. I can tell you, it gave me a bit of a jar when I saw him just as close, pegging away, head up, and running easily. I saw then that it was no joke, so I put on the pace. I fairly tore down past the Fitz-Billy, and got into the Market Place again in good time. Then I looked round again and the beggar was still there! This was no nuts at all, so I went on, up the same round, past the post office, and up St. Andrew's Street. I looked round again, and the chap was still going strong—better than I was, in fact. Then I knew that it would have to be a case of subtlety. By the time I'd reached the theatre I had my plan prepared, and slowed down a bit. I looked round; he'd gained ten yards, and there was a gleam in his eye. I thought that was enough for the present, so I egged on to Parker's Piece, and ran across the grass. He thought he had me there, and spurted. I slowed a bit, and, just as I heard him chuckle, I stopped dead, and fell on one knee. He hadn't time to save himself, but went clean over! The fall knocked all the wind out of him, and I left him gasping on the grass. Then I made tracks."

"Good for you, Tommy. Another drink?"

* * * *

Next night little Jeffries found a bag containing some thirteen pounds on his table with an anonymous note. He wept tears of joy.

MY ONE EVENTFUL DAY.

By an Old Rossallian.

FIGHTS at English public schools, in the "sixties" and "seventies," differed materially from the pugilistic encounters of the present day. Indeed, I am not sure that fights, worthy of the name, are permitted, or even winked at, in the big public schools nowadays. There is a feeling against them, and boys do not want to settle their differences with fists to the same extent as formerly. Things had toned down a bit in the early "seventies," and fights were not officially recognised by the masters, though they were silently acquiesced in, to keep up, as it was thought, the manly spirit of English boys.

By some peculiarly paradoxical principle, at most of the big schools the great fights were celebrated outside the college chapel, though why such a hallowed spot should have been the chosen scene of blood-letting and eye-blacking, was as unaccountable as some of the causes of quarrel themselves.

But to my one eventful day. In the year 187—, the college walls were still ringing with the records of the mighty fight which had taken place about twelve months previously between Tom B——e, of Galway, and Jack Kirch, a stalwart youth from Yorkshire. Given such material, it can be easily imagined how warm was the encounter. The quarrel arose over a football dispute, and words soon led to blows. Just as the pair were about to proceed to business a prefect interfered, and in cold but measured tones, very much after the old duelling fashion, said, "Behind the chapel to-morrow morning, gentlemen, please." No one in those days at Rossall dared disobey this mandate, as the idea of two fellows settling a dispute coolly, without giving the whole school a chance of seeing the fun, would have been voted unsportsmanlike and altogether bad form. So the precious pair had to bottle their wrath till the following morning. A night's cool reflection was calculated to temper the blood and give force to the blows.

Accordingly, Tom B——e and Jack Kirch, the former of whom has since been a distinguished officer in the 52nd Foot and the latter a personality among African explorers, turned up in the chill of the morning behind the college chapel, whereupon one of the most spirited and determined battles that ever took place in the annals of old Rossall School was fought to a finish. Just how many rounds were fought, or which of the combatants was eventually declared victor, does not matter after a lapse of nearly thirty years. I remember both of them were carried off the field, absolutely *hors de combat*, and were tenderly conveyed to the college "Sangit," as we termed the infirmary. Here their wounds were dressed by the school medical officer, who, all unsuspectingly, placed the blood-stained sons of Mars side by side in the same ward. Little did the good doctor dream of the indomitable spirit still burning within those youthful bosoms.

Scarcely had the first signs of convalescence begun to display themselves, than one morning, on the doctor's entering the room, he found the valiant pair punching one another for all they were worth, although one of them had had his finger broken in the original fight. Of course, there was nothing for it but to separate them at once, and place them in wards as far apart as the exigencies of space in a small sanatorium would permit. The doctor lectured them, with a twinkle in his eye, and the fight was the talk of the school for many a year afterwards. Needless to add, they became the dearest of friends.

But in my case the fight arose from very different causes. I was the victim of a persistent bully, and, though in the Fifth at the time, was never free from his malignant attacks. He was a much bigger chap than I was, and had a clique of small satellites, who always did his bidding.

In those days Rossall was rather a roughish school, counting among its numbers a good many sturdy Lancashire lads, whose horseplay was hardly of the gentle kind. Anyway, "Threlfall," as we will call him, made rather a butt of me, and, being very susceptible to chaff, I suffered accordingly. I knew that he did this largely from spite, because I had always been above him in class; and I felt sure that, sooner or later, a climax would arrive. And it

"CROWN HIM! CROWN HIM!"

arrived, as all such things do, in the most unexpected manner.

One evening, at Prep., I observed that Threlfall was getting through his work much earlier than usual, and that no sooner had he discarded his books than he at once began whispering to one or two others near him, after which they all became very busy in some operations, beneath their desks, which were concealed from my view. They all seemed highly amused, and occasionally glanced round in my direction, which, naturally, gave me the cue that I was to be the subject of some new joke of my tormentor's. I perceived, before the "end Prep." bell rang, that a good many fellows in other classes had got wind of what was up, and, with a boy's intuition, I soon guessed that they were going to "crown" me, *i.e.*, pour all over my devoted head hats full of scraps of paper, as soon as I came out of the schoolroom. It need hardly be added that this was considered a fearful insult by a high-spirited fellow, especially as the victim's tormentors danced and jeered round him like wild Indians.

A moment's reflection decided me to remain in the big schoolroom until everyone had cleared out. It was a pretty stiff ordeal to face a huge mob of boys, all jeering and laughing at you, and, to be truthful, I can well remember my inward trepidation at the prospect. Presently, the bell rang, and the fellows trooped out, full of excitement at the fun they were going to have. Threlfall led the way, and, as he quitted the room, he glanced back maliciously at the lonely figure still, apparently, poring over his books. Of course, the one kind friend remained, just to whisper to me what was about to happen; thanking him for his kindness, I proceeded to strap up my books, with the coolest face I could assume over a distinctly palpitating heart. My friend asked me if he should accompany me, but I said I preferred to go alone. Whether my young friend was actuated by a desire to save me the humiliation of the situation, or possessed a burning dislike for Threlfall, I shall never know, but he certainly urged me to escape by the prefects' door, an opportunity which I declined with scorn.

My mind was made up, and I determined "to face the music," whatever the consequences might be. On arriving at the great central door a crowd of fully 150 boys came rushing towards me. Shouts of "Crown him!" "Crown him!" were raised on all sides, as the inky contents of numberless hats were emptied over my unoffending head. The quadrangle was seething with excitement as, quickly dropping my books, I straightway made for Threlfall and struck him a swinging blow between the eyes. He was so taken aback at my daring that he had not time to return the blow before the boys, who had looked for this result, interfered, and the scene was changed in the twinkling of an eye. My former tormentors became my backers, and many were the cries of "Bravo! Kempster knocked old Swapem in the eye." The organisers of the fight were determined that their sport should not be spoiled, so the cry of "Behind the chapel to-morrow morning" was raised, and we had no choice but to obey. Each party retired to their respective studies, talking gaily of the stirring incident which had taken so unexpected a turn—at any rate, to most of them.

An iradé was issued, and very shortly after received by me, ordering me on no terms to give way, as my opponent was sure to collar me after evening chapel and ask me to shake hands. Sure enough he did; but I declined the proffered hand, and told him that if he was not man enough to see it through I would lick him there and then. Our rising hour was, if memory serves, at 6.30, and I can well recall some of the boys coming over from his dormitory to tell me how badly he had slept, and "what an awful funk he was in." Kindly inquiries were added as to the general state of my health and the condition of my nerves. Doubtless a similar deputation had waited upon my rival with equally solicitous inquiries as to *his* physical and mental well-being. For it must be remembered that the sole purpose of these young bloods was to keep up any wavering courage by mock heroics, being fully aware that any kind of sarcasm would only tend to make our determination the stronger.

The mode of pugilistic encounters in those days was no trifling ordeal, and required all a boy's manhood to support. The day was a most unfortunate one for me, as in the afternoon I was to run in the final heat of the school handicap, and I was first favourite for the race. However, in for a penny in for a pound.

There was no backing down now, and I must sink or swim on the fortunes of war. Morning chapel over, and breakfast—which had been but lightly partaken of by Threlfall and myself—consumed, the whole school made their way in groups to the well-known spot behind the chapel, the scene of so many famous encounters. A stranger observing this strange exodus might well have wondered what it was all about. Parties of boys making their way past the needle room, down by the head-master's house, and out into the fine playground, to disappear suddenly

behind the chapel, without apparently rhyme or reason, might well have made a visitor wonder. The combatants generally brought up the rear, or appeared suddenly, accompanied by their seconds, from the other side of the chapel. When stripped to await the attack they became the subjects of the keenest criticism as to their respective merits and chances. In our particular case we were neither of us great bruisers, but the fight was of much interest owing to our comparatively high position in the school and the fact that my opponent was a noted bully. So a great wave of enthusiasm swept over the ground as I took my place in the ring. My opponent, on the other hand, was left absolutely without a sympathiser, except for his second, who stuck loyally to him from the start to the finish.

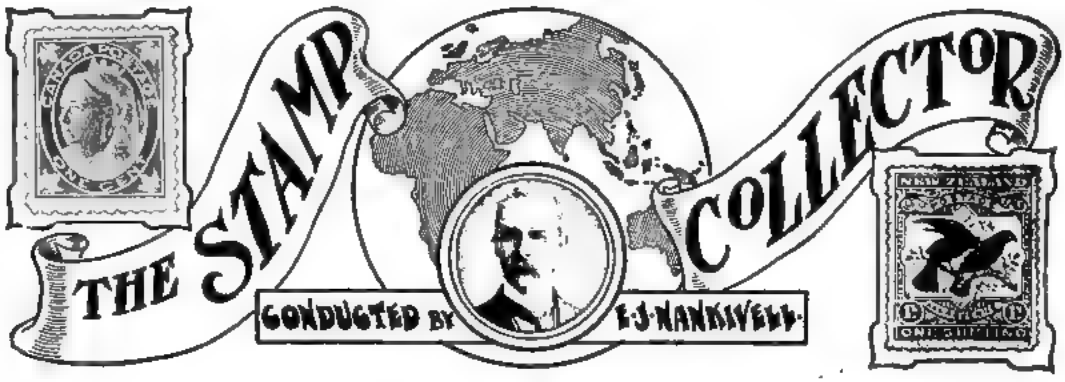
A detailed account of the fight is entirely unnecessary. Suffice it to say that the battle lasted for nearly half an hour, and that both were pretty severely punished, I suffering the more on account of my impressionable skin. Threlfall finally gave in through faintness, just as he should have given me the knock-out blow. I remember I was severely bruised about the face and had a shocking black eye, but I forgot the pain in the consciousness of victory and the joy I felt on learning that I had split his nose and that it was causing him horrible pain.

But how was I to be in form for the race? That was the question. After I had been conveyed to the "Sangit," where my wounds were bandaged, my sign-master, or house-master, sent for me. He said that he had happened to hear that I had been disgracing myself by fighting, and he read me a short lecture thereon. The exams. were commencing that day, but he would allow me to stay in his rooms, and try, by stupes and lotions, to get myself fit for the afternoon race. He was very kind and very gracious, first, because I had fought a chap so much bigger than myself, and secondly, because this would break Threlfall's power with the smaller boys, amongst whom his influence was unhappily not for good. And so I was given the run of his rooms, and my attention was devoted entirely to getting myself fit for the race, which, by the way, was one-third of a mile handicap, open to the whole school, most of the heats of which had already been run. The doctor had assured me that, if I ran, erysipelas would set in, and I might be laid up an invalid for days; but, if I could only get down the swelling and reduce the pain, I was determined to chance this, as my heart was set upon winning the race. The good chambermaids of the dormitory came to my aid as soon as my master had gone into school, and, with the aid of lotions, and bathing, and cold irons, we managed to get the swellings down to quite reasonable dimensions. The master had left me some good things—cakes and biscuits—so when he came back at lunch time he found a much more cheerful boy, looking like a mended bicycle, but perhaps just a little lopsided. I told him I would run at any cost, and he did not attempt to dissuade me, but was, all the same, a little uneasy as to the possible consequences.

The head boy came and had a talk with me. He told me the school was ringing with my prowess in thrashing that brute Threlfall. We talked about the race, and it was decided that I should run with the bandages on, as the doctor would not hear of their being removed.

I did not appear on the ground until the bell for the final rang. My start was 55yds., and the bandages had been so arranged that I could see perfectly well. Of course, I was treated to a tremendous ovation when I took up my place at the starting point, and was really becoming rather overwhelmed by this notoriety, being so thoroughly unaccustomed to it. From the moment the flag fell I was paced and followed by a number of the bigger fellows, including the head boy, who backed me and egged me on for all I was worth. Even the headmaster's wife, a most austere lady, waved her handkerchief as she saw a grotesque figure, with bandages all around his head, coming into the straight for home.

Never was there such a scene in the old school. Never since that day—not even with a British policeman on my track — have I run with such zest and pace! I was determined I would win, and not all the speed and skill of a young Welsh competitor, who was quite as eager to win as I was, could overhaul me. To add to the interest, however, the finish was an exciting one; but I won by the shortest of heads. To say that I was chaired round the ground amid scenes which defy description is but what must have been expected, but I know I shall never forget that one eventful day of my career so long as I live. Since then, I have returned to my normal condition of comparative insignificance, and there I expect to remain for the rest of my days.



RECENT SEYCHELLES PROVISIONALS.

THE group of islands known as the Seychelles is politically a part of Mauritius, but as it is nearly a thousand miles away to the north, it is allowed to paddle its own canoe in many directions, especially in postal matters. Its population, all told, is only about 16,000, and if left undisturbed by outside demands very few values and very small printings of postage stamps would amply suffice for all its real postal needs.

But the Seychelles Islands are a curious example of the extent to which the stamp collector pays the piper and calls the tune in the issue of postage stamps.

The islands are infested with gangs of stamp speculators who are ever on the watch for a favourable opportunity to manipulate an issue. They seem to be well informed concerning the stocks of stamps in hand, and their plan of operations is very simple, and, unfortunately, very effective. When a particular common value is running short, they will suddenly buy out the small remnant which the postal officials hoped would last until a fresh supply could be got from London. Then, to provide for immediate demands, the postal authorities take some higher value of which they happen to have a good supply, and these they surcharge with the lower value required. As a rule, of such make-shift stamps only sufficient are printed to tide over the delay in getting a fresh printing of the regular value. The speculators, however, having caught the postal authorities "out of stock," make a regular harvest of the opportunity. They besiege the post office with their agents on the morning of issue, and in an hour or two absolutely clear out the new provisional. The public, such as there is in the Seychelles, has to take a back seat and beg in vain for even a few of the genuinely needed value. The postal authorities, at their wits' ends, proceed to surcharge what they can spare of another value, but again the speculators lay siege to the post office, and once more they "corner" the lot. These hauls the speculators subsequently retail at their own fancy prices to stamp dealers all over the world. And so the game goes on. Every now and again the unfortunate little colony has to resort to the very objectionable expedient of surcharging their stamps. They apparently do all they can locally to outwit the speculators, but to little or no purpose, and so long as so small a colony is allowed to issue a separate series of postage stamps for a population numbering no more than that of a very small English provincial town, so long will the stamp speculator run the post office to suit his own ends. The remedy is in the hands of the higher colonial authorities. Let them put an end to separate stamp issues and make the stamps of Mauritius serve the postal needs of the little group. Then the stamp speculator would soon be compelled to confess that his occupation had come to an end, for whilst he can very comfortably and profitably manipulate printings which run only into a few thousands, he would be appalled by printings running into millions.

The recent issue of provisionals furnishes a very fair example of how the game is played. At the beginning of July the 3 cents of the recently received King's head stamps was exhausted, and a supply of the 15 cents was surcharged "3 cents" to provide the needful value. In order to outwit the speculators notice was given by the post office that no one person would be permitted to purchase more than one sheet of 60 stamps. Those

desirous of getting supplies were on the scene at an early hour, and gave money to different people to buy sheets for them, but many could not even get near the door of the post office, and it is said that, despite the restrictions of the postal officials, nearly all these provisionals got into the hands of one man who had a crowd of fifty negroes on the spot. As there were only 33,000 stamps surcharged, the fifty negroes, taking one sheet of 60 each, would monopolise 30,000 stamps, leaving only 3,000 for the other speculators and dealers' agents, to say nothing of the general public for whose use the stamps were provided.

So that, before the day was done, the post office was once more out of stock of its 3 cent stamps. Consequently the supply of another value this time the 45 cents was surcharged "3 cents." Again the restrictions were put into force with a further restriction that when the daily sale reached 400 stamps no more would be sold until the next day. By these means the local authorities hoped to make the new provisional last until a fresh supply of the ordinary 3 cent stamps was received from London. But Seychelles is far away in the Indian Ocean, and though the fresh printing was probably ordered by cable, it is very doubtful if the period of waiting was tided over without a further surcharge.

This spectacle of a gang of speculators subordinating a colonial post office to speculative purposes for purely personal ends is neither edifying nor creditable, but, as I have suggested, a definite remedy is in the hands of the authorities. From the stamp collector's point of view, there is an unnecessary multiplication of varieties which are not the result of natural postal causes. The only persons who benefit are speculators who are in no philatelic sense stamp collectors.

Some Notable Issues.

The separate issues for the Leeward Islands are coming in. Already we have chronicled the St. Kitts-Nevis, and this month we give particulars of the new Antigua. There are yet to come separate series for Dominica and Montserrat. The design of the Dominican will show a view of Dominica from the sea, for all values, with the exception of the 5s. stamp, which will bear the King's head. The design of the Montserrat will embody the central figure in the Public Seal of the Presidency, for all values, with the exception of the 5s., which will have the King's head. There is one unpleasant piece of news in connection with these separate issues, and that is the announcement that they are to be used concurrently with the current Leeward Islands stamps, which means in plain English that these little poverty-stricken presidencies are thus each issuing a supplementary series of postage stamps, purely for sale to collectors. If that be so, and I see no other interpretation of the announcement, I should strongly advise the readers of The Captain to leave them severely alone. It is always safe and wise to exclude from all collections all stamps that are not issued for *bona fide* postal purposes.

The new Australian preliminary Commonwealth issue is, after all, to be designed, engraved, and printed in Australia, and not by De la Rue, our English engravers, as at first announced. The *Melbourne Argus* publishes the following interesting particulars concerning the forthcoming issue:—"Several hundreds of pounds were expended in obtaining suitable designs for the first Commonwealth flag and seal. But no invitation was publicly extended, or even issued departmentally, to any one to submit designs for the first Federal stamp to be printed in the Union. The new stamp, of which we publish a copy, is not therefore the choice of the Postmaster-General after examining specimens of the best draughtsmanship that Australia can produce, but simply a selection made by Senator Drake from a few designs which were furnished to him by persons whose names have not been disclosed. The stamp cannot be regarded as an artistic triumph, and regret will probably be felt that the postal authorities should issue what is claimed to be a distinctly Australian stamp without taking the trouble to obtain designs from the best artists available. The new stamp will be issued in New South Wales and Queensland almost immediately. Ninepenny stamps have never been printed in those States, and as they are required in large numbers for telegrams, the Federal stamp will probably be welcomed. Victoria has a large stock of stamps of all denominations on hand, so none of the new stamps will be issued in this State for the present. The general colour of the Federal stamp will be brown, but the name of the State in which it is to be current and the figure denoting its value will be printed in blue on a white background." The design is stated to have been taken from a medal in the possession of the Postmaster-General, and is described as "Britannia seated." The design which has been published in the Australian newspapers seems to have created quite a commotion and aroused considerable adverse comment, and the council of the Royal Victorian Institute of Architects has solemnly condemned the design as "utterly weak."

Aitutaki.—Six of the current New Zealand stamps, as in the case of Niué and Penrhyn, consisting of the ½, 1, 2½, 3, 6p. and 1sh. values, have been surcharged in two lines with the word "AITUTAKI" and value in the native dialect, for use in this island, which is one of the Cook Islands. Why separate stamps are issued for this one little island of the group wants explanation. Hitherto the Cook Islands have been provided with one series of stamps for all the group. Evidently there is a stamp providing epidemic in islands around New Zealand. The population of Aitutaki is only 2,000.

New Zealand stamps overprinted.

Wmk N.Z. and star.

½d. green, surch. "Aitutaki—Ava Pene" in red, perf. 14.
1d. carmine, surch. "Aitutaki—Tai Pene" in blue, perf. 14.
2½d. blue, surch. "Aitutaki—Rua Pene" Ma Te Ara in red, perf. 11.
3d. brown, surch. "Aitutaki—Toru Pene" in blue, perf. 11.
6d. rose-red, surch. "Aitutaki—Ono Pene" in blue, perf. 11
1s. brown red, surch. "Aitutaki—Tai Tiringi" in blue, perf. 11.

Antigua is once more provided with a separate series of postage stamps. From 1862 to 1890 it had its own stamps, but in 1890 its separate issue was superseded by the general issue for "Leeward Islands." Now it reverts to a separate issue. The design of the low values including the 1s., is that of the Seal of the Presidency of Antigua, and of the three high values, 2s., 2s. 6d., and 5s., bears the King's head.

Wmk. Cr. C.C. Perf. 14.

½d. green, centre black.
1d. carmine, centre black.
3d. brown, centre purple.
2½d. ultramarine, centre black.
3d. orange, centre green.
6d. black, centre mauve.
1s. purple, centre royal blue.
2s.
2s. 6d.
5s.

Canada.—Of the new King's Head series the following values have been received :—1c., green, 2c. carmine, 5c. deep blue, 7c. olive yellow, and 10c. brown lilac. The American Banknote Co. has redrawn the design engraved and prepared by Messrs. Perkins, Bacon and Co., and spoilt much of the effect of the original design. The American Co. is evidently unequal to the reproduction of such a fine design as that which was prepared for their use by the well-known English firm.

Perf. 12.

1c. green.
2c. carmine.
5c. deep blue.
7c. olive yellow.
10c. puce.

Ceylon.—We have received two more values of the King's head series, viz., 5c. purple, and 15c. ultramarine. The 5c. is a new design, the 15c. is of the same design as the 30c. illustrated. Up to date the list of King's heads stands as follows :—

Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

4c. orange, value in blue.
5c. purple.
15c. ultramarine.
30c. violet, value in green.

Johore.—The obsolete 4 cents, green and carmine, has been surcharged "10 cents." and the current 4 cents. yellow and carmine has been surcharged "3 cents." It is very unusual to overprint any value with a higher denomination, as in the case of the 10c. on 4c., for it opens the door to fraud.

Wmk. Cross. Perf. 14.

10c. on 4c. green and carmine.
8c. on 4c. yellow and carmine.

Orange Free State.—All the low values of the new series with the King's head have been received from this colony. The colours are striking and effective, especially in the bi-coloured stamps of the series.

Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

½d green.
1d. carmine.
2d chocolate.
2½d ultramarine.
3d. mauve.
4d. olive, head carmine.
6d. mauve, head carmine.
1s. ochre.

Servia.—As stated in the last number of THE CAPTAIN, a new series with the portrait of the late King, which was prepared in Paris, has been overprinted with the arms of Servia, and issued pending the preparation of a new series. As will be seen from our illustration, the portrait of the murdered King Alexander has been most effectually obliterated. The stamps are bicoloured, the portrait being printed, as some superstitious folks will think, most ominously in black

throughout the series. None of this Alexander series have been issued without the overprinted arms.

Overprinted Arms. Perf. 13½.

1p. pale rose, portrait black, overprint in blue.
5p. yellow green, portrait black, overprint in blue.
10p. carmine, portrait black, overprint in black.
15p. olive, portrait in black, overprint in black.
20p. orange, portrait black, overprint in black.
25p. blue, portrait black, overprint in black.
50p. grey, portrait black, overprint in red.
1d. green, portrait black, overprint in brown.
3d. violet, portrait black, overprint in claret.
5d. brown, portrait black, overprint in blue.

Sierra Leone has commenced the issue of a King's Head series with a penny value which has just come to hand. It is of the more common colonial De la Rue type, and is printed in the favourite fugitive colour, purple, with the name and value in carmine.

Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

1d. purple and carmine.

Spain, Morocco. — Here is an illustration of the current stamps of Spain overprinted for use in Morocco. So far only three values have been issued.

Current Stamps of Spain Overprinted.

5c. green.
10c. rose.
25c blue.

United States.—The 10c and the high values have now been received, completing the new series. The stamps of this series make one of the finest sets of modern issues.

The full series is made up as follows :—

1c. green, Franklin.
2c. carmine, Washington.
3c. violet, Jackson.
4c. brown, Grant.
5c. dark blue, Lincoln.
6c black, Martha Washington.
10c. brown, Webster.
15c. sepia, Hamilton.
15c. olive green, Clay.
50c. orange, Jefferson.
1d. black, Farragut.
2d. dark blue, Madison.
5d. dark green, Marshall.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. M. (Manchester).—"Chalky paper" means paper with a surface highly got up with a composition of chalk, which is considered more effective for printing the stamps. You can tell a chalky surfaced paper by lightly drawing a silver coin over the surface. If the paper is what is termed chalky, the coin will make a light pencil line, if it is not chalky the coin will not mark. As further evidencing the chalky character of the surface the line made by the silver can be easily dusted off with a clean silk handkerchief.

Swapo.—It is impossible for me to say from your list whether your St. Helenas are rare or otherwise. There are over 40 varieties of surcharged varieties, some in length of line, some in perforation, etc. You had better consult a catalogue. The New Zealand error, "Wakátipu," instead of "Wakatipu," is catalogued at 3d. unused and 10d. used. It is not by any means scarce, nor is it ever likely to be, for too many were issued.

W. G. (Leicester).—The varieties you mention are not priced in any catalogue.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., U.S. 15c., 1dol., 2dol., and 3dol., Servia, full set.

J. W. Jones, Antigua, ½d.

W. H. Peckitt, Antigua, 2s., 2s. 6d., and 5s., Orange Free State, ½d. to 1s.

Whitfield King & Co., Antigua, ½d. to 1s., Canada, King's head, 1c. to 10c., Ceylon, 5c. and 15c., Servia, full set, Sierra Leone, King's head, 1d.

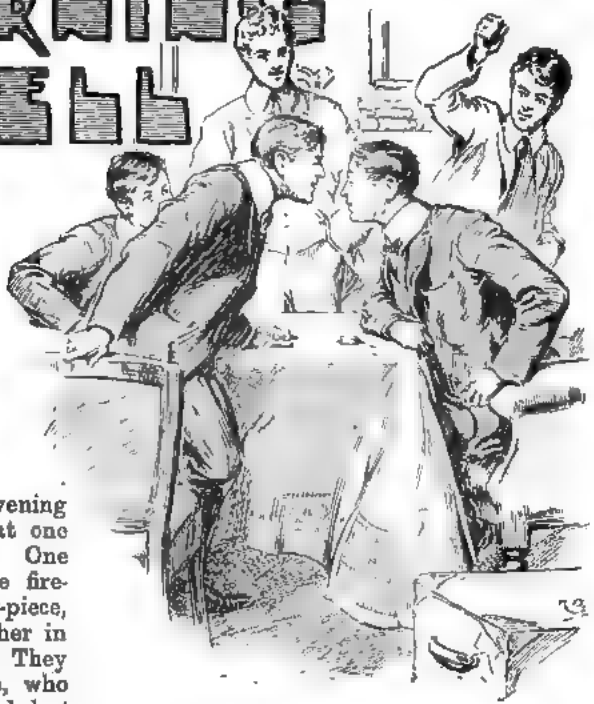
VALUATION OF STAMPS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Our readers are requested to bear in mind that Mr. Nankivell can only undertake to give advice by post in exceptional cases. Such excellent Catalogues are now available that any collector may, with very little trouble, work out for himself the catalogue value of his collection. There is, therefore, no necessity for sending Mr. Nankivell ordinary stamps for valuation, but he will always gladly help in the case of any stamp that puzzles a CAPTAIN *reader, or that is left unpriced in the Catalogues. It must be understood, however, that we cannot hold ourselves responsible for stamps thus sent for valuation.*

ED. CAPTAIN.

CONCERNING DARRELL



By H. N. DICKINSON.

Illustrated by
REX OSBORNE.

I.

FIVE boys were assembled one evening in a small room in a house at one of the greater public schools. One of them was standing by the fireplace with his back to the chimney-piece, and the others were at the table, rather in the manner of a committee meeting. They were all fifteen years old, except one, who was fourteen, and it was he who had last spoken, banging his fist on the table and saying, "I give it up!"

After that there was a pause. For an hour and more they had sat here discussing a vital matter, and their faces were blank with disappointment and despair. One of their number, Tommy Darrell, the one who was standing in sullen wretchedness by the fire-place, had for the fourth time been discovered smoking. He was caught by Brockley, the captain of the house, between whom and the housemaster there existed a notorious alliance for the uprooting of this particular vice. A month ago, Darrell had been told that if he smoked again he would be sacked from the house, and as Brockley had declared his intention of reporting him this time, the sentence was as good as passed. *If only Brockley could be kept back!* This was the problem which had kept Darrell's four friends locked in council in his room for an hour past. A string of futile suggestions had been made, and a deputation had been sent to wait on Brockley himself, but all without avail. Despair grew upon them like a fever, and the suggestions became wilder and wilder. The awful thing was that at half-past eight the time would come for Brockley to fling his bomb and report the case to Mr. McMichael, for from half-past eight to half-past nine each night this worthy housemaster waited in his study to grant interviews to such of his boys as should wish to see him. And it was ten minutes past eight already! Darrell himself had long since given up all hope, and his brown face was set doggedly in contemplation of disaster, and no one was more scornful than he in ridiculing the silly proposals that were made. The others were all much distressed. One of them in particular was suffering acutely. This was Peter Wenburn, the fourteen-year-old boy whose mind had somehow fixed itself upon a picture in the past in which he saw himself the small victim of a band of schoolboy persecutors, terrified and despairing, but rescued at last by this same rough Darrell who was now in peril. How much would he have given to be able to say at this moment, "You saved me and now I will save you!"

Suddenly the three boys at the table became excited.

"Hullo, Wenburn," said one of them, "what's up? Out with it!"

Even Darrell was interested, and a gleam

of hope came into his face. Fitzgerald positively clutched at the table-cloth in his excitement. And the cause of it was that Peter Wenburn's big blue eyes were slowly filling with tears, while a most seraphic expression began to appear upon his face. To an outsider there would have seemed but little room for hope in this. These boys, however, were well acquainted with Peter. It was one of his peculiarities that he would persist in weeping where others laughed, and in laughing when you would have expected him to weep. And the sight of his saint-like countenance and swelling tears was the one encouraging feature of the whole hour.

"I've had a most beautiful thought," he said.

"Oh, stop that rot," said one of the others; "what have you thought of?"

But Peter had not the smallest intention of lessening the dramatic interest of the situation. He continued to weep.

"It's simply beautiful," he said. He took out his watch and laid it on the table in front of him. "And we've twenty minutes to do it in. If there was time I'd explain all about it. But you see, the sad thing is that there isn't any time." And yet he did not appear to be hurried in the slightest degree.

They all fell upon him and battered him till he should behave himself more sensibly. They knew so well how to manage him.

"Perhaps," he said, "when you've all quite done, you'll do something useful. Of course, it *is* very useful to smash my back-bone, but it would be more useful just now if one of you would go and get my brother. I know you all hate him, but we must have him. *You* go, Fitz, will you. And look here, Fatty, you go and get Mackenzie. We want him, too. And go as fast as ever you can cut."

The boys obeyed him without a word. Each one of them had the blindest confidence in Peter and his tears. He was a fool at games, and a fool at work, and a fool among most of his schoolfellows. But his friends very well knew that when they were at their wits' end for a way of escape from a difficulty, or, indeed, for a means of getting themselves fairly launched upon one, or for a way of passing an hour that was boring and without employment, Peter was pretty sure to find a method before it was too late.

So Mackenzie and the elder Wenburn were brought to Darrell's room, and there, to the wild delight of his friends, Peter expounded the most beautiful thing he had ever thought of. His emotion was so intense that he began gesticulating and throwing himself about like an excited bishop. When they held back from his proposals he poured forth his eloquence till he had won them over, and when any one of them could not understand what was expected of him by the plan, Peter seized hold of him and bubbled and spluttered and raved till his victim felt confident he could have won the battle of Waterloo over again. And before the clock gave out the half hour the plan had in real earnest begun to work, and they had nailed up Brockley in his room.

"Just wait!" said Brockley.

II.

HERBERT JAMES McMICHAEL, Master of Arts, and famous player of golf, had partaken of coffee in his wife's drawing-room. It was half past eight, and the stern calls of duty demanded that he should leave the partner of his life with her novel and her knitting and take up the burden of his official position in his study. But if you had seen him trotting across the hall, you would have felt pretty sure that something besides the performance of his duty awaited him there. Almost forgetting to switch on the light, so great was his eagerness, he dashed himself into the chair at his desk and spread out before him the proof sheets of his annotated translation of Æschylus, which was his hobby and passion. It was not very often that his boys made use of the privilege of interviewing him, and from now till prayer-time at ten o'clock he could work at his papers, nor would Mrs. McMichael have any reasonable grounds for saying she was neglected. It was the happiest hour of the twenty-four, and it was not only an hour but an hour and a half. Careful Thompson had placed the cigarettes ready to hand. This was, indeed, heavenly.

But it was not for three minutes that he had enjoyed his pleasures before some one knocked at the door and he was compelled to sigh, "Come in!"

It was Wenburn minor, an uninteresting, unsatisfactory lad.

"Ah, Wenburn," he said, resolved to do his duty, "you wish to see me?"

Peter looked as if he had met a ghost in the hall. He shut the door hastily, and stood in front of Mr. McMichael, trembling. Evidently the poor boy was going to confess some terrible crime. The master hoped it would not be a long one.

"Oh, please, sir," said Peter, nervously, "please sir, I want to speak to you, sir. It's about Darrell, sir."

"About Darrell! Well, well?" Mr. McMichael cast longing glances at his proof-slips.

"You said we might come to you if we were in trouble, sir."

"Yes. Make haste, my dear boy."

"And I *am* in trouble, sir. I'd like to die. Darrell is so unkind to me. No one has any idea what I suffer. He's a bully, and he bullies me, sir, and I'm very unhappy. My life's a burden."

"What has Darrell done to you?" the master asked.

"He flicks me, sir, with a wet towel, and puts salt in my tea, and tells me I'm poisoned."

"You should have told me before," said Mr. McMichael. "And you should never have allowed yourself to be bullied like that. It shows a cowardly spirit, and I am ashamed of you. However, I will stop it. I will speak to Darrell to-morrow. Now you can go."

Peter withdrew slowly. At the door he whimpered a farewell.

"I beg your pardon for troubling you, sir," he said, "but I was so very unhappy, sir."

Mr. McMichael spared an instant to reflect on Peter's unpleasant meanness, and to congratulate himself upon having judged Darrell's character rightly. Then to his Æschylus again! One interruption does not spoil an evening any more than one swallow makes a summer. In five minutes' time he was smiling and itching with the pleasure of it. He made a correction in red ink, and an addition in green, and changed a comma into a semi-colon. Then came another tap at the door. Poor Mr. McMichael had not had such bad luck for a fortnight.

It was young Fitzgerald, and though he was a favourite, Mr. McMichael felt extreme annoyance.

"Well, Fitzgerald, what can I do for you?"

The boy was unusually nervous and uncomfortable. He hesitated for a moment,

THEY NAILED UP BROCKLEY IN HIS ROOM.

and then, putting his hands behind his back, blurted out his business.

"If you please, sir, I want to speak to you about something. I am thinking of the honour of the house, or I would not betray a schoolfellow. It's about Darrell."

"Thank you, Fitzgerald," said Mr. McMichael, with sudden cheerfulness, "I've heard all about Darrell already. You need

not trouble. I have promised to see to it. He shall not bully any of the boys in the future."

"It's not bullying, sir," replied Fitzgerald, "it's using cribs. He uses cribs every day. I have asked him to stop, but he won't, so I have come to you. Cribs aren't fair, and it's very wrong to use them. Darrell says he doesn't care about the honour of the house, because if he uses cribs it saves him trouble."

Here Fitzgerald gave a sigh of relief, like one whose work is done. He began to cast glances at the door.

"What cribs does he use?" said the master.

Fitzgerald looked up to the ceiling and down again.

"Livy," he said, with conviction.

"Darrell is in my form," replied Mr. McMichael, "and, as we are not doing Livy, I fail to see of what use it would be to him."

"Oh—er—I expect he keeps the Livy crib to deceive us," said the boy. "He probably has lots of others. I've done my duty in telling you. May I go now, sir."

"You may, Fitzgerald. I shall be speaking to Darrell to-morrow, and I will ask him about this."

Fitzgerald's anxious face cleared, and he left the room.

Mr. McMichael settled himself to work again, but peace was not his portion that night. Thompson brought him a telegram from some blockhead of a parent who was going to descend upon him the next day. Then came Mackenzie, a goggle-eyed, round-backed scholar of seventeen, whose position in the school demanded attention. The master wearily listened to a long preliminary announcement, and then awoke to some sort of interest when Mackenzie said his reason for coming was that he had found a clue to the recent mysterious fire in Westley's tea-rooms. It would be interesting for Mr. McMichael to get news even before the police. He enquired what Mackenzie's idea might be, and Mackenzie regretted to say that there was a boy in the house who had recently been seen playing with matches and expressing dislike for Mr. Westley, with whom he had contracted debts. Who was the boy? It was Darrell.

Certainly, the coincidence was remarkable, and it forcibly struck Mr. McMichael. That three people should accuse Darrell of three crimes within one half hour was very strange, and had not Mackenzie been a person of such worth and respectability, Mr. McMichael would have almost believed that he was being imposed upon. He could not conceive of Mackenzie being connected with such a plot. On the other hand, it may be added, he did not know that the quiet scholar detested Brockley and all his works.

So adverse were the fates that night that even before Mackenzie had left the room, another boy had come to seek an interview. It was Leacroft, one of Darrell's four friends.

"Please, sir, I've come to tell you about the drinking that goes on in the house. It's disgraceful. I'm made to join in, and my life's a burden."

Mr. McMichael had heard that phrase before. He waved Mackenzie from the room and assumed a very severe expression of face.

"I presume you mean that Darrell drinks?" he said, sarcastically.

"Yes, sir, it was Darrell I meant."

"Then you can write me out a Georgic before to-morrow evening. This is the most disgraceful impudence I ever met with. Leave the room! If any other boy comes to me with these stories, I shall send him to the head-master."

"But, sir——!"

"Leave the room!"

Since Leacroft was Darrell's bosom friend, and since all the world knew it, Mr. McMichael was justified in suspecting that Leacroft's accusation, coming after the others, was not worthy of very serious consideration. And that four of his boys should conspire to play this abominable trick upon him at a time when he was pining and craving for an opportunity to work at his Æschylus was enough to try severely the temper even of so noted a golf-player as Mr. McMichael. He grasped his pen desperately and cast a vindictive glance at the clock, which stood at ten minutes past nine. He had still nearly an hour in which to do his work. But unfortunately his temper could not well stand such a shock as he had received. Instead of thinking of Æschylus, his mind wandered off and poked about for reasons for the strange conspiracy which these boys had formed for his annoyance. It was not usual. Was it merely to annoy him, or had Darrell incurred unpopularity, and did the boys hope to bring him into trouble? Mr. McMichael drew his pen heavily through a sentence that he had no sort of desire to erase, a calamity which so embittered his disposition that he got up and paced the room till he should feel better. At a quarter past nine he was visited by the elder Wenburn, Peter's brother. He assumed a judicial air, and asked what the boy wanted.

"I'm sorry to say, sir," said Wenburn,

gravely, "that money has recently been missed in the house."

"Then if you propose to accuse Darrell of stealing it," replied the master, "I advise you to proceed no further. I am in no mood to be trifled with."

"I do not wish to accuse any one," said Wenburn, "but Matthews lost a postal order the day before yesterday, and to-day it has been found in another boy's pocket, and, thinking of the honour of the house, I thought I ought to let you know. It is a fact, not an accusation."

"WHAT?" ROARED MR. McMICHAEL. "WHAT, SIR?"

"Whose pocket was it found in?"

"I can't say."

"Why not?"

"Because I have been told that if I mentioned his name I should be sent to the headmaster."

"Am I to understand that you refer to Darrell?"

Wenburn looked despairingly into the master's face.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I refer to Darrell."

Then Mr. McMichael's judicial coolness forsook him, and he shouted out his wrath in loud, full-mouthed abuse, threatening the direst penalties, till poor Wenburn bitterly repented of having lent himself to Peter's plots. He was thankful to get out of the room, and so to escape from the terrors of the law, if only for a season. His first thought was to find Peter and make use of some of the expressive words he had just heard from Mr. McMichael's lips. But Peter and company received him with amiable enthusiasm, and quite ignored his anger. One look at his face was enough to tell them how remarkably fitting was the occasion for Brockley's visit to the housemaster.

III.

THEY hurried to the door of Brockley's room.

"Too late, Brockley! Too late, poor Brockley! You can't do it to-night," sang out Peter.

"Don't you wish it wasn't half past nine, you bearer of false witness against your neighbour!"

"We're going to let you out, now."

"All dogs are to be unmuzzled at half past nine!"

The nails were drawn out, the door was opened, and Brockley was disclosed, in appearance not altogether dignified, but very terrible.

"You will all suffer for this," he said. "And you may not be aware that it isn't twenty-five past nine yet, and so all your pretty plans have failed. Let me pass, please!"

"Oh, Brockley, *don't*," said Peter.

"Let's nail him up again," said another.

Despair sat on the faces of all as the triumphant Brockley passed between them and marched off proudly with flying colours to do the deed. He stalked downstairs with uplifted head. He blew his nose haughtily, and fixed his spectacles firmly upon the same member, and smoothed his hair. He knocked at the door, and entered with the assurance of a conquering general or a favourite Persian cat. But he was not welcome.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, sir," he said.

"I've been a good deal disturbed to-night," Mr. McMichael replied.

"Have you, sir?" said Brockley, full of sympathy. "I'm sorry; I wonder why!"

"Then you haven't heard of all this nonsense that has been going on in the house?"

Naturally poor Brockley had not. He did not wish the master to hear of the rather ignominious manner in which his last hour had been passed. But he resolved to clear himself of all suspicion of sharing in any nonsense whatsoever.

"I've heard of nothing to-night," he replied. "Indeed, I've spoken to no one. I've been alone in my room. I had no idea there was anything at all going on in the house—no idea at all."

This explicit and thorough denial, though characteristic of the poor boy, did not please Mr. McMichael. He looked unpleasant. Brockley became nervous.

"But there's a matter I wanted to mention to you," he said. "I would not have troubled you if it had not been that the honour of the house——"

"Well, well, what is it?" demanded Mr. McMichael. His sharp manner alarmed poor Brockley dreadfully.

"There's been more smoking," he said. "I'm afraid it'll make you very angry, sir, but this afternoon I smelt smoke and went round from room to room, and when I came to Darrell's——"

"*What?*" roared Mr. McMichael. "*What*, sir?"

Brockley felt the room going round him.

"Do you think I am going to allow this insolence from you? You, the head boy of this house? Are you off your head? Never in all my life have I known such rank impertinence! It's a disgrace to the school. It's a——"

"I didn't mean to make you angry, sir, really I didn't," the astonished Brockley pleaded.

"Oh, you didn't, didn't you? It's just a joke, I suppose. You wish me to see the humour of it, do you? It's a joke!"

"No, sir," said Brockley; "it wasn't meant for a joke. It was only a—a sort of indiscretion, I'm afraid. I didn't think—I didn't realise——"

"Leave the room!" the master shouted; "leave the room! Thank your past good character for your escape. And if ever you dare to mix yourself up in such an affair again—you'll have cause to remember it. Never let me hear you mention Darrell's name again. Go!"

And thus Darrell was saved. There was Mr. McMichael's vengeance for the insult, Brockley's vengeance for his hour's imprisonment, everybody's vengeance on Peter for the trouble he had caused by the beautiful plan that had so greatly delighted them at first. But to Peter it was delightful still. He wrote yards of lyrical poetry in commemoration of it.

For it is to be feared he did not realise, as we do, how very wicked it was. You see, it made such a good story. Even Mr. McMichael saw what a good story it made, when Peter was at a leaving dinner three years afterwards and told him about it. Peter told a story well, and the translation of Æschylus had been published by that time.

SOME ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Football.—Nearly all the leading makers of cricket goods also supply football gear of every description. You may rely upon excellent football gear from any well-known cricket firm, which naturally does not wish to lose its name for cricket material by selling poor footballs, etc. You are sure of attention and satisfaction from Messrs. Gradidge and Sons of Woolwich; they are as well-known for footballs as for cricket bats.

R. L. Foster.—The fact that the bowler knocks the bails off his end in delivering the ball makes no difference. In such a case the striker is out if he is bowled or caught, etc. But the striker has, in such a case, the option of not taking the ball, for he might find himself baulked by the breaking of the bowler's wicket. But the striker must make it quite clear that he has not attempted to play the ball. I cannot give you the correct dimensions of a No. 6 bat. There is no uniform standard.

Playfair.—There is no rule against a bowler varying his delivery from under- to over-arm. The umpire decides points of fair and unfair play not directly provided for in the rules; but I do not think there is anything unfair in such a change of delivery. There is no rule against the use of resin or other sticky stuff on wicket-keeping gloves.

E. C. Aitken (Jamaica).—I do not know what cocoa-nut oil is like, but I see no reason why it should not do very well for bats. There is no particular virtue in linseed or olive oil as far as I am aware. You might try your native oil. Odd and Sons are famous bat makers. Their bats have been much used by county cricketers.

Walkererde.—There are many absurdities in the county championship. It would certainly be fairer if all counties played the same number of matches. Middlesex please themselves about the number they play, provided they play enough to qualify. But it is only fair to remember that they play all the stronger counties. Thank you for your kind remarks.

Myop.—I am afraid I can only refer you to an oculist. Take my advice and have your eyes examined at once. The eyesight is a very precious possession. It is, I believe, a great mistake to try to dispense with glasses if your eyesight requires them.

A New Reader.—K. S. Ranjitsinhji was, I believe, the first to make 3,000 runs. I do not think either Dr. W. G. Grace or Major Poore has done so.

J. A. Duff.—See answer to Playfair above. I shall be glad to give you any advice I can about your shoulder; but I am not a surgeon!

Anonymous (Bognor).—When in use wipe your bat over with an oily rag two or three times a week. Keep it in a dry, cool place in winter, and oil it about once a fortnight. If the batsmen have run nine runs before lost-ball is called, they score nine runs, not six or fifteen.

G. G. R.—I will give some hints about playing off-break bowling on sticky wickets next spring, if you will remind me. Once master the correct method of playing back to straight, good length balls, and you will find off breaks easy enough to negotiate on all wickets that do not play very quick as well as very sticky.

A. C. Y.—Nearly all the county grounds are first-rate. The pitches at Taunton and Nottingham are probably the most favourable to batsmen. But for fielding and all points included, I consider Old Trafford to be the best ground.

H. B. Speight.—Bingfield had no right to refuse to play for the 35 remaining minutes. A win on the first innings only counts when it is finally proved that the sides cannot finish two innings each, or decide the game on two innings each; unless, of course, both sides agree. According to the law, Shipton could claim the match.

Cello.—I cannot enter into controversies about the merits of county captains. We all hope sincerely that Bobby Abel will recover his best health and form.

H. Bond.—People often grow considerably between the ages of 17 and 21, so you have certainly a chance of reaching the standard height for the Metropolitan Police. Yes, it would do you good to join a volunteer corps, and take part in drills. But you should also get as much out-door exercise as possible, and play games.

W. B. Faull.—The captains are as follows:—Gloucester, G. L. Jessop; Surrey, L. Walker; Middlesex, G. Macgregor; Hants, E. M. Sprot; Warwick, F. J. Byrne; Leicester, C. E. de Trafford; Derby, F. A. Lawton. Buckenham and Brearley are fast bowlers; Mead, Hearne, Haigh, Lees and Rawlin are medium pace; Vine, slow medium.

W. F. Allen.—B. J. T. Bosanquet is pronounced with a long o, and the accent on the first syllable.

Lee-Metford.—Any gun-maker would get you a regulation sling, or one of the same sort, for your rifle. The violent throbbing you feel in your head after hard exercise is a sign that you have put considerable strain on your heart. You would do

well to be examined by a doctor to discover whether you are fit for violent exercise.

A. Newsome.—The ball is not made dead by hitting the umpire, so the batsman was legally out. It was the duty of the batsman to see all that happened, and it was his failing to do so that cost him his wicket. Of course it was very bad luck.

J. F. Dimock.—If the batsman is out of his ground and misses the ball, and it rebounds from the wicket-keeper's pads into the wicket, the batsman is out stumped. If the batsman just snicked the ball, and the same thing occurred, he would be accounted run out.

A. Wallace.—Your measurements are good, especially the chest expansion. Clearly, as you are only sixteen, you are likely to grow taller.

J. and H. Ward.—(1) One side boundary at Hove is on the short side when the wicket is pitched on the edge of the wicket-area. Runs are not any easier to get at Hove than on most of the county grounds. (2) If I could not afford to play first-class cricket, I certainly should not become a professional. I do not know what a paid amateur is. (3) H. K. Foster has taken wickets.

C. M'C. Brooks.—The reason you cannot play your former game on your present wickets is that bad wickets require a totally different style from good. On bad wickets you must rely on back play except for over-pitched balls, which you must drive. Forward play of the orthodox style is entirely useless on bad wickets.

K. Dowie (Montreal).—Practise taking the same run-up to bowl every time. Make a mark where you start the run, and if you find yourself over-stepping the crease, move the mark back about a foot. You should not have to think about your run-up; if you do you are likely to bowl badly. Make a habit of a certain run-up, and concentrate your mind upon bowling a good ball.

Aug.—Unless you are a natural cutter, the best way to play shortish good length balls on and outside the off-stump (unless too wide), is to play them back. Get well over the ball, and if you find you can force the ball past the in-field, by all means do so.

Post-cards.—Readers who send me picture post-cards to various cricket grounds must understand that I cannot undertake to sign them, much less to get other players' signatures. The cards may turn up again or they may not. I disclaim all responsibility.

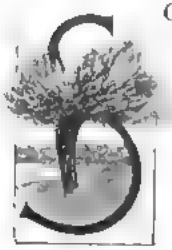
C. B. Fry

WHERE TORPEDO SHELLS ARE TESTED.

The above illustration shows how makers of torpedo shells test their wares before handing them over to the Governments. They are fired at the targets from special machines. Although the work is naturally attended with some amount of danger, it is very seldom indeed that any serious accident occurs.

Twice in the Jaws of a Tiger.

By R. EVANS.



SOME time ago an article in a magazine on tiger-hunting called forth a lively discussion amongst some friends of mine as we were smoking our after-dinner pipes. Some one pooh-poohed the whole thing, and said that there was no sport in it—the animals were afraid of you, and so on, and there was no pluck required. I do not take upon myself to say whether this is true or false. It may or may not require a certain amount of courage to face a brute which is quite capable of killing you if you miss it, even though you have a splendid breechloading gun. But this I do maintain, as I then maintained it: in the old days of muzzle-loaders a very considerable degree of pluck was required on the part of the tiger-hunter. The following incident will, I think, amply bear out my contention. The hero of the story was my great-great-grandfather, and his original letter, which I copy word for word, now lies before me. One cannot but admire the matter-of-fact way in which he treats the whole thing. He was twice in the jaws of a tiger. I have never heard of any one who was more than once in that singularly unpleasant position; he first found the tiger "devouring his left arm," next, while he was congratulating himself on having escaped from his clutches, the brute got him again, this time by the right thigh. And yet, in responding to a request to write an account of what was in all probability an escape without any parallel, he simply says, "The event is sufficiently impressed on my memory to enable me to comply with your request." I will not, however, spoil the story by commenting further upon it. I place the simple record before the readers of THE CAPTAIN as a really remarkable adventure which tends to show that in the last century, at least, tiger-hunting was attended with considerable dangers, and demanded no ordinary degree of pluck; it shows, moreover, what manner of men they were who built up our Indian empire.

WILLIAM HARWOOD, WHO WAS TWICE ATTACKED BY A TIGER
From a painting.

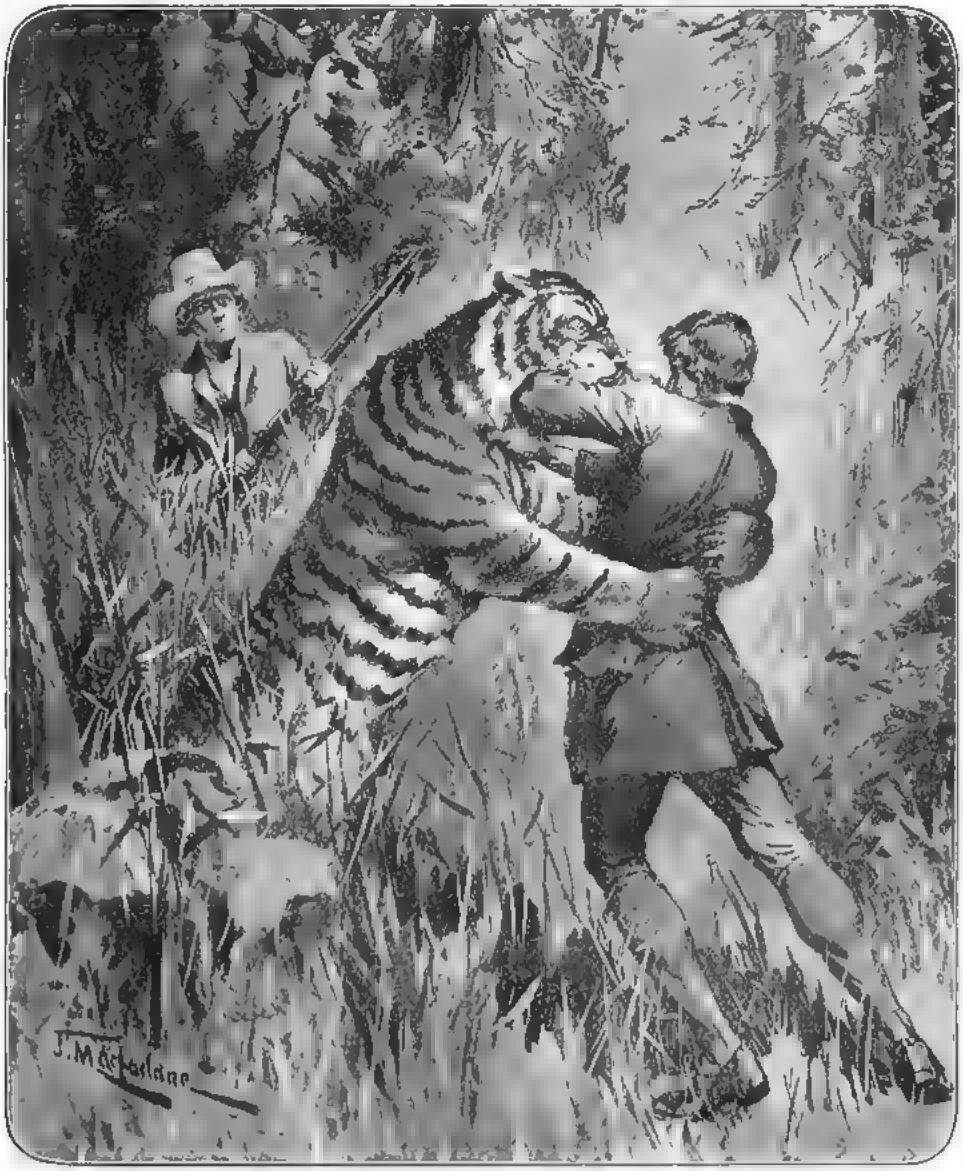
"LONDON,
"FEBRUARY 1ST,
1800.

"SIR,

"Though a considerable time has elapsed since my rencontre with the tiger, yet it is sufficiently impressed on my memory to enable me to comply with your request, and to relate the most particular circumstances.

"On the 15th January, 1776, being chief of the Council of Revenue of Dinagepore, in Bengal, Rajah Bidenant sent to inform me that his huntsmen had surrounded a tiger with a net at about two miles distance, and invited me and the gentlemen of the factory to see some royal sport. I accepted this invitation, and, accompanied by all the Europeans present, to the number of fifteen or sixteen, went after breakfast to the spot, where I found the Rajah had erected a temporary stage for our accommodation. The space enclosed by the netting might be about thirty yards square, full of briars and underwood and very long grass. It was a considerable time before the rockets and crackers which were thrown in to rouse the tiger had any effect. At length, however, he sprang up, and, with a tremendous roar, made a violent effort to escape; but the netting withstood his endeavours, and the multitudes of spearsmen, etc., who received him with weapons of all descriptions, obliged him almost instantly to retire into the thickest part of the cover. It was not long, however, ere he made a second attempt. Evidently perturbed by the fire and noise which surrounded him, with a fierceness and fury not to be resisted he again sprang upon the netting; it gave way before him, and in a moment he was at large and in the midst of the mob who were collected in great numbers to enjoy the sport. Thus situated, as you may easily suppose, he had little time to attack particular persons, but hastened to rid himself of such troublesome visitors as speedily as possible. It was, therefore, almost laughable to observe with what expedition he put this

man by to the right, and that to the left, marking with his claws the arms of one and the thighs of another, as happened to be in the line of his flight. He immediately made across some meadows and soon reached another thicket, though not till almost every gentleman and many of the natives had discharged their muskets at him. By this time, it was near four o'clock in the afternoon, and it was determined, against every suggestion of prudence and propriety, not to wait for the nets being placed round the copse, but to arouse and attack him without them. Elated by the sport, we neither took nor thought of precautions for personal safety, but pressed



HE HAD MY LEFT ARM FAST IN HIS JAWS.

round the thicket with as little hesitation as if the enemy were already disarmed and at our mercy. Just at this time I saw him crouched at a small distance from me; I fired my piece with good aim, and as the

animal did not attempt to move or alter his position, I concluded I had killed him. I had already put the bushes aside, and was proceeding on my hands and knees to creep in and bring the victim to the plain, when my brother (the present Professor of Anatomy at Cambridge, Sir Beusick Harwood) requested me to wait till he had given his fire, that we might make it certain no accident could happen. I objected to this over-caution, as I thought it, saying we should spoil the skin by making too many shot-holes in it. However, he fired his piece, and at that very same instant the tiger sprang upon me and bore me down. On the first moment of recollection I found him devouring my left arm; then, by the utmost exertion of my strength and activity, I contrived to get upon my legs, though much incommoded by briars and underwood. The animal soon succeeded in getting his two fore feet round my body, and had my left arm fast in his jaws; in this way I shoved him, instinctively as it were, before me, till at length, some friendly little bush entangling his hind legs, he fell backwards, and in falling he quitted his hold of me, and thus was I fortunately liberated from my enemy, who then crept very quietly towards the edge of the thicket, intending, no doubt, to seek a safer asylum. But this he was not permitted to do, for the fellows who, with their sticks and staves and spears and drums, surrounded the copse in every direction, feeling themselves valiant from their noise and numbers, met him at the outskirts and literally beat him in again. Unfortunately for me, he returned by the same course he went, and before I had time or recollection to move five steps from the spot where he had left me, he again flew at me and seized me by the right thigh, this, too, at the moment when I began to congratulate myself at having escaped from his clutches. It was in vain that I kicked him and hauled him about, hanging as he was with all his weight on my thigh; but, having recovered from the terror of the first outset, I was now perfectly collected and aware of my situation. A large tree, some of whose branches approached very near the ground, was not many steps from me. I hauled my adversary after me towards it, and, laying hold of the first branch I could reach, I lifted myself off the ground by the strength of my arms, so that he hung suspended in the air, attached to my thigh by the force of his teeth. It could not have been possible for either of us to continue many minutes in this extremity, and happy it was for me that, maimed and wounded and faint as he was, he once more let go his hold, and, dropping on the ground, crashed away from me into the thick part of the copse. I no sooner saw the way clear than in an instant I forced through thorns and briars and all other obstacles, and rejoined my friends, who had given me up for lost. An examination of my wounds immediately took place, and we were agreeably surprised to find them chiefly confined to the fleshy parts of my arm and thigh. There was none mortal, though I was fainting from the loss of blood. In short, by means of the able and attentive assistance I had with me, I perfectly recovered the use of both arm and thigh in the course of a month.

"Some of my friends, exasperated at what had happened, would not quit the field till they had fully revenged my sufferings, and in the evening I had the satisfaction of seeing the dead tiger brought to my house. The whole time I was actively engaged in this rencontre I am sure did not exceed three minutes, and although my dearest friends and about fifty other people were within five yards of me, it was not possible for any of them to render me the least assistance, fearing that a shot from a musket or stroke from a spear or sabre, though intended to destroy my adversary, in the quick succession and change of place and attitude which fluctuated every minute, might fall upon me.

"I hope the above detail has not been too tedious, and that you will allow me to subscribe myself,

"Dear Sir, etc.,

"WILLIAM HARWOOD."

I venture to think that few men have lived to tell such a thrilling story as this, and that, of those few, not one could have told it more simply and modestly. The pluck and the strength that William Harwood exhibited on this occasion were things that a man might well boast of.

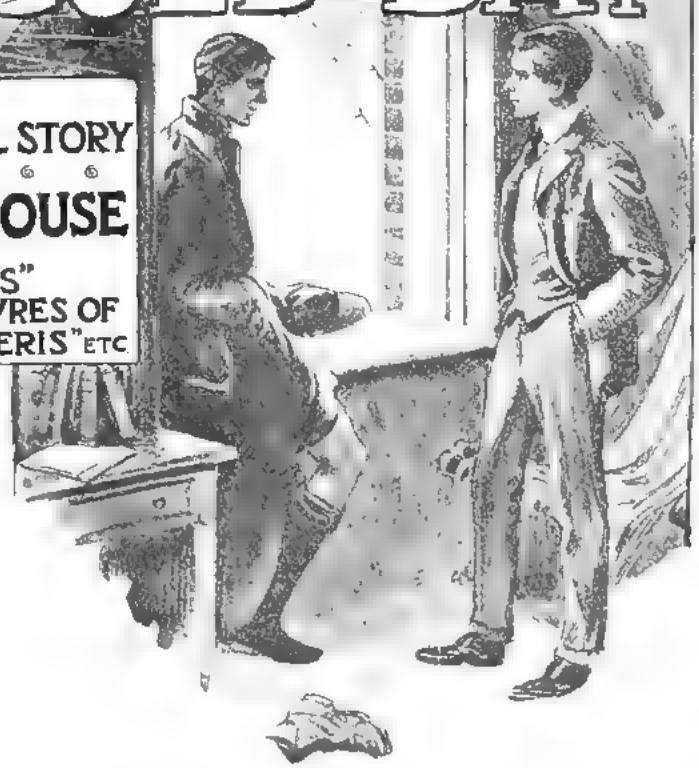
THE GOLD BAT

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY

BY

P. G. WODEHOUSE

AUTHOR OF "THE POTHUNTERS" "THE MANŒUVRES OF CHARTERIS" ETC.



Illustrated by

T. M. R. WHITWELL.

CHAPTER I.

THE DIFFERENT PLACE.

"OUTSIDE

'Don't be an idiot, man, I bagged it first."

"My dear chap, I've been waiting here a month."

When you fellows have *quite* finished rotting about in front of that bath, don't let me detain you."

"Anybody seen that sponge?"

"Well, look here"—this in a tone of compromise—"let's toss for it."

"All right. Odd man out."

All of which, being interpreted, meant that the first match of the Easter term had just come to an end, and that those of the team, who, being day boys, changed over at the pavilion, instead of performing the operation at leisure and in comfort, as did the members of houses, were discussing the vital question—who was to have first bath?

The Field Sports Committee at Wrykyn—that is, at the school which stood some half-mile outside that town and took its name from it—were not lavish in their expenditure as regarded the changing accommodation in the pavilion. Letters appeared in every second number of the *Wrykinian*, some short, others long, some from members of the school, others from Old Boys, all protesting against the condition of the first, second, and third fifteen dressing-rooms. "Indignant" would inquire acidly, in half a page of small type, if the editor happened to be aware that there was no hair-brush in the second room, and only half a comb. "Disgusted O. W." would remark that when he came down with the Wandering Zephyrs to play against the third fifteen, the water supply had suddenly and mysteriously failed, and the W.Z.'s had been obliged to go home as they were in a state of primeval grime, and he thought that this was "a very bad thing in a school of over six hundred boys," though what the number of boys had to do with the fact that there was no water he omitted to explain. The editor would express his regret in brackets, and things would go on as before.

There was only one bath in the first fifteen room, and there were on the present occasion six claimants to it. And each claimant was of the fixed opinion that, whatever happened subsequently, he was going to have it first. Finally, on the suggestion of Otway, who had reduced tossing to a fine art, a mystic game of Tommy Dodd was played. Otway having triumphantly obtained first innings, the conversation reverted to the subject of the match.

The Easter term always opened with a scratch game against a mixed team of masters and old boys, and the school usually won without any great exertion. On this occasion the match had been rather more even than the average, and the team had only just pulled the thing off by a couple of tries to a goal. Otway expressed an opinion that the school had played badly.

"Why on earth don't you forwards let the ball out occasionally?" he asked. Otway was one of the first fifteen halves.

"They were so jolly heavy in the scrum," said Maurice, one of the forwards. "And when we did let it out, the outsides nearly always mucked it."

"Well, it wasn't the halves' fault. We always got it out to the centres."

"It wasn't the centres," put in Robinson. "They played awfully well. Trevor was ripping."

"Trevor always is," said Otway; "I should think he's about the best captain we've had here for a long time. He's certainly one of the best centres."

"Best there's been since Rivers-Jones," said Clephane.

Rivers-Jones was one of those players who mark an epoch. He had been in the team fifteen years ago, and had left Wrykyn to captain Cambridge and play three years in succession for Wales. The school regarded the standard set by him as one that did not admit of comparison. However good a Wrykyn centre three-quarter might be, the most he could hope to be considered was "the best *since* Rivers-Jones." "Since" Rivers-Jones, however, covered fifteen years, and to be looked on as the best centre the school could boast of during that time, meant something. For Wrykyn knew how to play football.

Since it had been decided thus that the faults in the school attack did not lie with the halves, forwards, or centres, it was more or less evident that they must be attributable to the wings. And the search for the weak spot was even further narrowed down by the general verdict that Clowes, on the left wing, had played well. With a beautiful unanimity the six occupants of the first fifteen room came to the conclusion that the man who had let the team down that day had been the man on the right—Rand-Brown, to wit, of Seymour's.

"I'll bet he doesn't stay in the first long," said Clephane, who was now in the bath, *vice* Otway, retired. "I suppose they had to try him, as he was the senior wing three-quarter of the second, but he's no earthly good."

"He only got into the second because he's big," was Robinson's opinion. "A man who's big and strong can always get his second colours."

"Even if he's a funk, like Rand-Brown," said Clephane. "Did any of you chaps notice the way he let Paget through that time he scored for them? He simply didn't attempt to tackle him. He could have brought him down like a shot if he'd only gone for him. Paget was running straight along the touch-line, and hadn't any room to dodge. I know Trevor was jolly sick about it. And then he let him through once before in just the same way in the first half, only Trevor got round and stopped him. He was rank."

"Missed every other pass, too," said Otway.

Clephane summed up.

"He was rank," he said again. "Trevor won't keep him in the team long."

"I wish Paget hadn't left," said Otway. Paget was the wing three-quarter who, by leaving unexpectedly at the end of the Christmas term, had let Rand-Brown into the team, and his loss was likely to be felt. Up till Christmas Wrykyn had done well, and Paget had been their scoring man. Rand-Brown had occupied a similar position in the second fifteen. He was big and speedy, and in second fifteen matches these qualities make up for a great deal. If a man scores one or two tries in nearly every match, people are inclined to overlook in him such failings as timidity and clumsiness. It is only when he comes to be tried in football of a higher class that he is seen through. In the second fifteen the fact that Rand-Brown was afraid to tackle his man had almost escaped notice. But the habit would not do in first fifteen circles.

"All the same," said Clephane, pursuing his subject, "if they don't play him, I don't see who they're going to get. He's the best of the second three-quarters, as far as I can see."

It was this very problem that was puzzling Trevor, as he walked off the field with Paget and Clowes, when they had got into their blazers after the match. Clowes was in the same house as Trevor Donaldson's—and Paget was staying there, too. He had been head of Donaldson's up to Christmas.

"It strikes me," said Paget, "the school haven't got over the holidays yet. I never saw such a lot of slackers. You ought to have taken thirty points off the sort of team you had against you to-day."

"Have you ever known the school play well on the second day of term?" asked Clowes. "The forwards always play as if the whole thing bored them to death."

"It wasn't the forwards that mattered so much," said Trevor. "They'll shake down all

right after a few matches. A little running and passing will put them right."

"Let's hope so," Paget observed, "or we might as well scratch to Ripton at once. There's a jolly sight too much of the mince-pie and Christmas pudding about their play at present." There was a pause. Then Paget brought out the question towards which he had been moving all the time.

"What do you think of Rand-Brown?" he asked.

It was pretty clear by the way he spoke what he thought of that player himself, but in discussing with a football captain the capabilities of the various members of his team, it is best to avoid a too positive statement one way or the other before one has heard his views on the subject. And Paget was one of those people who like to know the opinions of others before committing themselves.

Clowes, on the other hand, was in the habit of forming his views on his own account, and expressing them. If people agreed with them, well and good: it afforded strong presumptive evidence of their sanity. If they disagreed, it was unfortunate, but he was not going to alter his opinions for that, unless convinced at great length that they were unsound. He summed things up, and gave you the result. You could take it or leave it, as you preferred.

"I thought he was bad," said Clowes.

"Bad!" exclaimed Trevor, "he was a disgrace. One can understand a chap having his off-days at any game, but one doesn't expect a man in the Wrykyn first to funk. He mucked five out of every six passes I gave him, too, and the ball wasn't a bit slippery. Still, I shouldn't mind that so much if he had only gone for his man properly. It isn't being out of practice that makes you funk. And even when he did have a try at you, Paget, he always went high."

"That," said Clowes thoughtfully, "would seem to show that he was game."

Nobody so much as smiled. Nobody ever did smile at Clowes' essays in wit, perhaps because of the solemn, almost sad, tone of voice in which he delivered them. He was tall and dark and thin, and had a pensive eye, which encouraged the more soulful of his female relatives to entertain hopes that he would some day take orders.

"Well," said Paget, relieved at finding that he did not stand alone in his views on Rand-Brown's performance, "I must say I thought he was awfully bad myself."

"I shall try somebody else next match," said Trevor. "It'll be rather hard, though. The man one would naturally put in, Bryce, left at Christmas, worse luck."

Bryce was the other wing three-quarter of the second fifteen.

"Isn't there anybody in the third?" asked Paget.

"Barry," said Clowes briefly.

"Clowes thinks Barry's good," explained Trevor.

"He *is* good," said Clowes. "I admit he's small, but he can tackle."

"The question is, would he be any good in the first? A chap might do jolly well for the third, and still not be worth trying for the first."

"I don't remember much about Barry," said Paget, "except being collared by him when we played Seymour's last year in the final. I certainly came away with a sort of impression that he could tackle. I thought he marked me jolly well"

"There you are, then," said Clowes. "A year ago Barry could tackle Paget. There's no reason for supposing that he's fallen off since then. We've seen that Rand-Brown *can't* tackle Paget. Ergo, Barry is better worth playing for the team than Rand-Brown. Q.E.D."

"All right, then," replied Trevor. "There can't be any harm in trying him. We'll have another scratch game on Thursday. Will you be here then, Paget?"

"Oh, yes. I'm stopping till Saturday."

"Good man. Then we shall be able to see how he does against you. I wish you hadn't left, though, by Jove. We should have had Ripton on toast, the same as last term."

Wrykyn played five schools, but six school matches. The school that they played twice in the season was Ripton. To win one Ripton match meant that, however many losses it might have sustained in the other matches, the school had had, at any rate, a passable season. To win two Ripton matches in the same year was almost unheard of. This year there had seemed every likelihood of it. The match before Christmas on the Ripton ground had resulted in a win for Wrykyn by two goals and a try to a try. But the calculations of the school had been upset by the sudden departure of Paget at the end of term, and also of Bryce, who had hitherto been regarded as his understudy. And in the first Ripton match the two goals had both been scored by Paget, and both had been brilliant bits of individual play, which a lesser man could not have carried through.

The conclusion, therefore, at which the school reluctantly arrived, was that their chances of winning the second match could not be judged by their previous success. They would have to approach the Easter term fixture from another —a non-Paget—standpoint. Under these circumstances it became a serious problem: who

was to get the fifteenth place? Whoever played in Paget's stead against Ripton would be certain, if the match were won, to receive his colours. Who, then, would fill the vacancy?

"Rand-Brown, of course," said the crowd.

But the experts, as we have shown, were of a different opinion.

CHAPTER II.

THE GOLD BAT.

TREVOR did not take long to resume a garb of civilisation. He never wasted much time over anything. He was gifted with a boundless energy, which might possibly have made him unpopular had he not justified it by results. The football of the school had never been in such a flourishing condition as it had attained to on his succeeding to the captaincy. It was not only that the first fifteen was good. The excellence of a first fifteen does not always depend on the captain. But the games even down to the very humblest junior game had woken up one morning—at the beginning of the previous term—to find themselves, much to their surprise, organised going concerns. Like the immortal Captain Pott, Trevor was "a terror to the shirker and the lubber." And the resemblance was further increased by the fact that he was "a toughish lot," who was "little, but steel and indiarubber." At first sight his appearance was not imposing. Paterfamilias, who had heard Young Hopeful's eulogies on Trevor's performances during the holidays, and came down to watch the school play a match, was generally rather disappointed on seeing five feet six where he had looked for at least six foot one, and ten stone where he had expected thirteen. But then, what there was of Trevor was, as previously remarked, steel and indiarubber, and he certainly played football like a miniature Stoddart. It was characteristic of him that, though this was the first match of the term, his condition seemed to be as good as possible. He had done all his own work on the field and most of Rand-Brown's, and apparently had not turned a hair. He was one of those conscientious people who train in the holidays.

When he had changed, he went down the passage to Clowes' study. Clowes was in the position he frequently took up when the weather was good wedged into his window in a sitting position, one leg in the study, the other hanging outside over space. The indoor leg lacked a boot, so that it was evident that its owner had at least had the energy to begin to change. That he had given the thing up after that, exhausted with the effort, was what one naturally expected from Clowes. He would have made a splendid actor: he was so good at resting.

"Hurry up and dress," said Trevor; "I want you to come over to the baths."

"What on earth do you want over at the baths?"

"I want to see O'Hara."

"Oh, yes, I remember. Dexter's are camping out there, aren't they? I heard they were. Why is it?"

"One of the Dexter kids got measles in the last week of the holidays, so they shunted all the beds and things across, and the chaps went back there instead of to the house."

In the winter term the baths were always boarded over and converted into a sort of extra gymnasium where you could go and box or fence when there was no room to do it in the real gymnasium. Socker and stump-cricket were also largely played there, the floor being admirably suited to such games, though the light was always rather tricky, and prevented heavy scoring.

"I should think," said Clowes, "from what I've seen of Dexter's beauties, that Dexter would like them to camp out at the bottom of the baths all the year round. It would be a happy release for him if they were all drowned. And I suppose if he had to choose any one of them for a violent death, he'd pick O'Hara. O'Hara must be a boon to a house-master. I've known chaps break rules when the spirit moved them, but he's the only one I've met who breaks them all day long and well into the night simply for amusement. I've often thought of writing to the S.P.C.A. about it. I suppose you could call Dexter an animal all right?"

"O'Hara's right enough really. A man like Dexter would make any fellow run amuck. And then O'Hara's an Irishman to start with, which makes a difference."

There is usually one house in every school of the black sheep sort, and, if you go to the root of the matter, you will generally find that the fault is with the master of that house. A house-master who enters into the life of his house, coaches them in games—if an athlete—or, if not an athlete, watches the games, umpiring at cricket and refereeing at football, never finds much difficulty in keeping order. It may be accepted as fact that the juniors of a house will never be orderly of their own free will, but disturbances in the junior day-room do not make the house undisciplined. The prefects are the criterion. If you find them joining in the general "rags," and even starting private ones on their own account, then you may safely say that it is time the master of that house retired from the business, and took to chicken-farming.

And that was the state of things in Dexter's. It was the most lawless of the houses. Mr. Dexter belonged to a type of master almost unknown at a public school—the usher type. In a private school he might have passed. At Wrykyn he was out of place. To him the whole duty of a house-master appeared to be to wage war against his house.

When Dexter's won the final for the cricket cup in the summer term of two years back, the match lasted four afternoons four solid afternoons of glorious, up-and-down cricket. Dexter did not see a single ball of that match bowled He was prowling in sequestered lanes and broken-down barns out of bounds on the off-chance that he might catch some member of his house smoking there. As if the whole of the house, from the head to the smallest fag, were not on the field watching Day's best bats collapse before Henderson's bowling and Moriarty hit up that marvellous and unexpected fifty-three at the end of the second innings!

That sort of thing definitely stamps a master.

"What do you want to see O'Hara about?" asked Clowes.

"He's got my little gold bat. I lent it him in the holidays."

A remark which needs a footnote. The bat referred to was made of gold, and was about an inch long by an eighth broad. It had come into existence some ten years previously in the following manner. The inter-house cricket cup at Wrykyn had originally been a rather tarnished and unimpressive vessel, whose only merit consisted in the fact that it was of silver. Ten years ago an Old Wrykinian, suddenly reflecting that it would not be a bad idea to do something for the school in a small way, hied him to the nearest jeweller's and purchased another silver cup, vast withal and cunningly decorated with filigree work, and standing on a massive ebony plinth, round which were little silver lozenges just big enough to hold the name of the winning house and the year of grace. This he presented with his blessing to be competed for by the dozen houses that made up the school of Wrykyn, and it was formally established as the house cricket cup. The question now arose: what was to be done with the other cup? The School House, who happened to be the holders at the time, suggested disinterestedly that it should become the property of the house which had won it last. "Not so," replied the Field Sports Committee, "but far otherwise. We will have it melted down in a fiery furnace, and thereafter fashioned into eleven little silver bats. And these little silver bats shall be the guerdon of the eleven members of the winning team, to have and to hold for the space of one year, unless, by winning the cup twice in succession, they gain the right of keeping the bat for yet another year. How is that, umpire?" And the authorities replied, "O men of infinite resource and sagacity, verily is it a cold day when *you* get left behind. Forge ahead." But, when they had forged ahead, behold! it would not run to eleven little silver bats, but only to ten little silver bats. Thereupon the headmaster, a man liberal with his cash, caused an eleventh little bat to be fashioned—for the captain of the winning team to have and to hold in the manner aforesaid. And, to single it out from the others, it was wrought, not of silver, but of gold. And so it came to pass that at the time of our story Trevor was in possession of the little gold bat, because Donaldson's had won the cup in the previous summer, and he had captained them—and, incidentally, had scored seventy-five without a mistake.

"Well, I'm hanged if I would trust O'Hara with my bat," said Clowes, referring to the silver ornament on his own watch-chain; "he's probably pawned yours in the holidays. Why did you lend it to him?"

"His people wanted to see it. I know him at home, you know. They asked me to lunch the last day but one of the holidays, and we got talking about the bat, because, of course, if we hadn't beaten Dexter's in the final, O'Hara would have had it himself. So I sent it over next day with a note asking O'Hara to bring it back with him here."

"Oh, well, there's a chance, then, seeing he's only had it so little time, that he hasn't pawned it yet. You'd better rush off and get it back as soon as possible. It's no good waiting for me. I sha'n't be ready for weeks."

"Where's Paget?"

"Teaing with Donaldson. At least, he said he was going to."

"Then I suppose I shall have to go alone. I hate walking alone."

"If you hurry," said Clowes, scanning the road from his post of vantage, "you'll be able to go with your fascinating pal Ruthven. He's just gone out."

Trevor dashed downstairs in his energetic way, and overtook the youth referred to.

Clowes brooded over them from above like a sorrowful and rather disgusted Providence. Trevor's liking for Ruthven, who was a Donaldsonite like himself, was one of the few points on which the two had any real disagreement. Clowes could not understand how any person in his senses could of his own free will make an intimate friend of Ruthven.

"Hullo, Trevor," said Ruthven.

"Come over to the baths," said Trevor, "I

want to see O'Hara about something. Or were you going somewhere else?"

"I wasn't going anywhere in particular. I never know what to do in term-time. It's deadly dull."

Trevor could never understand how any one could find term-time dull. For his own part, there always seemed too much to do in the time.

"You aren't allowed to play games?" he said, remembering something about a doctor's certificate in the past.

"No," said Ruthven. "Thank goodness," he added.

Which remark silenced Trevor. To a person who thanked goodness that he was not allowed to play games he could find nothing to say. But he ceased to wonder how it was that Ruthven was dull.

They proceeded to the baths together in silence. O'Hara, they were informed by a Dexter's fag who met them outside the door, was not about.

"When he comes back," said Trevor, "tell him I want him to come to tea to-morrow directly after school, *and bring my bat*. Don't forget."

"Come to tea and bring your bat," repeated the fag, obediently; "all right—I won't forget."

"THAT IS SIR EUSTACE BRIGGS."

CHAPTER III

THE MAYOR'S STATUE

ONE of the rules that governed the life of Donough O'Hara, the light-hearted descendant of the O'Haras of Castle Taterfields, co. Clare, Ireland, was "Never refuse the offer of a free tea." So, on receipt—per the Dexter's fag referred to—of Trevor's invitation, he scratched one engagement (with his mathematical master—not wholly unconnected with the working-out of Examples 300 to 306 in Hall and Knight's Algebra), postponed another (with his friend and ally Moriarty, of Dexter's, who wished to box with him in the gymnasium), and made his way at a leisurely pace towards Donaldson's. He was feeling particularly pleased with himself to-day, for several reasons. He had begun the day well by scoring brilliantly off Dexter across the matutinal rasher and coffee. In morning school he had been put on to translate the one passage which he happened to have prepared—the first ten lines, in fact, of the hundred which formed the morning's lesson. And in the final hour of afternoon school, which was devoted to French, he had discovered and exploited with great success an entirely new and original form of ragging. This, he felt, was the strenuous life; this was living one's life as one's life should be lived.

He met Trevor at the gate. As they were going in, a carriage and pair dashed past. Its cargo consisted of two people, the headmaster, looking bored, and a small, dapper man, with a very red face, who looked excited, and was talking volubly. Trevor and O'Hara raised their caps as the chariot swept by, but the salute passed unnoticed. The head appeared to be wrapped in thought.

"What's the Old Man doing in a carriage, I wonder," said Trevor, looking after them. "Who's that with him?"

"That," said O'Hara, "is Sir Eustace Brigge."

"Who's Sir Eustace Briggs?"

O'Hara explained, in a rich brogue, that Sir Eustace was Mayor of Wrykyn, a keen politician, and a hater of the Irish nation, judging by his letters and speeches.

They went into Trevor's study. Clowes was occupying the window in his usual manner.

"Hullo, O'Hara," he said, "there is an air of quiet satisfaction about you that seems to show that you've been ragging Dexter. Have you?"

"Oh, that was only this morning at breakfast. The best rag was in French," replied O'Hara, who then proceeded to explain in detail the methods he had employed to embitter the existence of the hapless Gallic exile with whom he had come in contact. It was that gentleman's custom to sit on a certain desk while conducting the lesson. This desk chanced to be O'Hara's. On the principle that a man may do what he likes with his own, he had entered the room privily in the dinner-hour, and removed the screws from his desk, with the result that for the first half-hour of the lesson the class had been occupied in excavating M. Gandinois from the ruins. That gentleman's first act on regaining his equilibrium had been to send O'Hara out of the room, and O'Hara, who had foreseen this emergency, had spent a very pleasant half hour in the passage with some mixed chocolates and a copy of Mr. Hornung's "Amateur Cracksman." It was his notion of a cheerful and instructive French lesson.

"What were you talking about when you came in?" asked Clowes. "Who's been slanging Ireland, O'Hara?"

"The man Briggs."

"What are you going to do about it? Aren't you going to take any steps?"

"Is it steps?" said O'Hara, warmly, "and haven't we——"

He stopped.

"Well?"

"No. Ye're prefects."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Ye won't report it?"

"If you want a plug in the eye, George," said Clowes, in the deathless words of Mr. W. W. Jacobs' able-bodied seaman, "you've only to say so, you know. What do you take us for? Go ahead."

O'Hara explained that he "did but jest."

"But really, ye know," he said, seriously, "ye mustn't let it go any further. I shall get sacked if it's found out. An' so will Moriarty, too."

"Why?" asked Trevor, looking up from the tea-pot he was filling, "what on earth have you been doing?"

"Wouldn't it be rather a cheery idea," suggested Clowes, "if you began at the beginning?"

"Well, ye see," O'Hara began, "it was this way. The first I heard of it was from Dexter. He was trying to score off me as usual, an' he said, 'Have ye seen the paper this morning, O'Hara?' I said, no, I had not. Then he said, 'Ah,' he said, 'ye should look at it. There's something there that ye'll find interesting.' I said, 'Yes, sir?' in me respectful way. 'Yes,' said he, 'the Irish members have been making their customary dishturbances in the House. Why is it, O'Hara,' he said, 'that Irishmen are always thrusting themselves forward and making dishturbances for purposes of self-advertisement?' 'Why, indeed, sir?' said I, not knowing what else to say, and after that the conversation ceased."

"Go on," said Clowes.

"After breakfast Moriarty came to me with a paper, and showed me what they had been saying about the Irish. There was a letter from the man Briggs on the subject. 'A very sensible and temperate letter from Sir Eustace Briggs,' they called it, but, bedad! if that was a temperate letter, I should like to know what an intemperate one is. Well, we read it through, and Moriarty said to me, 'Can we let this stay as it is?' And I said, 'No. We can't.' 'Well,' said Moriarty to me, 'what are we to do about it? I should like to tar and feather the man,' he said. 'We can't do that,' I said, 'but why not tar and feather his statue?' I said. So we thought we would. Ye know where the statue is, I suppose? It's in the recreation ground just across the river."

"I know the place," said Clowes. "Go on. This is ripping. I always knew you were pretty mad, but this sounds as if it were going to beat all previous records."

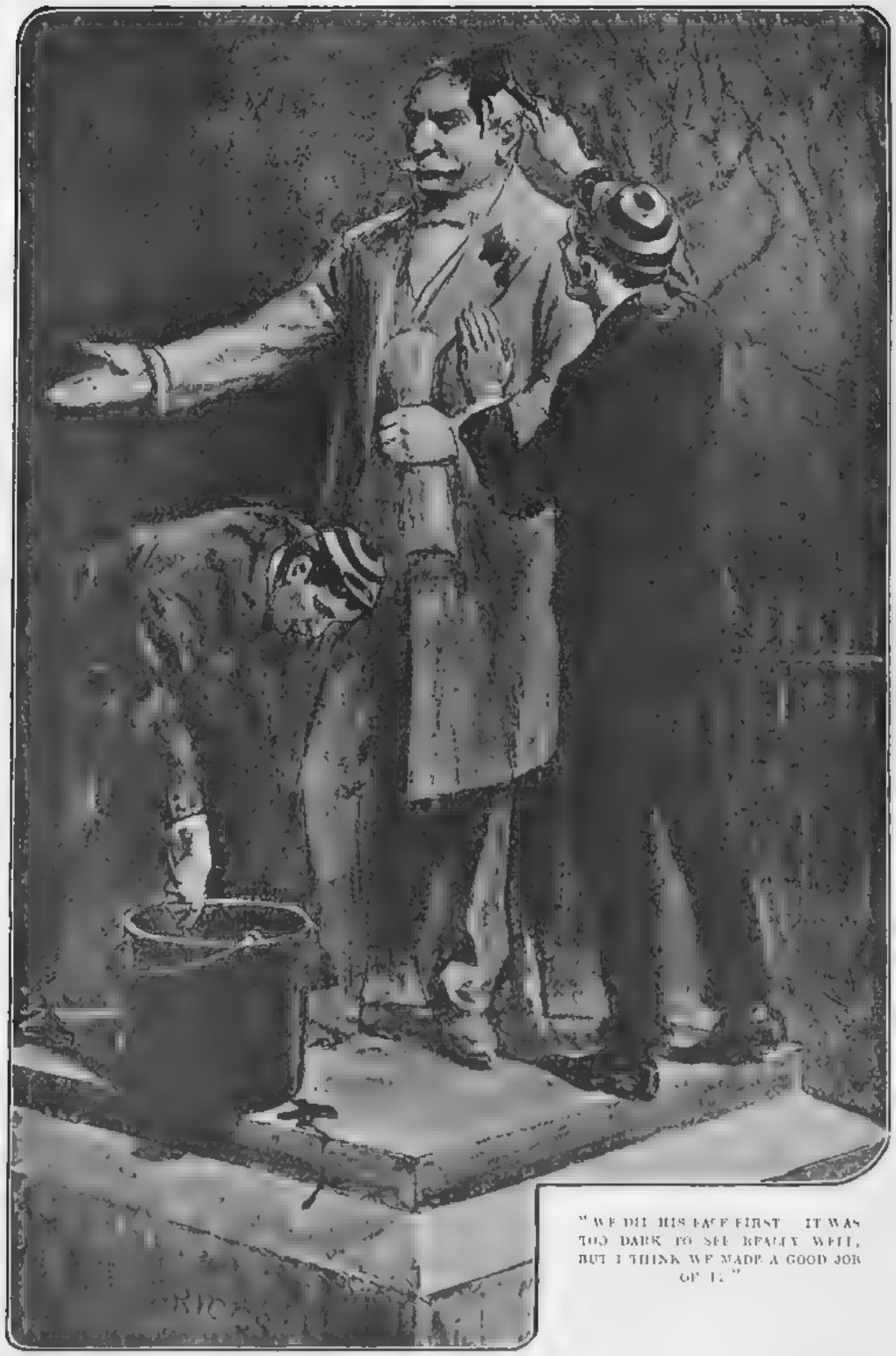
"Have ye seen the baths this term," continued O'Hara, "since they shifted Dexter's house into them? The beds are in two long rows along each wall. Moriarty's and mine are the last two at the end furthest from the door."

"Just under the gallery," said Trevor. "I see."

"That's it. Well, at half past ten sharp every night Dexter sees that we're all in, locks the door, and goes off to sleep at the Old Man's, and we don't see him again till breakfast. He turns the gas off from outside. At half-past seven the next morning, Smith"—Smith was one of the school porters—"unlocks the door and calls us, and we go over to the Hall to breakfast."

"Well?"

"Well, directly everybody was asleep last night—it wasn't till after one, as there was a rag on—Moriarty and I got up, dressed, and climbed up



"WE DID HIS FACE FIRST — IT WAS TOO DARK TO SEE REALLY WELL, BUT I THINK WE MADE A GOOD JOB OF IT."

into the gallery. Ye know the gallery windows? They open at the top, an' it's rather hard to get out of them. But we managed it, and dropped on to the gravel outside."

"Long drop," said Clowes.

"Yes. I hurt myself rather. But it was in a good cause. I dropped first, and while I was on the ground, Moriarty came on top of me. That's how I got hurt. But it wasn't much, and we cut across the grounds, and over the fence, and down to the river. It was a fine night, and not very dark, and everything smelt ripping down by the river."

"Don't get poetical," said Clowes. "Stick to the point."

"We got into the boat-house——"

"How?" asked the practical Trevor, for the boathouse was wont to be locked at one in the morning.

"Moriarty had a key that fitted," explained O'Hara, briefly. "We got in, and launched a boat—a big tub—put in the tar and a couple of brushes—there's always tar in the boathouse—and rowed across."

"Wait a bit," interrupted Trevor, "you said tar and feathers. Where did you get the feathers?"

"We used leaves. They do just as well, and there were heaps on the bank. Well, when we landed, we tied up the boat, and bucked across to the recreation ground. We got over the railings—beastly, spiky railings—and went over to the statue. Ye know where the statue stands? It's right in the middle of the place, where everybody can see it. Moriarty got up first, and I handed him the tar and a brush. Then I went up with the other brush, and we began. We did his face first. It was too dark to see really well, but I think we made a good job of it. When we had put about as much tar on as we thought would do, we took out the leaves—which we were carrying in our pockets—and spread them on. Then we did the rest of him, and after about half an hour, when we thought we'd done about enough, we got into our boat again, and came back."

"And what did you do till half-past seven?"

"We couldn't get back the way we'd come, so we slept in the boat-house."

"Well—I'm—hanged," was Trevor's comment on the story.

Clowes roared with laughter. O'Hara was a perpetual joy to him.

As O'Hara was going, Trevor asked him for his gold bat.

"You haven't lost it, I hope?" he said.

O'Hara felt in his pocket, but brought his hand out at once and transferred it to another pocket. A look of anxiety came over his face, and was reflected in Trevor's.

"I could have sworn it was in that pocket," he said.

"You *haven't* lost it?" queried Trevor again.

"He has," said Clowes, confidently. "If you want to know where that bat is, I should say you'd find it somewhere between the baths and the statue. At the foot of the statue, for choice. It seems to me—correct me if I am wrong—that you have been and gone and done it, me broth av a bhoy."

O'Hara gave up the search.

"It's gone," he said. "Man, I'm most awfully sorry. I'd sooner have lost a ten-pound note."

"I don't see why you should lose either," snapped Trevor. "Why the blazes can't you be more careful?"

O'Hara was too penitent for words. Clowes took it on himself to point out the bright side.

"There's nothing to get sick about, really," he said. "If the thing doesn't turn up, though it probably will, you'll simply have to tell the Old Man that it's lost. He'll have another made. You won't be asked for it till just before Sports Day either, so you will have plenty of time to find it."

The challenge cups, and also the bats, had to be given to the authorities before the sports, to be formally presented on Sports Day.

"Oh, I suppose it'll be all right," said Trevor, "but I hope it won't be found anywhere near the statue."

O'Hara said he hoped so too.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LEAGUE'S WARNING.

THE team to play in any match was always put upon the notice-board at the foot of the stairs in the senior block a day before the date of the fixture. Both first and second fifteens had matches on the Thursday of this week. The second were playing a team brought down by an old Wrykinian. The first had a scratch game.

When Barry, accompanied by McTodd, who shared his study at Seymour's and rarely left him for two minutes on end, passed by the notice-board at the quarter to eleven interval, it was to the second fifteen list that he turned his attention. Now that Bryce had left, he thought he might have a chance of getting into the second. His only real rival, he considered, was Crawford, of the School House, who was the other wing three-quarter of the third fifteen. The first name he saw on the list was Crawford's. It seemed to be written twice as large as any of the others, and his own was nowhere to be seen. The fact that he had half expected the calamity made things no better. He had

set his heart on playing for the second this term.

Then suddenly he noticed a remarkable phenomenon. The other wing three-quarter was Rand-Brown. If Rand-Brown was playing for the second, who was playing for the first?

He looked at the list.

"YOU HAVEN'T LOST IT?"

"*Come* on," he said hastily to McTodd. He wanted to get away somewhere where his agitated condition would not be noticed. He felt quite faint at the shock of seeing his name on the list of the first fifteen. There it was, however, as large as life. "M. Barry." Separated from the rest by a thin red line, but still there. In his most optimistic moments he had never dreamed of this. McTodd was reading slowly through the list of the second. He did everything slowly, except eat.

"Come on," said Barry again.

McTodd had, after much deliberation, arrived at a profound truth. He turned to Barry, and imparted his discovery to him in the weighty manner of one who realises the importance of his words.

"Look here," he said, "your name's not down here."

"I know. *Come* on."

"But that means you're not playing for the second."

"Of course it does. Well, if you aren't coming, I'm off."

"But, look here——"

Barry disappeared through the door. After a moment's pause, McTodd followed him. He came up with him on the senior gravel.

"What's up?" he enquired.

"Nothing," said Barry.

"Are you sick about not playing for the second?"

"No."

"You are, really. Come and have a bun."

In the philosophy of McTodd it was indeed a deep-rooted sorrow that could not be cured by the internal application of a new, hot bun. It had never failed in his own case.

"Bun!" Barry was quite shocked at the suggestion. "I can't afford to get myself out of condition with beastly buns."

"But if you aren't playing——"

"You ass. I'm playing for the first. Now do you see?"

McTodd gaped. His mind never worked very rapidly.

"What about Rand-Brown, then?" he said.

"Rand Brown's been chucked out. Can't you understand? You *are* an idiot. Rand-Brown's playing for the second, and I'm playing for the first."

"But you're——"

He stopped. He had been going to point out that Barry's tender years—he was only sixteen—and smallness would make it impossible for him to play with success for the first fifteen. He refrained owing to a conviction that the remark would not be wholly judicious. Barry was touchy on the subject of his size, and McTodd had suffered before now for commenting on it in a disparaging spirit.

"I tell you what we'll do after school," said

Barry, "we'll have some running and passing. It'll do you a lot of good, and I want to practise taking passes at full speed. You can trot along at your ordinary pace, and I'll sprint up from behind."

McTodd saw no objection to that. Trotting along at his ordinary pace—five miles an hour—would just suit him.

"Then after that," continued Barry, with a look of enthusiasm, "I want to practise passing back to my centre. Paget used to do it awfully well last term, and I know Trevor expects his wing to. So I'll buck along, and you race up to take my pass. See?"

This was not in McTodd's line at all. He proposed a slight alteration in the scheme.

"Hadn't you better get somebody else——?" he began.

"Don't be a slack beast," said Barry. "You want exercise awfully badly."

And, as McTodd always did exactly as Barry wished, he gave in, and spent from four-thirty to five that afternoon in the prescribed manner. A suggestion on his part at five sharp that it wouldn't be a bad idea to go and have some tea was not favourably received by the enthusiastic three-quarter, who proposed to devote what time remained before lock-up to practising drop-kicking. It was a painful alternative that faced McTodd. His allegiance to Barry demanded that he should consent to the scheme. On the other hand, his allegiance to afternoon tea—equally strong—called him back to the house, where there was cake, yea, and muffins. In the end the question was solved by the appearance of Drummond, of Seymour's, garbed in football things and also anxious to practise drop-kicking. So McTodd was dismissed to his tea with opprobrious epithets, and Barry and Drummond settled down to a little serious and scientific work.

Making allowances for the inevitable attack of nerves that attends a first appearance in higher football circles than one is accustomed to, Barry did well against the scratch team certainly far better than Rand-Brown had done. His smallness was, of course, against him, and, on the only occasion on which he really got away, Paget overtook him and brought him down. But then Paget was exceptionally fast. In the two most important branches of the game, the taking of passes and tackling, Barry did well. As far as pluck went he had enough for two, and when the whistle blew for no-side he had not let Paget through once, and Trevor felt that his inclusion in the team had been justified. There was another scratch game on the Saturday. Barry played in it, and did much better. Paget had gone away by an early train, and the man he had to mark now was one of the masters, who had been good in his time, but was getting a trifle old for football. Barry scored twice, and on one occasion by passing back to Trevor after the manner of Paget enabled the captain to run in. And Trevor, like the captain in "Billy Taylor," "werry much approved of what he'd done." Barry began to be regarded in the school as a regular member of the fifteen. The first of the fixture-card matches, versus the Town, was due on the following Saturday, and it was generally expected that he would play. McTodd's devotion increased every day. He even went to the length of taking long runs with him. And if there was one thing in the world that McTodd loathed, it was a long run.

On the Thursday before the match against the town, Clowes came chuckling to Trevor's study after preparation, and asked him if he had heard the latest.

"Have you ever heard of The League?' he said.

Trevor pondered.

"I don't think so," he replied.

"How long have you been at the school?"

"Let's see. It'll be five years at the end of the summer term."

"Ah, then you wouldn't remember. I've been here a couple of terms longer than you, and the row about the league was in my first term."

"What was the row?"

"Oh, only some chaps formed a sort of secret society in the place. Kind of Vehmgericht, you know. If they got their knife into any one, he usually got beans, and could never find out where they came from. At first, as a matter of fact, the thing was quite a philanthropical concern. There used to be a good deal of bullying in the place then—at least, in some of the houses—and, as the prefects couldn't or wouldn't stop it, some fellows started this League."

"Did it work?"

"Work! By Jove, I should think it did. Chaps who previously couldn't get through the day without making some wretched kid's life not worth living used to go about as nervous as cats, looking over their shoulders every other second. There was one man in particular, a chap called Leigh. He was hauled out of bed one night, blindfolded, and ducked in a cold bath. He was in the School House."

"Why did the League bust up?"

"Well, partly because the fellows left, but chiefly because they didn't stick to the philanthropist idea. If anybody did anything they didn't like, they used to go for him. At last they put their foot into it badly. A chap called

Robinson—in this house, by the way—offended them in some way, and one morning he was found tied up in the bath, up to his neck in cold water. Apparently he'd been there about an hour. He got pneumonia, and almost died, and then the authorities began to get going. Robinson thought he had recognised the voice of one of the chaps—I forget his name. The chap was had up by the Old Man, and gave the show away entirely. About a dozen fellows were sacked, clean off the reel. Since then the thing has been dropped."

"But what about it? What were you going to say when you came in?"

"Why, it's been revived!"

"Rot!"

"It's a fact. Do you know Mill, a prefect, in Seymour's?"

"Only by sight."

"I met him just now. He's in a raving condition. His study's been wrecked. You never saw such a sight. Everything upside down or smashed. He has been showing me the ruins."

"I believe Mill is awfully barred in Seymour's," said Trevor. "Anybody might have ragged his study."

"That's just what I thought. He's just the sort of man the League used to go for."

"That doesn't prove that it's been revived, all the same," objected Trevor.

"No, friend. But this does. Mill found it tied to a chair."

It was a small card. It looked like an ordinary visiting-card. On it, in neat print, were the words, "*With the compliments of the League.*"

"That's exactly the same sort of card as they used to use," said Clowes. "I've seen some of them. What do you think of that?"

"I think whoever has started the thing is a pretty average-sized idiot. He's bound to get caught some time or other, and then out he goes. The Old Man wouldn't think twice about sacking a chap of that sort."

"A chap of that sort," said Clowes, "will take jolly good care he isn't caught. But it's rather sport, isn't it!"

And he went off to his study.

Next day there was further evidence that the League was an actual going concern. When Trevor came down to breakfast, he found a letter by his plate. It was printed, as the card had been. It was signed "The President of the League." And the purport of it was that the League did not wish Barry to continue to play for the first fifteen.

(*To be continued.*)

Preserving Crabs and Starfishes.

T. Haskins (Warmley) wishes to know how to kill and preserve crabs and starfishes. So far as the killing is concerned most species will be found to die readily if placed in fresh-water. When dead the starfishes should be dried by wrapping them in a dry towel or other cloth. Arrange the "arms" in a natural position on a piece of board, and allow them to harden in this position by placing them in a cool, shady place, where there is a draught if possible. They need no further care until quite hard, when they can be mounted, as taste suggests, for the collection. Crabs must be dealt with differently. The upper crust, or carapace, must be carefully separated from the body and limbs, and as carefully cleaned out. Every particle of animal matter must be scraped out with a small flat stick of wood, and the inside and outside washed in fresh water and dried with a soft rag. Next take the body and legs. Scrape off all the gills from the internal skeleton, then with a pair of scissors cut away a good portion of the bony ridges thus exposed and scrape out as much as possible of the white flesh and other soft parts. Wash well and dry. Some flesh will be left at the base of the legs which you cannot get at, but this should be dried up by dusting the interior with powdered alum. Place the body on a flat board and fix in

position by pins at intervals close against the body. Arrange the limbs symmetrically by fixing pins against them, and let it remain in a draughty shaded place for a week. Then shake off all loose alum, dust with naphthaline and carefully press the carapace into its original position. Remember that warmth, whether from the sun's rays or artificial heat, will destroy the natural colours and turn all red. This caution applies to starfishes as well as crustacea.

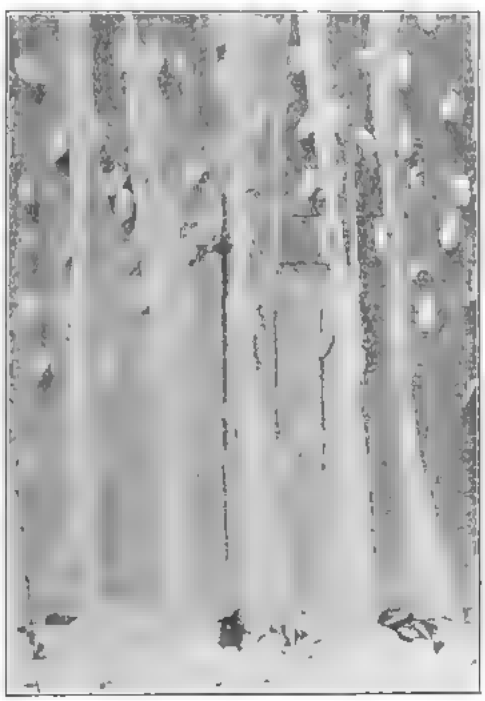
Entomological.—In reply to "Entomologist" (Hadley Green), the sexes of the little moth (*Naxia ciliatis*) do not vary in their markings, and the only superficial difference is in the more slender body of the male as compared with that of the female. The same reader calls our attention to a paragraph by "Red Deer" (Walthamstow), which appeared in another department of THE CAPTAIN, in which the Ruby Tiger and the Purple Thorn are included under the head of "Rare Butterflies," whilst in reality they are moths and far from rare. No doubt "Red Deer" intended to have said, butterflies *and moths*.

Water Tortoise in Winter.—"Trojan" (Cricklewood) asks what to do with his water tortoises during the winter. They have the run of the garden, with a pond, at the bottom of which they sometimes remain until embedded in ice, "and have to be thawed out with hot irons." Well, Trojan, it appears to me that your tortoises have been trying to teach you their proper treatment. There is no doubt that, in a state of nature, they pass the winter in the mud at the bottom of ponds, and there they should be allowed to remain until spring awakens them. Leave out the hot-iron treatment and I think your tortoises will do very well. The young ones, you say, will not take the same food as the larger ones. If the pond contains water-insects, snails, &c., I should leave them to find their own food, which they are sure to do when they are hungry. Frogs live upon insects and worms, and will find sufficient if they are free in the garden, but if kept in a fern-case they should be supplied with caterpillars (not hairy ones), worms, beetles, and flies.

Passenger Pigeon.—In answer to C. W. Campbell (St. Asaph), the Passenger Pigeon is a North American bird, famous for its migratory habits. Enormous numbers of these birds fly in vast flocks in search of fresh feeding grounds, their food consisting of rice, corn, and other seeds. Audubon has given an account of his observations on the passage and arrival of these migratory birds, but in the present day both the size and frequency of these flocks have decreased. Its habits make it quite unsuitable for domestication, and therefore I can give you no information as to where you can obtain specimens or the price. Possibly, the great importers of wild animals, such as Cross, of Liverpool, may occasionally have them, but it is not a bird that is likely to be kept in stock, as a rule. The "Passenger" is not a fancy breed of the common pigeon, but a distinct species.

Green Slime in Pond.—"Aquatus" has an ornamental pond with stone bottom, and is troubled with the growth of confervæ, which he calls green slime. He has tried weed-killer and snails, but still it grows. Perhaps it is in too sunny a position and the water gets warm, and so encourages a too rapid growth. Scrub the stone with diluted hydrochloric acid, taking care to well wash out all trace of the acid before putting any living things in. To keep down further growth increase the number of snails, which are the best remedy I know of. A moderate amount of it is desirable, as it gives off great quantities of oxygen by which the water is kept pure.

Silkworms.—Lucy H. Jervis (Bitterne) wishes to know how a silkworm manifests its desire to spin up, and how to treat it at that time. When



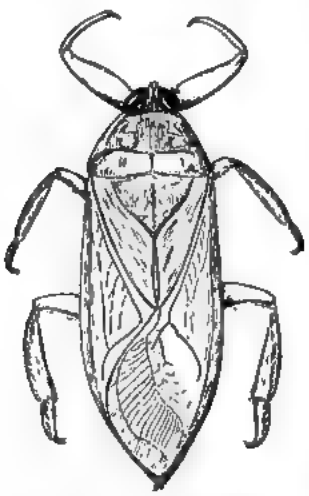
SILKWORMS AT WORK—SPINNING.
From a photo.

the silkworm is fully grown, it will crawl away from the mulberry leaves and seek a corner of its box or tray, across which it will begin to spin a few threads of silk. In the days when I kept silkworms, we used then to twist up a sheet of note-

paper into a "sugar-paper," put the silkworm into it, and pin the paper up to the wall or a curtain. The silkworm would find support all round for its cocoon without wasting much silk in filling corners for its foundation. I do not know that any improvement on this plan has been invented since.

Preserving Insects.—G. W. Newton (Northumberland) wishes to know what I use for preserving butterflies, moths and beetles. After the insects have been carefully "set," and their joints allowed to dry thoroughly, all that is needed to preserve them is to put some naphthaline in the cases or cabinet drawers to keep out the destructive mites.

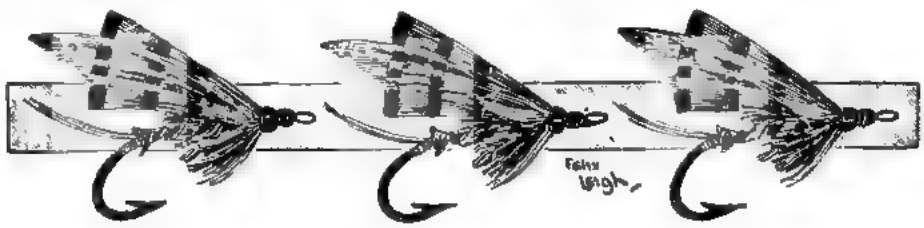
A Big Bug.—I have received a couple of letters from a CAPTAIN reader (R. C. Guezdan), in far-away Trinidad, W.I. First he asks for a list of my books, which I have sent to him by post, as I cannot decently fill this page with an advertisement. With his second letter he sends me a specimen of what he calls the Electric Cockroach (*Belostoma grande*), thinking I should be glad to include it in my collection, and asks whether we have them as large in England? I am very glad to have this specimen, and thinking my readers would be interested in it, I have had its portrait drawn, life-size; but I expect the tyrannical art editor will cut it down to about one fourth, so I may as well state its actual length. From eyes to tail it measures four and a quarter inches. Now, I expect you will join me in answering our West Indian friend's query by saying, "Thank goodness! we have not got them so large here!" I can quite understand his calling it a cockroach (but why *electric?*), because it is not unlike the great West Indian Cockroach; yet it is not related to the Cockroach family, but is a huge bug. It is found in South America as well as Trinidad, and it lives in fresh water, where it destroys great numbers of young fish. Like all the bug family, its mouth parts take the form of an exceedingly fine-pointed beak, through which it sucks the blood of its victim. Taking a firm hold with the two forelegs, it drives its beak into the fish's back and drains it of its blood. At night-time it leaves the water, expands its great wings, and flies through the air, being strongly attracted to artificial light. The beak is not shown in the drawing, because the insect keeps it folded against his chest when not in use, to prevent accidents to the fine point. I do not know whether *Belostoma*, like some other members of his family, ever shows a disposition to sample human blood, but I certainly should not like to have him experiment on me.



ELECTRIC "COCKROACH."
One-fourth natural size.

Sea Anemone.—A. H. Brett (Loughborough) sends me a detailed and careful description, with pen and ink sketches, of a Sea Anemone, which he obtained in plenty at Cleethorpes, and asks me to identify. He has supplied me with such good material for the purpose that my task is an easy one, and I have no hesitation in saying that it is the species which Gosse named the Daisy (*Cereus pedunculatus*). I have usually found it in large colonies, with its base deep down in clefts of the rock, where it was difficult to get at.

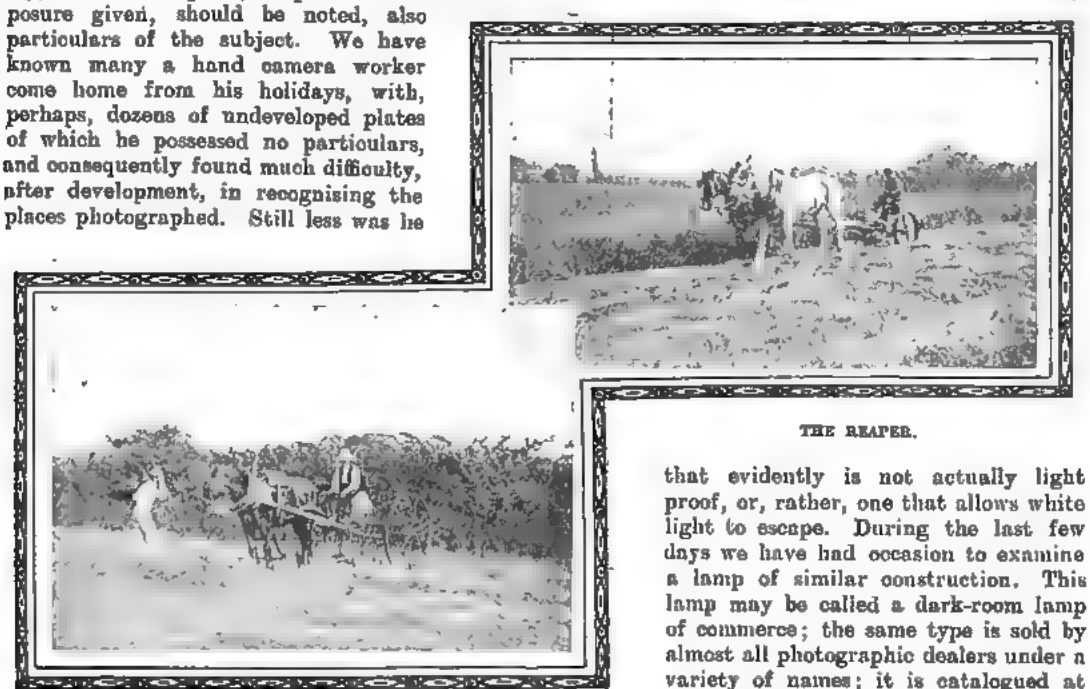
Taxidermy.—J. W. F. Grahame (Port of Monteith) wishes to stuff birds, and asks if it is possible to do so without having lessons in the art. It is quite possible, and there are many good bird-stuffers—I beg pardon, taxidermists—who have been entirely self taught. Of course, a few lessons would save much time and trouble, but observation of the natural forms and habits of birds are what are most required to give your specimens a life-like appearance. The mechanical part of it may be learned from books. You do not mention suitable price for book required, so I give you choice of two. Wood's *British Bird Preserver* is published by F. Warne and Co. at 1s.; a bigger and more comprehensive work is Montague Browne's *Practical Taxidermy*, published by L. Upcott Gill at 7s. 6d.



THE CAPTAIN CAMERA CORNER

Two Pictures on One Plate.

HOW often this is done, and how grotesque are the results! Still, it should not happen. Almost all hand cameras are now fitted with automatic apparatus for registering the number of plates exposed. Every user of a hand camera should keep an exposure note-book—it need not be of an elaborate character—but the day of the month, time of day, number of plate, stop used and the exposure given, should be noted, also particulars of the subject. We have known many a hand camera worker come home from his holidays, with, perhaps, dozens of undeveloped plates of which he possessed no particulars, and consequently found much difficulty, after development, in recognising the places photographed. Still less was he able to give a title to them. It is a good plan to number plates before development. This can be done when loading the sheaths—before putting them into the camera—taking care that the numbers coincide with the plate-changing register. If the camera is loaded several times in the day, start the first batch $\frac{1}{a}$ $\frac{2}{a}$ and so on for the whole dozen, and the next batch $\frac{1}{b}$, $\frac{2}{b}$, etc. This numbering can easily be done by means of a hard, finely-pointed lead pencil; if the numbering be always done in the same corner of the plate, it will be handy for reference when the negatives are put away, as they always should be, in grooved negative boxes. The contents of these boxes can then be indexed for future reference.



THE REAPER.

HAYMAKING. TAKEN WITH A "WIZARD" HAND CAMERA.
By W. J. Jones.

Light Fog.

We have a long letter from a correspondent setting forth his troubles in connection with the use of a certain make of dark room lamp that evidently is not actually light proof, or, rather, one that allows white light to escape. During the last few days we have had occasion to examine a lamp of similar construction. This lamp may be called a dark-room lamp of commerce; the same type is sold by almost all photographic dealers under a variety of names; it is catalogued at prices ranging from 2s. 3d. to 3s. The shape and general appearance are all that can be desired; it is triangular in form, has one ruby glass and one yellow, the back being of tin—not japanned—which serves as a reflector. The top, a sort of ventilator, emits white light, but in a slight degree; still, quite sufficient to fog a very sensitive plate. The chief fault, in our opinion, is the poor quality of glass used; the glass is only stained in the process of manufacture, and is not what is known as "pot" glass. This will be seen on examination of the edges, and it does not give a safe light. To test the light, place an unex-

posed plate upon the developing bench, cover half of it with a book, and leave it for about six or seven minutes. Should the uncovered part darken during development, it will be a certain sign that the illumination of the dark room is not safe. As a preventive, we would advise all workers to make a cylinder of orange or canary fabric (this can be bought of most dealers) of a sufficient diameter to place over the lamp; if this is done before commencing development, it may be removed when the image is fairly out.

Developers.

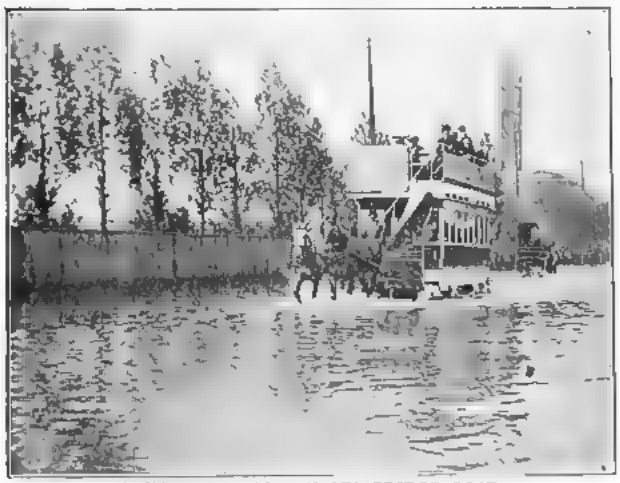
"Of the making of developers there is no end." Try all you like, but make up your mind to use one formula, and one only; don't be led away by all the talkers to chop about, for those who talk most, as a rule, know least. It is a very safe rule to use the developer—and the formula—recommended by the maker. Depend upon it that the maker suggests the one that will give the best result. Never let developers get stale; very few chemicals keep when made up into solutions, for either the constituents deteriorate, lose energy, or precipitate. Make up your solutions fresh for each batch of negatives you wish to develop. Beware of both under and over exposure, but rather err on the side of over exposure, and commence developing with the solution at half strength; it is easy enough to increase the strength. Let the image come up slowly. In developing, don't hurry. There's an old adage which runs:—"Hurry hinders haste." The beginner in photography will do well always to keep this adage in mind.

Fixing Bath for Prints.

Fixing can never be safely performed with a weak hypo. bath. It must be remembered that it takes a strong solution of hyposulphite of soda to dissolve the hyposulphite of silver which is formed. A good average strength is one part of hypo. to five or six of water, and an immersion of at least fifteen minutes is advised; the prints should be turned, separately, in it during that period. The next step is the complete elimination of the adherent hypo. by washing, if possible, in running water, with a final careful washing in several changes of water. Prints should be washed for several hours, and then they will remain permanent. In warm weather the water must not be allowed to get above 60°, or the film may leave the paper. If a weak hypo. bath be used and short immersion, no matter how much washing the prints may afterwards have, they will never make even fairly permanent prints.

Halation.

It is very advisable to use backed plates to prevent halation. In its usual form halation is a spreading of the high lights into the adjacent shadows, and is assumed to proceed from the reflection of such lights from the back of the plate. A second cause may be, and often is, the reflection of small portions of light in all directions from the crystals of haloid salt in the film. This can often be removed, from the negative, when dried, by applying methylated spirit with a tuft of wool, and gently rubbing that part of the negative which shows this particular form of halation. Yet another cause of fog is to be traced to light which is reflected from the edges of badly finished lenses, and, even when the lens is perfect, a ghost image will sometimes be



A SUMMER FLOOD IN LEA BRIDGE ROAD.
By S. M. Hills, Leyton.

forward when taking a negative with very pronounced contrasts. Halation is caused by the motes of dust in interiors, which will cause brilliant light to be dispersed and form fog upon the plate.

Photography on the Continent.

Several correspondents have recently written asking questions respecting the taking of photographs on the Continent. Generally speaking, photographs can now be taken of anything, anywhere, with the exception that the photographing of military stations, forts and fortified places is strictly prohibited, and the photographer who attempts such work will run the chance of having his camera, plates, etc., confiscated, and may himself be lodged under the protection of the military, and with difficulty escape punishment. The customs are not suspicious if the photographic apparatus is declared; and a dark

room is very general. It is well to label the plate boxes. We give examples :—

FRANCE.—*Placques photographiques—sensibles—prendre garde de n'ouvrir la boite que dans une chambre parfaitement obscure.*

GERMANY.—*Photographische Trocken Platten. Müssen nur in einem absolut dunkeln Zimmer geöffnet werden.*

ITALIAN.—*Non aprite questo pacco che alla luce rossa altrimenti sarebbe inservibile.*

These labels can, we believe, be obtained of many dealers and some of the plate makers. A very safe way to go to work when photographing on the Continent, is to first make enquiries at the municipal offices as to whether permissions are needed and—as at home—if courteously applied for, they will, no doubt, be readily granted.

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

By H. G. M. Miles, Pangbourne.

TRICK PORTRAITS.

The following short but thoroughly practical answer to a correspondent who wanted to know how portraits of an individual playing cards with himself were made, appeared in a recent issue of the *Amateur Photographer*. Many readers of the "Camera Corner" may like to try their hand at "doubles," as they are often called :—

"Cut a piece of thin cardboard to exactly fit the hood of the lens, and from this cut a small segment, equal to about one-third (or a trifle less), of the diameter. Blacken the larger piece, insert it in the hood of the lens, and unscrew the hood a few turns so that it will revolve freely. Focus the sitter against a reasonably dark background, at each side of a table, and then insert the card disc with its straight edge perpendicular. Examine the screen and see that the sitter is in a good position; then make the exposure. Close the plate holder, put the sitter at the opposite side of the table, revolve the hood until the position of the blackened card is reversed, examine the screen to see that the pose is correct, and again expose on the same plate. Development will complete the negative, which, if the exposures are uniform, should show no sign of junction. If there should be any fear of moving the camera after the first exposure, it is only necessary to cap the lens, reverse the position of the sitter, revolve the hood of the lens, and expose again without closing the dark slide."

We shall be interested to see results obtained by any who may try taking trick portraits.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Linekar (Colwyn Bay).—You can take photographs in Switzerland, but be careful not to use your camera in the neighbourhood of fortifications. Dark rooms are now generally provided by Customs authorities. Label your plate-boxes; examples are given in a note upon the subject.

F. P. K. (Sutton).—You had better write the makers about your films; there may be reflected light from lens or shutter that has fogged the film.

L. E. N. R. (Kingston-on-Thames).—A "Premo" or "Autocrat" ¼-plate folding hand and stand would cost about £3 3s. See advertisement pages.

K. (Godalming).—There are many capital quarter plate cameras that can be bought for 35s. Send to some of the advertisers for catalogues.

TO PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITORS.

The photograph, "Kittens," reproduced on page 526, September number, was a copy from a photograph by that well known photographer, Mr. Charles Reid, Whishaw, N.B. All photographs sent in for CAPTAIN competitors *must be original*, and not copies of other artists' work.

A SAMPLE OF PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK BY A FELLOW WHO CONSIDERS THAT OUR CAMERA CORNER "MAY POSSIBLY BE USEFUL TO BEGINNERS, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

Last day for sending in, October 17th.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus :—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, THE CAPTAIN, 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by Oct. 17th.

The Results will be published in December.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—"**Well-Known Men.**"—Below we give the names—a little mixed up—of twelve well-known living men. Send these names correctly spelt on a CAPTAIN postcard, a packet of which can be obtained from this office for 1½d., post free.

DAVHRWA	A Batsman.
EWANOB	An Artist.
MOAHNBI	A Song Writer.
HEKIMDET	An Author.
LADSEK	An Actor.
EASTYNL	A Singer.
LESON.	A Motorist.
YELTUHN	A Comedian.
MAHHB	A Judge.
SALTOE	A Jockey.
STUNIA	A Poet.
SERNAB	A Bowler.

Prizes: Three Sets of D. and M. Yucatan Kid Boxing Gloves (four to the Set) as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 2.—"**Photographic Competition.**"—Hand or stand camera work. Any subject. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Three "Swan" Fountain Pens, value 10s. 6d. each, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 3.—"**My Favourite Quotation.**"—Send us your favourite quotation—from prose or poetry—on a CAPTAIN postcard, a packet of which can be obtained from this office for 1½d., post free. Prizes: Six Sets of Messrs. C. Lindner's "Family" Printing Outfits. Three to each Class, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I. ... .. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. .. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"**Handwriting.**"—Copy the first ten lines of "Across the Wilderness" in your ordinary, everyday handwriting. Nine Pictorial Postcard Albums, supplied by Messrs. W. J. Jones, will be awarded as prizes. See illustrations on CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—"**Missing Words.**"—Supply the words indicated by dots in the following passage:

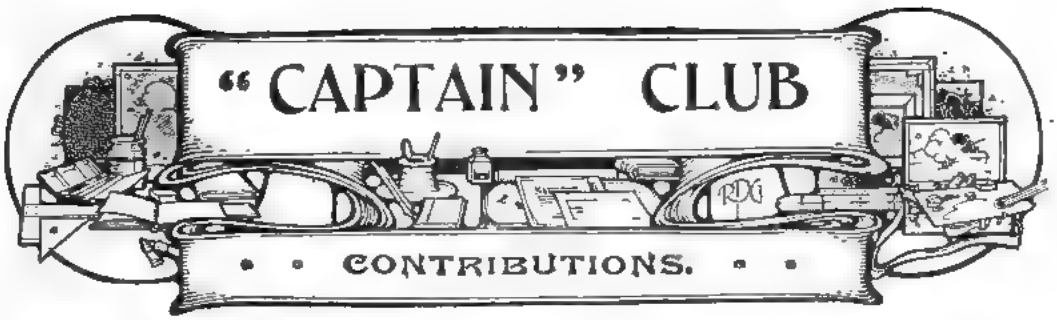
"The true end of reading is the . . . . . of individuality. Like a certain . . . . . insect, the reader instinctively . . . . . from the outspread . . . . . of books the building material for the . . . . . of his soul. He . . . . . here and rejects there, and . . . . . or forgets . . . . . to the formative desire of his nature. Yet it . . . . . happens that he forgets . . . . that he . . . . . to remember, and thus the . . . . . of methodical aids to memory arises."

Prizes: Three Sets of Sandow's Own Combined Developers, value 12s. 6d. each, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I. ... . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. .. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—"**Vegetarianism.**"—Send a letter, not exceeding 300 words, stating whether you are for or against vegetarianism, and why. Write only on one side of the paper. Three Prizes of any book to the value of six shillings.

No Age limit.



This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

BOOKS by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to Stanley C. Croager, D. L. M., F. R. Bourne, M. H. Sabine, and J. Johnston for their respective contributions. Each prize-winner is requested to forward his or her present address, and at the same time to select a book.

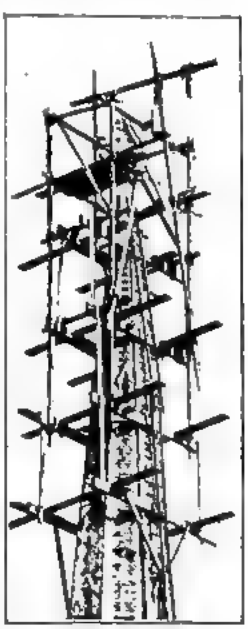
A Lifeboat Hero.

OLD Thomas Clarkson, the Lytham hero, has just retired at seventy years of age from lifeboat service, in which he has spent fifty years of his life, during which time he and his mates have saved three hundred lives. For twenty-four years he has been coxwain of the Lytham lifeboat, and the brave veteran has just been presented with a purse of gold by the Lytham public, in recognition of his splendid services in the cause of humanity. Perhaps the most dreadful storm Clarkson was ever out in was on a terribly wild December night in 1886, when signals of distress were observed from some vessel off the Lancashire coast. Clarkson took out his brave colleagues in the Lytham lifeboat, a new one, as it happened, and then used for the first time. It was snowing and blowing big guns, and for nine hours the gallant fellows fought with the waves before they could get the men off the wrecked ship, which proved to be the *Mexico*, a German barque from Liverpool. The crews of the Lytham and St. Anne's lifeboats, with the exception of two men, were drowned in the same storm, whilst attempting the same rescue.

COXWAIN CLARKSON.
Photo by W. H. Knowles.

St. Michael's Spire, Highgate.

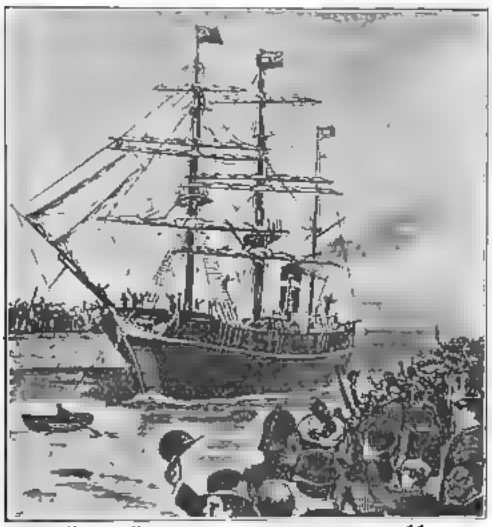
THIS spire was struck by lightning during a severe thunderstorm in the spring of this year; it is represented whilst being repaired by the steeple jacks. This photograph was taken by our CAPTAIN Clubite, Stanley C. Croager, who employed the very modern process of what is known as telescopic photography.



By Stanley C. Croager.

The Whaler "Vega."

THE accompanying picture represents the historical Dundee whaler, *Vega*, leaving that port for Davis Straits, in April, last year, amid showers of oranges, red herrings, and much cheering. She rounded Cape Farewell on April 30th, and a fortnight later



THE "VEGA" LEAVING DUNDEE, ON APRIL 11TH, 1903.
From a sketch by J. Johnston, Dundee.

spoke the other ships of the whaling fleet. Leaving Upernivek on May 29th, the *Vega* entered Melville Bay, and was caught in the ice-floes. Her port side was burst by the jagged ice, and she settled down in a short space of time, Captain Cooney and his crew being left to plod their perilous way back to Upernivek. The dangers of the journey are almost indescribable. Biscuit and bully beef were their only sustenance; frost-bite and blizzard proved terrible foes. Finally, however, the journey was accomplished, and with the aid of the Norwegian steamer *Nor*, the party got back to Aberdeen. The loss of the *Vega* removes a historical mark in Arctic exploration. In the hands of Baron Nordenskgold she fulfilled the dreams of centuries of mariners, beginning with Frobisher and Willoughby, by discovering the North East Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

J. O.

"ORANJE LUST," UTRECHT, WHERE EX-PRESIDENT KRUGER RESIDED IN 1902. THE TRANSVAAL AND "ORANGE FREE STATE" FLAGS ARE SEEN IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE.
By D. L. M.

A POSER FOR THE OLD FAG.—A SOUTH AFRICAN C. C. MEMBER WHO WANTS TO BE CLUBBED.
By J. Cash.

Heard This Before?

Q.: What is the difference between an overcoat and a baby?

A.: One is what you *wear*, t'other's what you *was*.

A. L. P.

Or This?

Q: Why is a mouse like grass?

A: Because the cat'll eat it.

A. L. P.

The Gleaning Bell at Willingham.

AN interesting custom of ancient origin is still observed in this village during the harvest season, namely, tolling a bell in the morning to let the gleaners know that they may start gathering in the corn, and in the evening as a signal for them to stop. Nobody may start before the bell is tolled in the morning, or continue gleaning after it has been tolled in the evening. This rule gives everybody an equal chance. When the season has come to an end, the sexton who tolls the bell goes round and collects from the gleaners small donations of a penny and upwards.

EDWIN L. READ.

THIS IS HOW THE GARDENER AND MILKMEN GET ABOUT THE TOWN AT ZEIST, NEAR UTRECHT, DOGS TAKING THE PLACES OF HORSES.
By D. L. M.

Perivale Church.

PERIVALE church, near Ealing, seven miles from the Marble Arch, is a unique specimen of church architecture of the Norman period, and is mentioned in Domesday Book. In the churchyard are some

wooden tombstones, and a little stream to the right of the photo is crossed by a rustic bridge. The sundial on the right hand wall of the tower was put up in 1818. The church accommodates about sixty worshippers, the organ standing inside the altar rails. Adjacent are the Castlebar Golf Club links.

M. H. SABINE.

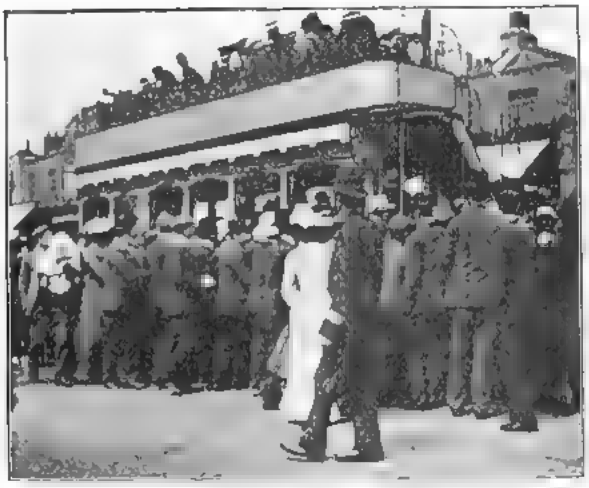
In a Master's Desk.

THIS BIRD'S NEST WAS BUILT IN A MASTER'S DESK AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. THE HOLE BY WHICH THE BIRD ENTERED CAN BE SEEN IN THE RIGHT-HAND SIDE OF THE DESK.
Taken by F. E. Bourne with a No. 2 Express Camera.

Criticisms.

Lavan (Plymouth), and several other readers wish to know how they can become black and white artists. This question has often been touched upon in these pages, but it may be of interest to readers to hear what Mr. C. Dana Gibson, the great American black and white artist, has to say to young students on this subject :—

"If a man knows how to draw, he will draw; and all the discouragements and all the bad teachers in the world cannot turn him aside. If he has no ability, he will drift naturally into school teaching and buying stocks, without anybody's rules to direct him either way. The main thing is to have been born an artist. If you were that, you yourself know it far better than any one can tell you, and you know also in your heart, that neither wrong teaching nor anything but idleness can prevent your success. If you are not a born artist, you may not know it. I think I can soon say something about the way to find your limitations, but no one can say much to help a born genius. His genius is largely, indeed, that he knows how to help himself. I do not think that the previous training of a student who begins studying illustrating has much to do with his career. It seems to me that his actual previous education matters very little. If he wants to learn, he will learn. If he does not, he will not. If he does not want to learn, his attempt at an



A HOLIDAY CROWD BOARDING ONE OF THE SHEPHERD'S BUSH ELECTRIC TRAMS.
Snapshot by G. H. Davis.

education will profit him very little. His gift for illustrating, if he has it, is a thing not more dependant upon his education than upon his surroundings. While there are instances in which an education forced upon a pupil has been acknowledged by him afterwards to mean much to him, there are also cases in all arts of which we say that contact with the schoolmen would not have been an advantage. If you are a born illustrator, you will know your own mistakes better than any one can tell you about them. If you do not see your mistakes, nobody can ever help you to be anything. *All the teachers in the art schools cannot help you if you cannot see your mistakes.* . . . If your own work looks quite finished and perfect to you, or if it looks wrong and you cannot tell exactly what is the inaccuracy or lack, you may depend upon it that you were not born to be an illustrator. . . . A natural artist will never require an instructor, and if you do not see your mistakes, no one else can."

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED TO ONE OF OUR CANADIAN READERS WHILST HE WAS READING "THE LONG 'UN" IN HIS HOME AT MONTREAL.
Sent by Kenneth W. Dowie, Montreal, Canada.

Frank Swallow.—Photos. are good. Will try and find space in November.

H. C. Hall (Dublin).—Snapshots of Royal visit too misty for publication.

Kenneth Dowie (Montreal).—The O. F. thanks you. Will publish photo. of your school when space permits. Send views of a local nature, as these are of great interest to English readers.

F. R. Bourne.—Your "Express" hand-camera has certainly done good work. I can only find space at present for that of the bird's nest.

W. Jones.—(1) See answer to Lavan. (2) The late Phil May was the son of a Staffordshire engineer. I am not aware that he had any so-called artistic training at all, as when quite a boy he was time-keeper at an iron foundry in Leeds, and then began to design costumes and paint character sketches for theatre bills. There is no royal road to Art.

IN COOL WATER. A CLEVER LITTLE SNAPSHOT BY W. A. OLDFIELD, DONCASTER.

Esmé.—The lines you want are by Montrose. This is the correct version:—

"He either fears his fate too much
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all."

Contributions have also been received from: A CAPTAIN Reader (Lee, S.E.), J. R. Burgess, F. Walter Atterbury, Walter John Goodbrand (Durban), E. Alliott, Geoffrey T. Butler (Sandy Bay, Hobart), K. Glover, C.C., Dorothy G. Riley (Strood).

12, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

I have just been having a sort of field-day among the manuscripts submitted for my inspection during the past month, and the net result of my labours is two stories that I am able to accept. This is a disappointing result, and leads me to offer a few words of advice to such writers as would make their bow to THE CAPTAIN public. Write of what you *know*. Write of real things. Don't bang off stories with commonplace plots on your type-writers and switch them along to me under the impression that "anything will do for boys." Anything will *not* do for boys. So pray understand that I am not to be bamboozled with done-to-death plots or unreal sentiment. I want the best work you can do.

The above advice is given in order to save folks the trouble and expense of sending me things which they *know* are not their best work, but which, they fondly imagine, may manage to pass muster, and scrape somehow into my "Accepted" drawer. I am making these remarks with another purpose, moreover, and that is to encourage people who have a tale to tell to tell it and send it along to me. In a word, I am open just now to consider and accept a lot of *short stories*. So send them in, gentle contributors, and for goodness' sake look after your punctuation and grammar, and the balance of your sentences, and all those little embellishments which go to make up an artistic story. In short, take a great deal of trouble with your tales.

Study the *art* of story-telling. Don't, for instance, start off with a long preamble explaining why you were in such-and-such a place on a particular day—or night. The fact that you were there is enough for CAPTAIN readers. Get away sharp from the mark, and keep the pace up all the way until you breast the "Finis" tape. When you have written your tale, go through the first draft and cut it down severely. Then write it all over again. See that you keep the action brisk. Remember, you are not writing a book of 300 pages, but a story of 2,000 words. And, if you have a regard for my temper and digestion, leave all the time-honoured plots alone. Don't tell me about the two boys who, having broken bounds and gone to rob an owl's nest in a neighbouring ruin, overhear a conversation carried on by "two gruff voices," the purport of which is that burglars meditate a descent on the Head's plate (and other valuables) that night. And you needn't set out to tell me about the boy who was always called a Muff, because he was so weak and such a duffer at games, and who, after suffering many taunts from his fellows, redeemed himself by saving "Bully Harker" from a watery grave or that brute Charteris from the flames that were roaring round the window of the top dormitory. These ideas are as old as the hills, and have been worked threadbare.

With these few words, gentlemen, I will pass on to other matters, hoping that, even if I am not able to accept the stories you send me, we shall be as good friends as ever. One last hint: If you write clearly, I shall be pleased to read tales in your own penmanship, but if you write badly you had better spend a shilling or two at the nearest type-writing office.

Wanted — Enthusiasm! — Mr. Johnson strikes a very good note in his article on Highgate School in referring to the Cadet Corps. "Lukewarm enthusiasm," he says, "is not tolerated, and no boy is encouraged to join—or, having joined, to stay

—who does not intend to do his utmost to maintain the high standard expected." This is a sound and sensible plan, because slackers are no good anywhere. How irritating it is, for instance, to play fives or tennis with a man who "doesn't care" if he wins or loses! What a difference to meet an opponent who is as keen as mustard! Then you set your teeth, and the game becomes a duel, and while it is being played all your best energies are concentrated upon it. You live! So it is in all the affairs of this life. If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well, and all members of school cadet corps, all members of house fifteens and elevens, all boys selected to uphold the reputation of their schools in playing-field or gym., no matter how lowly or how great the school may be, should bear this fact in mind. "*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.*"

Honour for Blundell's. — All present and past Blundellians rejoiced to hear that an old Blundellian, Philip Edward Marrack, had maintained the honour of the school in this year's Mathematical Tripos, being bracketed Senior wrangler with Harry Bateman. Our readers will be glad to learn that Mr. Marrack is devoted to outdoor exercises. Though he has never distinguished himself on the playing-field in anything like the way he has outpaced others at mathematics, yet he yields to none in his keenness for athletics and outdoor games. This year has been a record for Blundell's.

P. E. MARRACK.

The Scottish Schools Cricket Championship, 1903. — I have to thank "Cricketer" (Aberdeen) for the following account of the Scottish Schools Cricket Championship for this year. It will be observed that Fettes has run out first, losing no matches, and beating Loretto, Blairlodge, and Edinburgh Academy. Merchiston managed to draw with the same trio, but unfortunately the last match with Glenalmond could not be played. Loretto finished second, beating Merchiston, Glenalmond, Watson's College, and Edinburgh Academy. Glenalmond began the season badly, losing the first two matches against Loretto and Blairlodge, but afterwards they worked together splendidly and achieved a most creditable victory over Merchiston.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Points.
1. Fettes	4	3	0	1	3
2. Loretto	5	4	1	0	2
3. Blairlodge	4	3	1	0	2
4. Glenalmond	5	3	2	0	1
5. Merchiston	5	2	2	1	0
6. Watson's Academy	5	1	4	0	—3
7. Edin. Academy	6	0	6	0	—6

"As Others See Us."—In this competition our readers displayed much common sense and observation. Below will be found a selection of opinions, the most general idea being that foreigners visiting our shores for the first time are most profoundly impressed by the enthusiasm we display for sport—football and cricket in particular. It is also opined, and correctly, that foreigners evince considerable surprise at the manner in which our police control the traffic; our love-matches, as opposed to the French "marriage by arrangement"; our quiet Sunday; the stolid demeanour of the Briton in times of stress and trouble; and the fearless manner in which the King mixes with his subjects. Here is my selection of the best opinions submitted:

Perhaps the first custom of ours to attract a foreigner's attention whilst visiting England is the way we are in the habit of taking our amusements. In no other country does sport hold such a sway, nor is it taken so seriously, as in England. Such games as cricket and football were practically unknown on the Continent until of late years, for the simple reason that they had few supporters and possessed very little interest for the general public. In England a man will play cricket under a blazing sun for hours, and enjoy himself at it, whereas a foreigner would never dream of finding amusement in a similar manner, and looks upon him as a kind of harmless lunatic; moreover, he will probably never understand our custom of making hard work of our play simply because he has not got the sporting instinct born in him.

H. C. Bentley (Hassocks).

To my mind the thing most surprising to foreigners is the utter absence of anything pertaining to militarism or espionage in any of our large towns, and the consequent great freedom, both of speech and action, enjoyed by all sections of his Majesty's subjects; in other words, our *non-militarism*.

Thomas Maguire (Glasgow).

An English custom which would probably vividly impress a foreigner is our somewhat rigid observance of the Sabbath. The Spaniard would miss the bull-fight, the German would notice with surprise the deserted appearance of the main thoroughfares, while the Frenchman would sadly miss the open theatres and *cafés*, and the absence of the gay and festive crowds from the streets on Sunday.

C. Grenville Maile (Hampstead).

What must seem a most wonderful thing to a foreigner is the way in which our King mixes with his subjects on many occasions without any protection other than our love and respect for him.

A. Tapply (Wateringbury).

The most surprising English custom in the eyes of foreigners is the large number of males with their hands in their pockets.

E. B. Dalker (Bradford).

The custom which, I think, surprises a foreigner most when he visits England, is the way in which a Metropolitan constable is able, by raising his finger, to "hold up" the traffic for any period, a thing which is absolutely impossible on the Continent.

Frank L. Cloux (Herne Hill).

What strikes a foreigner most is our custom of permitting girls to marry husbands of their own choosing, instead of marrying them, without reference to their own feelings, to the richest man available. With the foreigner, money matches are considered superior to matches of inclination; and the splendid independence of the British girl, who loves and marries whom she will, is a constant source of wonder to him.

Archibald Loy (Wombwell).

I think that what strikes a foreigner most when visiting this country for the first time, is the great attention given to all kinds of sport. Any important event, such as the "Derby," or a cricket Test Match, becomes, for the time being, the almost sole topic of conversation

Alexander Scott, Jun. (Tillicoultry).

The custom that, in my opinion, surprises foreign visitors most is the Englishman's notion of when to get excited. Should an alarming accident happen your average Englishman will stroll up and ask "What's the matter?" in the calmest way in the world. But see the same man at a football match, when there are ten minutes to go and the teams are level, or at a cricket match when there's ten minutes to time and the last man in. He shouts, raves, stamps, and struts up and down in his excitement, and the foreign visitor wonders what is the matter, and looks at the yelling crowd open-mouthed, not being at all excited himself.

T. W. Spikin (Basingstoke).

The perfect freedom of foreigners to enter and travel in the country without interference of any sort provided they do not infringe the laws of the country.

F. Bellerby (Chingford).

The custom which English people have of flocking in thousands and tens of thousands to see a football match, is undoubtedly the most surprising to a foreigner. Having always regarded the English nation as being rather phlegmatic in its temperament, he is vastly surprised to see an otherwise self contained gathering of Englishmen roused to such a high pitch of excitement over what seems to be (to him) a mere rough scramble for a ball.

John W. Lewis (Taff's Well).

Men helping the women, instead of the women helping the men.

Edward Studdy (Bedford)

I think the thing that strikes a foreigner most is the scarcity of soldiers in uniform in the streets. In other countries there are always plenty.

Robert Jackson (Blantyre).

I think the most surprising English custom to foreigners is "the freedom of the British subject."

H. M. Maitland (Cambs).

The inscription on hospitals: "Supported solely by voluntary contributions."

R. Jardine (Notting Hill).

The English custom which I think is most surprising to a foreigner is that a schoolmaster who is often a gentleman and a clergyman should himself perform the degrading task of flogging boys.

R. M. Cluer (Bromley).

My answer is "Cricket." The foreigner who has never seen the game before does not know the amount of strength, smartness and calculation one needs to play the game. To him it is merely a game of luck.

Walter Lees (Portobello).

The absence of all open-air *cafés*.

Edith Adames (Putney)

The most surprising English custom is demonstrated by the following anecdote:—A French visitor met his English friend on a pier, and together they adjourned for refreshment. The Englishman called for whisky hot, then he put some lemon and sugar in, and waited for it to get cold. This caused his foreign friend to remark as follows: "I no understand you English. You have whisky because it's strong, add water to make it weak, put lemon to make it sour, then sugar to sweeten it. You have hot water to make it warm, then you wait for it to get cold before you drink it. Ah! you have very funny customs, you English!"

E. Walter Simmonds (Brondesbury).

I think the most surprising custom which foreigners observe when they first come to England is the quiet and reserved manner in which the Englishman goes about his business.

Frank Hotine (Liverpool).

The custom, I think, which surprises foreigners entering England, is our very popular custom of "sweet-hearting." For, in most other countries, all the arranging of marriages is done by the parents. Here, in England, on a fine night, you see nothing but couples arm-in-arm, a thing which I have not seen in Europe elsewhere than in England, and, having known a lot of foreigners, I have noticed how it struck them as being peculiar.

T. Constantinides (Highgate).

I think you will agree with me that the above form a very interesting collection of opinions. It is "le sport," I verily believe, that has made England (and when I say "England," I mean the word to embrace her sister countries—Wales, Scotland and Ireland) what she is. And it is "le sport" (of all kinds) which most surprises the foreigner. Mr. Bentley summed up this idea more concisely than any other competitor, and so, after much careful deliberation and comparison, I awarded him the prize.

What Wellington said. Talking of "le sport," by the way, I daresay, you have heard cynical people scoff at Wellington's dictum to the effect that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton. But I say Wellington was right. He meant that the Englishman's games harden him, and give him pluck and endurance. Somebody once told Wellington that Napoleon

had said that the French soldiers were quite as brave as the English. "Yes," said Wellington, "but the English are brave for a quarter-of-an-hour longer."

Of a truth the great Duke's tongue was as sharp as his sword! In this one little sentence he explained that the Englishman's superiority lay in his extra amount of doggedness—in his never knowing when he's beaten!

How to Become a Chemist.

To those of your readers with a taste for science (writes a correspondent), I cannot too strongly recommend a career as a chemist. As a hobby, chemistry is most fascinating; as a business it is full of infinite possibilities. The regret is that hitherto the English have allowed most of the great chemical work of this country to be done by French and German chemists.

The writer well remembers that at Watson's soap-works, in Leeds, the whole of the laboratory work was done by German chemists. At Burmantofts pottery, whose ware is known throughout the world, the question of pigments and chemical processes for delicate effects was decided by reference to a body of French chemists who had been brought over to this country from Paris. The salaries such men can command may be anything from £500 a year. But this is a fraction of the value of chemistry where the chemist is also running the business. Recently the writer met a Fellow of the Chemical Society, whose father was engaged in the manufacture of starch. The numerous economies which this man had been able to effect in the treatment of rice, maize, millet, etc., meant a saving of thousands of pounds a year. We have in mind also a pharmaceutical chemist who sent his son to the German chemical laboratories for special training. On his return, the father commenced a mineral water business, as supplementary to the business of pharmacy, with his son as chief chemical adviser. Is it surprising that the mineral water business has long ago outpaced the pharmacy as a profit-making concern? Take again the case of a firm like Messrs. Bevan and Cross, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, the chief authorities on cellulose. With the enormous growth of the pulp and paper trade, the value of specialists like Mr. Bevan and Mr. Cross cannot be over-estimated. A word of warning.—Make up your mind as to what branch of trade your chemical knowledge is intended to be applied. Are you going to be analyst to a gas company or municipal authority? Are you going to be an assayer of metals to smelters and iron-founders? Do you prefer mineral analysis or organic analysis? Get your ideas sharp and clear, and then the map of your life can be drawn and filled in and made valuable to yourself and those around you.

"Bush" Reading-Matter.

There is a great deal more up-to-dateness on the goldfields in the way of the Old Country news (writes a CAPTAIN reader who once went for a sketching tour in Australia) than many suppose there might be. Far into the interior you will meet with most of the weeklies, illustrated and otherwise, and many of the dailies. In *one* humpie I found:—The *Graphic*, *Illustrated London News*, *Black and White*, *Truth* (a good many copies of *Truth* seem to reach Western Australia), the *Daily Chronicle*, and *To-Day*. In others I noticed:—The *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily News*, the *Standard* (we found a copy of the *Standard* in the silent bush), and (but more rarely) I have been made happy by being able to look up those notes, "Mainly About People," in the *Star*, and take a rural walk "At Home" with Luke Ellis in the *Echo*, and learn of recent events in the art world in one of the *Globe's* Wednesday columns. Mr. *Punch* has a robust existence "out back," too. But one meets with so many papers and periodicals from home—the delivery of the last mail—*i.e.*, papers anti-dated about six weeks—that it seems invidious to name some and leave others to suggestion. Still, I have merely named those I came across most frequently. The others, of course, will have their friends.

The press of Australia itself—which generally can hold its own with any in the world—is, it is scarcely necessary to say, fully represented throughout the colony. A great favourite in all mining camps is the *Sydney Bulletin*, the first of Antipodean humorous and satirical journals, and a paper which can pride itself on contributors of much distinction, both literary and artistic. The *Bulletin*, as a censor, is a potent force, and generally has good reason to back up the "wrigglings" it causes, while the humour of this popular journal is not surpassed by any other the world over.

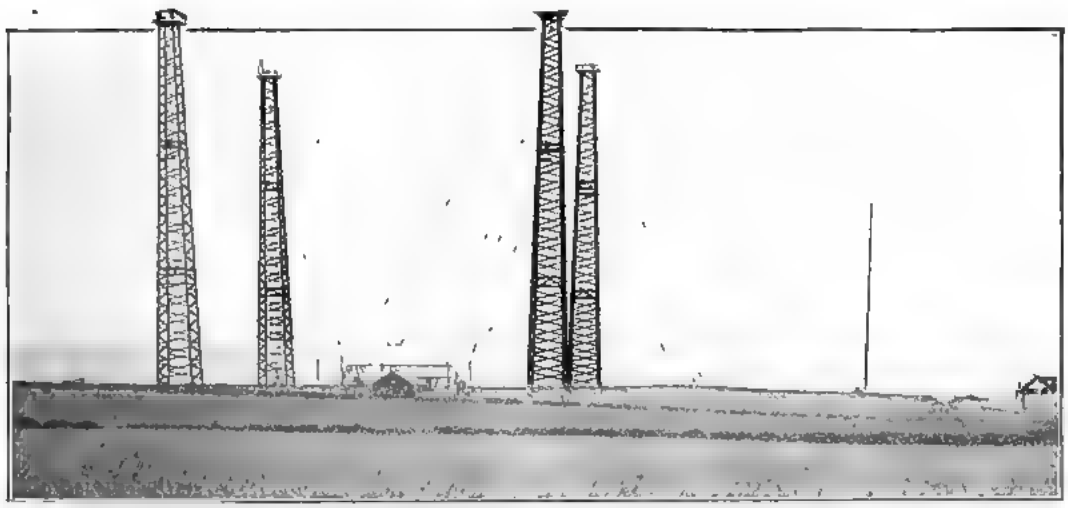
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Would-be Editor (Edinburgh).—Graphology is very amusing, but it can hardly be described as

scientific. I think probably handwriting may suggest a rough estimate of certain characteristics, but it cannot be relied upon as any real guide to King Solomon's injunction: "Man, know thyself." Am considering suggestions for a geographical competition.

C. A. W. (Lewisham).—Writing very good. Learn Pitman's system of shorthand. It is simple, and does not require a teacher. I have studied many others, but Pitman's proves the most useful. Pity you're abandoning the London matric. Even in Matabeleland you would find it comforting to feel you had reached a certain standard of knowledge. Whether you could exchange it for £ s. d. does not signify.

Plato (Market Harborough).—The London B.A. will excuse the Bar Prelim. only. The London LL.B. would be far more useful than the B.A., and covers all the subjects you may need. The subjects are: Roman Law, Constitutional Law, Legal History, Common Law, Equity, Real Property, Conveyancing, Contract and Tort Bankruptcy, Companies, Wills, Administration, Criminal Law, Evidence, and Procedure.



THE MARCONI INSTITUTION AT POLDHU, CORNWALL.

The wireless telegrams to and from America are sent from and received at this station.

Photo by Press Picture Agency.

Floris (Stalybridge).—Fear cannot undertake to supply Captain lounge jackets such as you suggest. Write to King's College Hospital, or St. Bartholomew's, or any local infirmary. Certain exams. are necessary, particularly in physiology, and a year's probation in the wards. You must be over twenty, otherwise you can only get into a children's hospital.

An Ardent Admirer (Dalston).—I incline to "gymnasia" as a more euphonic plural. Fortunately, or unfortunately, we have a tendency to Anglicise every word we appropriate from other languages. For further information write to the Art Editor, specifying what branch you wish to pursue.

T. H. Durrans (Regent's Park).—Try for the London B.Sc. It will be the most useful in this country and the Colonies.

"Veg." tells me that she is 15, and a vegetarian, never having tasted fish, flesh, or fowl all her life. She intends, she adds, to be a "veg." as long as she lives. Both of her sisters are vegetarians. One is married, and her two children are vegetarians. But her three brothers have fallen away from the Cause, and eat meat. "People so often infer," adds my correspondent, "that we can't eat anything but vegetables and fruit. By 'vegetarianism' we mean all belonging to the vegetable kingdom. Of course we eat butter and eggs, etc., as that does not necessitate taking life. We consider it cruel to kill animals, as it is quite unnecessary. Many people think they could not change their diet and adopt a non-flesh-eating one, but if they were to change gradually and really go in for the thing, I think it would benefit them and not harm them. My father, for instance, has been in much better health since he became a vegetarian. Before my mother became one she was not able to walk far or go up a hill, and now she runs up and down stairs without feeling it at all, and goes for long walks, too. We have an old servant who has been with us over 30 years, and she started Vegetarianism with my mother. She is a splendid cook, and that makes a great difference to us."—This all sounds very well, but it would not do for everybody to become a "veg." Many constitutions require animal food. I should also like to ask Miss "Veg." how we should regard oxen, sheep, pigs, etc. Are we to regard them as pets? If we did not eat them, they would multiply to such an extent that they would soon want the whole country for pasturage! However, I like to hear "all sides," so I shall be willing to print extracts from letters *pro* and *con*. Vegetarianism. They should make interesting reading. One thing I am quite certain of—*we eat too much meat*. But, on the other hand, it is quite possible to eat too many vegetables. The happy medium is the best course to adopt at the table, as in everything else.

P. R. Butler.—We simply cannot devote any space to rifle-shooting, because our pages are already

filled to overflowing with other matters. A great many readers want me to devote space to their particular hobby—gardening, chess, golf, swimming, and the like, but I cannot, because there isn't room. We must deal with hobbies that appeal to the majority. However, I appreciate your suggestion and congratulate you on your victories. May you live to bear away the King's prize!

Weary Willie.—The author of the "Long 'Un" looks towards you. Your "one gentle chide" has been made a note of. Mr. Whitwell will not again draw a "Rugger" player in shin-guards now you have chidden him or should it be "chode" him? [*I believe, Sir, the correct word is "chid."*—The ART ED.]

S.P.Q.R.—Translating is very hard to get. It is generally obtained from personal friends. I fear, therefore, I cannot hold out any hopes in this direction. I would help you if I could, but really I don't know of anybody who would give you work of this kind to do. Your writing might be better, but it is readable

Anonymous (Chelsea).—What a queer little letter! I shall keep it. Jim's getting better fast. I expect he'll be engaged to Dora for about a year, and then they'll go flat-hunting in Kensington and be as happy as it's possible for two young people to be—bless 'em!

Fagito.—You've exactly hit it. Good black-and-white sketches rarely reach us. That is why we print so many photos in the C.C. pages. We are always keeping a sharp look-out for good pen-and-ink sketches. We cannot, however, devote a special page to this class of work. There is always room and to spare in the C.C. pages.

H. B. E. F. writes from Paris:—"*Re* your recent 'Lower School Yarns,' M. Jalaguier's French is quite peculiar and his 'pidgin' English would not translate back into French idiom. It is about that gentleman that I want to say a word. I have lived for twenty five years on this side of the Channel (you see, like your venerable self, I belong to the very large 'old boy' section of the ship's company) and know the people well. I don't think you can have the faintest idea of what harm such a travesty can do, for I am sure that THE CAPTAIN is largely read in France. Of course an Englishman would be the first to laugh at such a caricature of himself; but Frenchmen see things differently, and are only too ready to take offence where none is intended. I have never yet met one who could understand chaff, and have often seen what was meant for an innocent joke interpreted in the worst possible sense. If you want to do your part to promote that *entente cordiale* for which we are all striving so anxiously at the present time, keep such things out of THE CAPTAIN, however innocent they may seem to the Anglo-Saxon mind."——I should like to think that our friend takes too severe a view of the case. Will some French reader tell me if he really objects to the good humoured caricature of a Frenchman presented in Mr. Burrows' light-hearted stories?

C. McC.—I am so glad you liked my "little sermon." No, I wasn't on holiday when I wrote it. I simply packed up my papers and proof sheets, because I was feeling a little "chippy," and went away for a change of air, which is the best medicine in the world. You can learn a lot of French and German by yourself, but you can't get the proper pronunciation without a teacher. The best plan, if possible, is to spend a few months on the Continent.

The Rev. S. B. James.—In referring to this gentleman in a recent editorial, I called him "Adams." More absent-mindedness, I suppose!—and I beg to apologise for it without delay.

Mastiff.—Am interested to hear of your new purchase. Hope you will enjoy many pleasant rides on it. Certainly, 'twas a bargain!

"A Failure."—I cannot find anything in your essay upon which one might hinge a discussion. You sign yourself "A Failure." May I ask your age? Your writing is the writing of a young man, and yet you sign your essay in this hopeless and pessimistic way! All I can say is that if any man in his youth can be so weak as to write himself down "A Failure," he is deliberately courting Success's cold shoulder. Remember, failure is one thing—*defeat*, another. You may fail, say, twenty times—but you may succeed at the twenty-first effort. Then again, what have you failed at? Possibly at something you are incompetent to master. Then try something else. You say: "Nothing is higher and dearer to all than Success." You are wrong. Health and Happiness come before Success. A wise man once said that, if a careful calculation were to be made of the benefits accruing from mundane existence, Health would absorb 99 per cent. of the best that is to be got out of Life Nevertheless, worldly success is a thing to be striven for, by all worthy means, so go on pegging away, and do not write to me again with such a dismal *nom-de-plume* at the tail of your letter. Sign yourself "Nil Desperandum," "A Tryer," "Dogged Does it"—anything you like except "A Failure" Surely you know that many a man has failed only, by failing, to achieve greater success in the long run than would have been his lot had he never met with a set-back. That's all, then, for the present. Perhaps some reader will write and tell me how, after many failures, he "got home" at last. Such records are most cheering to all the brave, good fellows who are striving to hew niches for themselves in the rock of Success

E. F. Feurer.—Am sorry to say, Ernest, that your maze is not drawn properly for reproduction. We cannot reproduce pencil drawings. Next time do one in ink, and make it simpler and smaller—in straight lines, if possible.

The Short 'Un.—Clubbed. I fear it would be rather late now to suggest new races for your "Gymkhana." It would be interesting, though, to have an article on "Novel Athletic Contests," contributed by readers. Will ingenious CAPTAIN athletes give their minds to this idea?

E. Fairlie.—I will certainly mention your "grievance" to the Competition Editor, and am much obliged to you for writing to me.

R. M. O. C.—The Prefect was quite right when he said the metre of your poem was "rather funny." You'll leave pepper alone in future, I guess.

Ben Hope.—I haven't the faintest idea what your American bills are worth. A banker should be able to tell you.

K. W. Dowie and A. N. K. (Canada).—I will try to give you more time, but I won't make any rash promise

F. L. Cloux.—I have "clubbed" you. If your friend wants to be treated likewise, he should apply himself.

E. V. R. R.—I am obliged to you and other correspondents for pointing out that the verses entitled "Read This Quickly" were not original. I am looking into the matter.

Leander.—We should have a rowing corner if THE CAPTAIN were twice as big as it is now. At present, however, there's no room.

Harry Cross.—Glad you're such a keen soldier. I fear our readers would not be greatly interested in discussing the question as to whether every able-bodied man should be taught the use of the rifle. Matters of sentiment are always the most popular, and naturally.

"Rule Britannia."—You're quite a politician, I see. As you observe, I don't discuss politics in this magazine, so I can't "try a fall" with you on the subject of the "Protection" Scheme or the Education Bill. Popular opinion will prevail in the long run, you may be quite sure.

F. P. Atkins.—Yes, a solicitor's managing clerk may now be "admitted" a solicitor. Sorry I cannot oblige you with a pen-and-ink sketch. I am not a drawist.

Molsons (Canada).—I wrote you on Aug. 22nd, and hope you received my letter safely.

F. P. A.—Your idea for a CAPTAIN post-card is good. I'll keep it before me. CAPTAIN Vols. I. to VI. are out of print. A winner may choose whichever of the others he likes.

Percy Young.—Hope you're quite fit again. I daresay you saw my editorial note in September about not writing anything but the address on the address side of a picture post-card when sending one to a friend abroad.

R. Jackson.—Clubbed. Writing capital.

A. H. Middleton.—You are "clubbed" all right.

T. G. Carter.—You have guessed aright, Sherlock!

W. Bullough.—I am afraid the photo is a little too dim to print. Good luck to you!

A Useful Book.—Paton's *List of Schools*, the sixth annual edition of which has recently been published, in addition to containing classified lists of preparatory and public schools, and tutors for all the professions, includes particulars of Scholarships and Exhibitions obtainable at English public schools (boys' and girls'). It is well printed, illustrated, and strongly bound, and published at the low price of 1s. 6d by Messrs. J. and J. Paton, Educational Agents, 143 Cannon-street, E.C. Altogether it is a most handy book for all concerned in education

"Red Jacket" (Nova Scotia).—(1) Clubbed. (2) An Official Representative is supposed to do all he or she can to make THE CAPTAIN more widely known by introducing it to people who do not take it in. (3) By all means send a short account of the Fisheries, with a photograph or two, to the C. C pages.

"Cordelia."—(1) No entrance fee or sub. to CAPTAIN Club; you take in the magazine regularly, that's all. (2) You will find the addresses you want in *Who's Who*, price 5s. (3) The Photo Editor will reply to this question.

Cecil Robertson.—Please send a photograph of Aberdeen Grammar School; cannot reproduce satisfactorily from illustration.

"Duttilita" (London).—You should have asked your bookbinder to number the volumes for you. Perhaps he will do so now.

Kenneth Chambers (Manchester).—Drop a line to the C. O. G. at Haileybury for the particulars you require, and enclose a stamp for reply.

A. Hertslet.—CAPTAIN stamps should be placed where they will be most in evidence—on envelopes, for instance, *but not on the address side*

A. Mattinson and "Extra Special."—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

Clubbed.—Frances I. Broad (Greymouth, N.Z.), C. W. O. Scantlebury, Charles E. Harvey, A. G Elliott.

Official Representatives Appointed.—G. W. Newton (Monkseaton), Cecil Robertson (Aberdeen Grammar School), Jack S. Potts (Lewisham).

John V. Rogers (Penryn, Cornwall).—Clubbed. Mr. Fry will reply to your questions.

L. Schuster.—(1) See reply to A. Hertslet above. (2) Our experts take it that their correspondents are Members of THE CAPTAIN Club.

F. B. Morton.—Cricketers' birthdays rather untopical in October.

C. Wyvill (Hornsey).—(1) The origin of the word "Tip" is attributed to the fact that fifty years ago, in the coffee houses of London, a notice was usually posted, "To Insure Promptness." (2) For Civil Service examinations and for general training for a commercial career, very good results have been obtained by Clark's College, Chancery-lane. (3) The highest speed attained in shorthand I have known was 293 words per minute.

Letters, etc., have also been received from: K. Pennington, Eustace Alliott, Gifford B. Hindmarsh, W. D. Seville, R. S. R., E. H. Savill, Ernest A. Taylor, T. S. Plowman, Cecil O. Howden (Lausanne), R. L. Gurydon (Trinidad). "Mansfield," A. Reid (Upper Norwood), J. E. Baines (Morley), John E. Rankin (Manchester), Ambrose Borielle (Balham).

THE OLD FAG.

Results of August Competitions.

No. I.—"Popular Expressions."

WINNER OF £10 10s. "TRIUMPH" BICYCLE: John Shedden Kennedy, Glen Cottage, Talgarth, Brecon

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: J. Dunn, 1 Kincora Terrace, Glasnevin, Dublin; John McWhan, jun., Rossville, Cambuslang, N.B.; Alex. Scott, junr., Burnside, Tillicoultry, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edith Adames, Ernest Neels, Chas. Hopkins, Dora W. Pearsall, Wm. C. Haines, Gilbert T. Lucas, Ruby M. Parish, Lionel Chappell, Ben E. Neilson.

No. II.—"Omitted Words."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNERS OF LINDNER'S PRINTING OUTFITS: L. M. Ellacott, 5 Kirkdale Road, Leytonstone, Constance H. Greaves, 15 Powis Square, Brighton, Joseph W. Connell, 28 Finkle Street, Selby

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. Wynn, James Todd, R. Meeke, W. G. Parkinson.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF PRINTING OUTFITS: G. T. Fairlie, 61 Vaughan

(Results continued on next page.)

Road, Stratford, E. R N. Davis, 6 Thurlby Road, West Norwood, S.E., P. Ramsay Laird, .. Bellevue Crescent, Edinburgh

Honourable Mention W W. B. Fish, R. B. Firth, H. S. Wildin

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve)

Winners of Printing Outfits: T. F. Bishop, Radcliffe-on-Trent, Nottingham; Arthur Betts, 38 Norcott Terrace, Brooke Road, Upper Clapton, N.; G. E. Love, 94 Ridge Road, Stroud Green, N.

Honourable Mention: J. Brimelow, Ernest Malcolm, Edmund G. Gray.

No. III.—"Professional Team for Australia."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty five.)

Winner of Lilliwhite, Frowd, and Co.'s Cricket Bat: Charles Watson, 411 Dumbarton Road, Glasgow.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: S. A. F. Alford, c.o Northampton Union Bank, Ltd., High Street, Bedford; H. Scholfield, The Thorns, Gardner Road, Prestwich, Lancs.

Honourable Mention: E. R. Smith, F. H. Swallow, Reg. Smith, John W. Lewis, H J. W. Adamson, R. Mecke, A. G. Clapham, William Pollock, H E Solano, P. W. Bennett, S. J Dickins, John Gray, F. C. Newton, F. J. Spendlove.

CLASS II. (Age limit Sixteen)

Winner of "Gamage" Bat: R. H. Crump, Castlemere Street, Rochdale

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: Mary Lewis, Rhymney Cottages, Taff's Well, near Cardiff; R. G. Purcell, 50 Tedworth Square, Chelsea, S.W.; S. J. Wilde, 124 Duke Street, Southport.

Honourable Mention: Philip Richard, H. Hunter, W. B. Fish, G. E Wainwright, Louis Piser, Douglas Hooke, Harry Platt, G. Tattersall, James Clifton, Ernest Bray, Andrew Pearson

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

Winner of "Gamage" Bat: M B. Jones, Glen Cottage, Talgarth, Breconshire

Honourable Mention Edmund G Gray, Robert Gray, A. J. Parry, Blissett, C. S. Cockroll, W. Illium Roberts, David McCartney, Connie Dutton, Frank R. Howse.

No. IV.—"Howlers Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty)

Winners of Post-Card Albums: Constance Everitt, 0 College Street, Kempston, Bedfordshire, A. W. Herdman, Trent College, Derbyshire

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to: Mary Watts, 8 Rylett Crescent, Shepherd's Bush, W

Honourable Mention: G. A. Boycott, Constance H. Greaves, Stewart G Kitts, M. Parker, Maud Sanderson, Gilbert T. Lucas, J. C. Hill, S. A. Hurren, D. J. Watmen.

CLASS II. (Age limit Sixteen)

Winners of Post-Card Albums Wallace W. B. Fish, Choristers' Lodge, Ashdown Park, Shrivenham; Kathleen Vigour, 18 Portman Road, Boscombe Hants.

Honourable Mention: Fredk Willimson, E. G. Tupholme Gladys Wakeling, Ethel Dowson, Edith Adames, J. W. Ridge, H. A. Woolley, Louis Piser, Leila M. Hawksley, A. C Eddington.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve)

Winners of Post-Card Albums: S. Lewis, Castle Grove Hamilton, Frank Whittle, 11 Hamilton Road, Ealing, W.

Honourable Mention. D. A. Bingham, M. B. Jones, Percy Hartill, Edmund G. Gray, J. F. Bishop, Kenneth L. Duckett, Stanley Heaton, Charlie J. Martin, H. Faull.

No. V.—"Hidden Animals."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty five.)

Winner of W. Butcher and Sons' No. 2 "Pom Pom" Camera: Dolly Grylls, Park Gate, East Finchley, N.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: G. H. Hotson, Thorncliffe, Great Malvern, Worcestershire, Alfred Owen, 235 Marshall's Cross Road, St. Helen's, Lancashire.

Honourable Mention: H M., Hayman, W. A. Cudlipp, Sydney A. Hurren, F. J. Lyons-Davis, Arthur S. Atkinson, W. G. Masefield, Eustace Bonsfield, J. C. P. Sheberd, F. K. Searancke

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen)

Winner of No. 2 "Scout" Camera: H. Cust, Croylands, Bury Park, Luton, Beds.; M. S. Clay, Albemarle Road, Beckenham

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to: A. Baynes, 120 Warwick Street, Eccleston Square, S.W

Honourable Mention: Cyril J. Reed, Leslie H. Fox, Leslie Thomson, Thomas Harrison, H E. Foster, C. F. L. Ruck, F. E. Laughton, W. J. Jones, C. W. B. Hill.

CLASS III. (Age limit Twelve.)

Winners of No. 2 "Brownie" Cameras. Guy Morrison, Salcombe House, Loughton, Essex, Arthur Chapman, Allington, Wherwell Road, Guildford

Honourable Mention D H Vawdrey, Donald Rookaby, Capes, Graham B Jardine, F Tingle, James Sellar, Estelle Bartlett, Angus Munro, H H Wheatley, Lionel Williams, G. R. C. Snow, C. Burrell, J F Bishop

No. VI.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit Twenty five)

Winner of Sandow Developer: Noël E. Lean, 6 Elmore Road, Sheffield.

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to Ernest B. Holmes, Hayward Leigh, Tharples, Bolton

Honourable Mention M. C. Rhodes, Fred. C. Long, W. D. Norris, Robert Barker, J R Dunn, Archie Mackenzie, Harold Brumwell, Henry W. Wilson, F. L. Wood.

CLASS II. (Age limit Eighteen)

Winner of Sandow Developer: G. M. Tyrrell, 23 Melville Terrace, Edinburgh

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to Henry Ponsford, 30 Netherall Gardens, Hampstead, N W., R Y. Dickinson, Grove House School, Highgate, N., Archibald P Olson, 222 Goldhawk Road, W.

Honourable Mention Henry Kingscote, Alfred E Wheatley, W. L. Taylor, Owen C. Howse, W Hick, William Cook, W. S. L. Holt, Fred. Cuddy, C. E Tavener, John Gray, Eric S Hallett, Wilfrid Morley, J. T. Iredale, J E Hargrave, John Tyson, Percy Owen, H Mancel Sims, John H. Young, W. Anslem Coates, H F Mackir, C Turner, Graham Hunt

CLASS III. (Age limit Fourteen.)

Winner of Sandow Developer Cedric Stokes, 60 Parkhill Road, Hampstead, N W

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to. J. Mounsey, Erdington, near Birmingham

Honourable Mention Dorothy Porter, N. C. Moore, C. C Goodall, C. Till H. W. Todd, W. J M Menzies, David Hall, M. W. Hooker, G. H. Berry, Douglas Callinghnm.

Comments on the August Competitions.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the following books—"J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

No.I. —There were a large number of competitors for the "Triumph" bicycle, and one enterprising candidate must have sent in at least four dozen attempts! As, however, they were practically all on the same lines he did not gain the advantage his zeal deserved. Many competitors expressed the same idea several times in their lists, and so failed to get the variety which was necessary. Others confined themselves entirely to topical sayings, forgetting that such a phrase as "Good Morning" is used by all classes, while the catch words of the day are not The standard list obtained by voting was —

1 Good morning (including good afternoon and evening, etc.) 2 Good-bye 3. If you please 4 Thank you, or No thank you 5 Excuse me 6. Good (or bad) weather 7 How are you? 8 Beg your pardon 9 All right 10. Good gracious. 11 By Jove! 12 Hurry up

"Or Don't mention it

No. II —No one managed to get fewer than three mistakes, but the competition was undoubtedly a difficult one, and the prize-winners have every reason to be satisfied with the result of their efforts

No. III.—A very popular competition Quite a large number of competitors spoiled their chances by not reading the question carefully and sending in an eleven instead of fourteen men, or a representative team of gentlemen and professionals. The winning list was:—

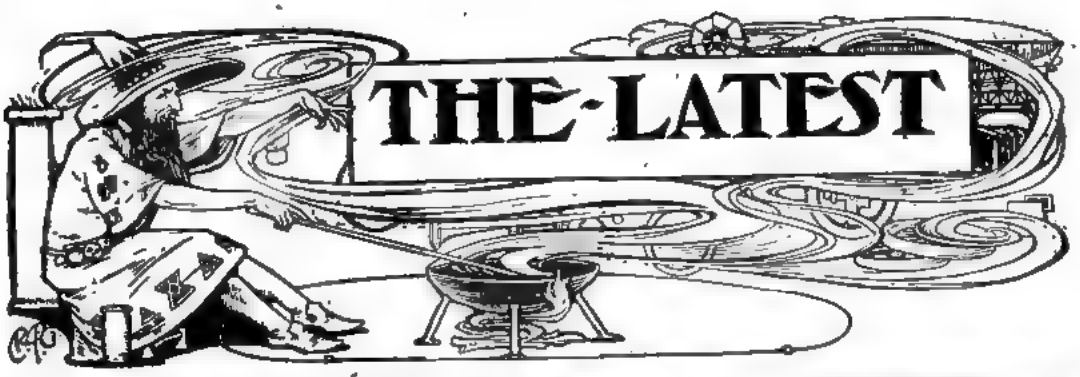
Hayward (Captain).	Rhodes.	Arnold.
Hirst	Lilley	Strudwick
Tyldesley.	Lockwood.	Denton,
Braund	W. G. Quaife.	Barnes.
J. Gunn.	Hargreave	

No. IV.—A most amusing competition. One met a certain number of old friends, but many new ones as well, and it was a difficult task to select the most humorous.

No. V As usual, this was a very popular competition, though there were not so many in Class III. as I sometimes have. In every class there were some who got all the pictures right. The correct list will be found on an advertisement page

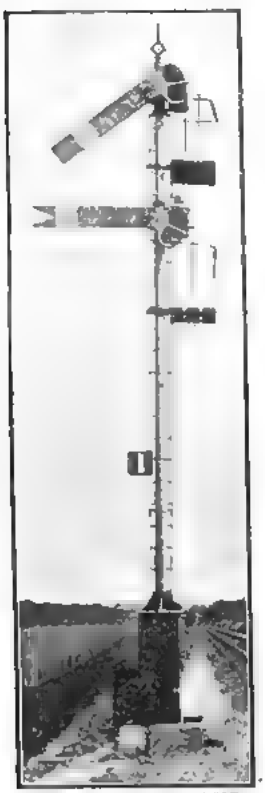
No. VI.—Taken altogether, photographs this month were rather below the average in quality, but there were several creditable productions in Class II., while Noel E. Lean's excellent "Brownie" pictures were easily first in Class I

The Competition Editor

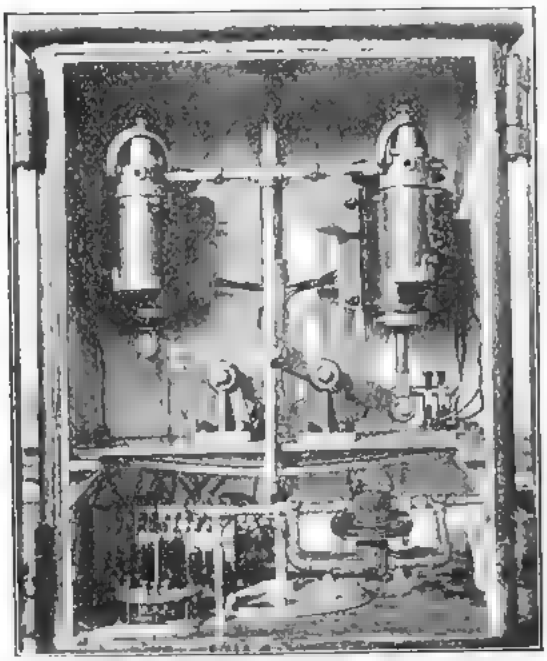


The Latest in Railway Signalling.

Soon the trains on British railways will themselves work the signals which ensure their safety. The signalman and his cabin will be seen no more except at junctions and large stations. This is essentially an American idea, but now two large railways in this country, the North Eastern and London and South Western will soon have extensive automatic signalling installations at work. Before long the latter company will have no less than seventy miles of track under automatic control. In the system employed on this line, the normal position of each signal is at "clear" instead of at "danger," as is the case with manual signals. The track is divided into "block sections" by means of insulating joints in the rails. Within these sections the rails are joined together by bond wires so as to form a circuit for the flow of electric current. Each track-circuit is provided with a battery situated at the far end from the signal-post, which is fitted with an electro-pneumatic valve and other mechanism. So long as the current is flowing the semaphore remains at clear, but when a train enters a block section it creates a short circuit, the current flowing through the wheels and axles from rail to rail on account of their lower resistance. This results in a number of important things happening, *i.e.*, the air holding the home signal at "clear" is allowed to escape, and the semaphore goes to the "danger" position by gravity. This action causes the distant signal to go to "danger" also, and at the same time the distant signal controlling the block behind is still held at danger. As soon as the train has cleared the block section, the short circuit ceases and the signal again resumes its normal or "clear" position. Any breakage of a rail or other accident short circuits the track battery and puts the signals to danger.



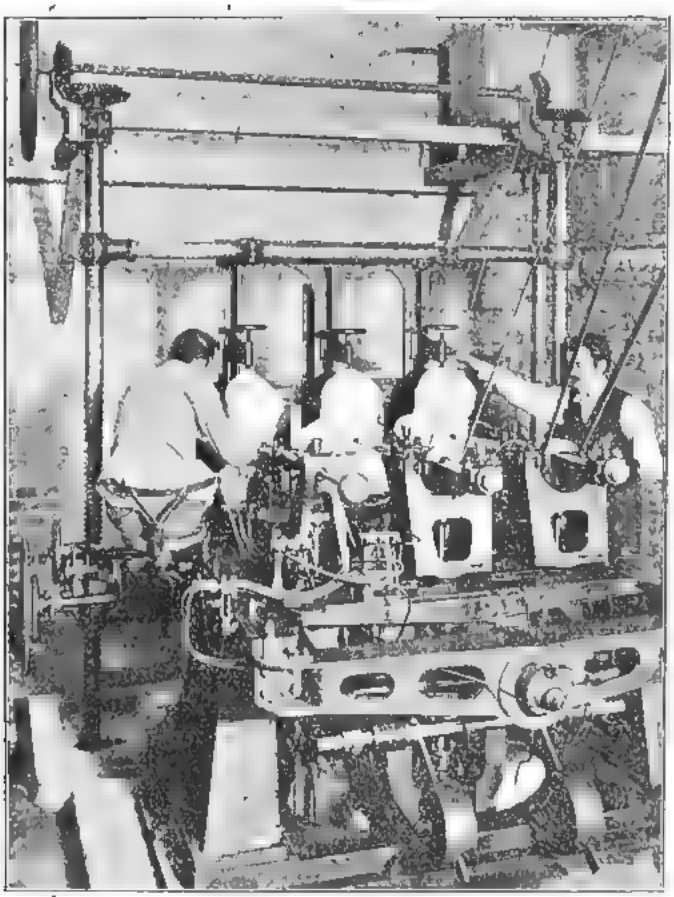
AUTOMATIC PNEUMATIC SIGNALS ON THE L. & S.W. RY.—A VERY AMERICAN IDEA.



MECHANISM AT BASE OF AN AUTOMATIC PNEUMATIC SIGNAL.

A Truly Marvellous Invention.

Who can essay in these times of rapid change to tell what even but ten years of inventive

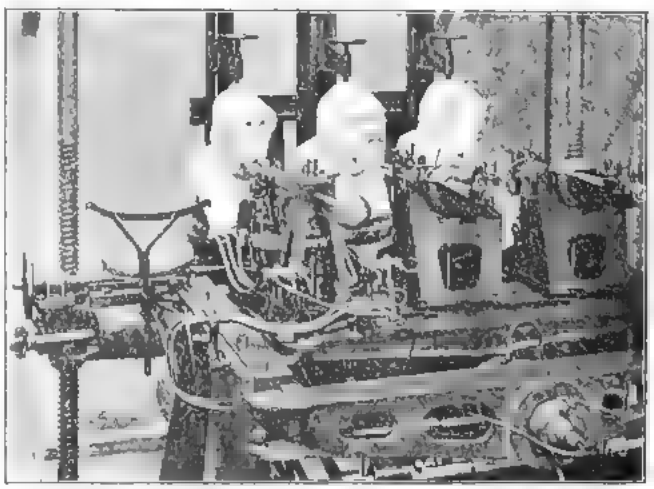


THIS PHOTO SHOWS HOW THE ITALIAN SCULPTOR MACHINE IS WORKED.

progress will bring forth? In the days of our grandfathers, portraiture by photography was in its infancy, and what marvellous strides it has made since then! How cheaply by the aid of sun, negative, and paper can we obtain lifelike pictures of our friends! In less democratic times none save the wealthiest could afford to have his "portrait taken," which meant the requisition of the services of some well-known painter and many hours of tedious "sitting." Even to-day you must needs be well-to-do to be sculptured. But now it seems that too is quickly to be changed. Sir A. Conan Doyle and Mr. W. G. Jones have just introduced into this country a marvellous Italian invention which will soon render it no more expensive for you to have your features immortalised in marble than to have your photo taken.

The accompanying photographs illustrate this "mechanical sculptor." To generalise, this ingenious apparatus seems to be an elaboration of certain machines to be seen in moulding shops which, working on a die, cut an exactly similar pattern or design out of wood or other material. In this case, however, the human face serves as the die. Scarcely touching you, the operator outlines your face with the machine's "pointer," and all the while the mechanically operated cutters move in sympathy on the stone or marble, hewing out an exact facsimile of your face or form. The mechanical sculptor now at work at Battersea can cut two copies of any object at the same time, but it is being enlarged so as to have a capacity for four or more simultaneous models. In working this machine, the operator who has control of the pointer begins with the most prominent part of the model—in a face, this would be the nose—gradually working in small circles over the whole surface of the object to be modelled. The slightest movement of the pointer has its effect on the steel cutters which hew away the marble—on which water is sprinkled so as to prevent overheating.

J. A. K.



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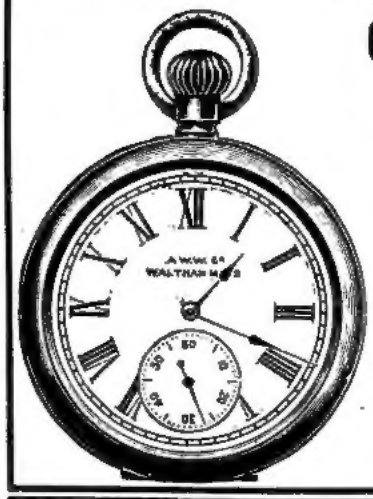

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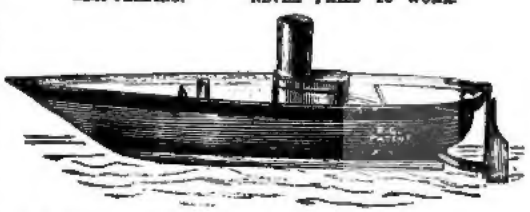

It is only necessary to light the lamp and place the boat upon the water, when it will immediately start off at full speed, drawing up its own supply automatically as it goes along.

SIZES and PRICES, neatly packed in Boxes:

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5 inches long, suits' in for basin or bath.	Goes for 60 minutes	1/6	1/8
each time the lamp is filled			
9 inches long. Goes for 3 hours		2/6	2/9
Do. Do. With Decks		3/6	3/9
14 inches long. Decked		5/6	5/10
16 " "		7/6	8/-

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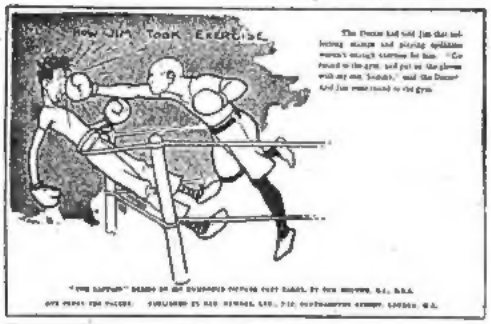

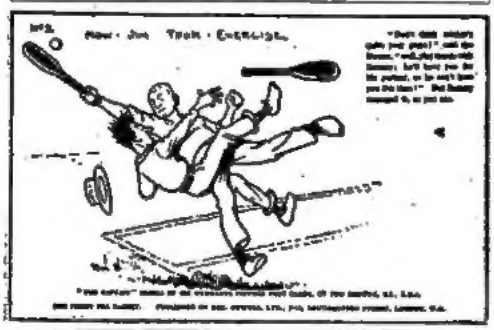

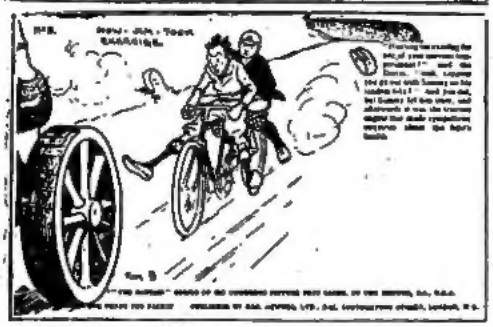

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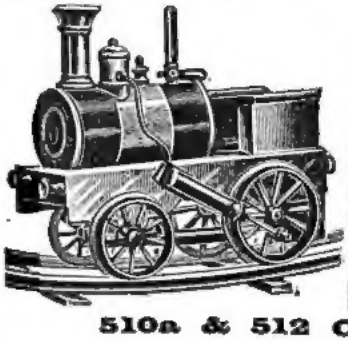

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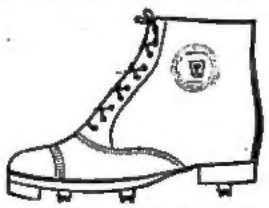

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